

FOOTPRINTS IN MALAYA



THE AUTHOR

FOOTPRINTS IN MALAYA

by

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM
G.C.M.G., C.H.

With 35 Illustrations

VERA, MY BELOVED

In wisdom subtle ; in variety infinite

THE REASON

AS A READER AND ADMIRER OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S BOOKS, I THANK him for two passages in *The Summing Up*. They are as follows :

(1) "The artist is absorbed by his technique only when his theme is of no passing interest to him. When he is obsessed by his topic he has not much time over to think of the artfulness of his presentation."

(2) "I have had some sort of story to tell and it has interested me to tell it. To me it has been a sufficient object in itself."

I do not pretend to be an artist in any sense, so the desire to present artfully has not worried me. I had some sort of story which it interested me to tell, and I have told it in my own fashion as a sufficient object in itself.

F. S.

20 December, 1941.

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CHAPTER I

YOUTH

A QUEERLY PLACED HOUSE, PLAIN AND SQUARE, STANDING ALMOST ON the edge of a deep railway cutting ; the living rooms on the ground floor facing a wide grass terrace with two similar terraces below, all three connected by a flight of stone steps leading down to tree-studded grass-land sloping away to a long plantation. This wood was bordered by the railway on one side and, on the other, rose steeply to a grass ride on the other side of which the wood continued its upward trend to green fields. The grass ride started near the house from a wide sanded space leading to stables and outbuildings, backed by gardens and orchard which merged into more tree-dotted grass. This was a children's Paradise, full of hiding-places when one tired of the excitement of looking down on passing trains, and watching the mysterious jugglery which thrust out a net from the guard's van, to snatch a bag of letters from its hook on a high post beside the line and hang another bag in its place.

In that house, outside Belper in Derbyshire, I was born and lived with my mother, brothers and sisters, till I was ten years old. I can recall many incidents of those days, but there was one which made a great impression on me. I must have been six or seven years old, and amongst my mother's friends were an old couple who lived about five miles away in a rather pretentious house in a large park. Mr. and Mrs. Crofton—as I will call them—had a married daughter with a son named Trevor who was then about four years old. They had also a son, Germain, who, after a time at Oxford, had become an officer in the Inniskilling Dragoons and was on active service in India helping to suppress the Mutiny. Mrs. Crofton, with her daughter and Trevor, came to tea one afternoon, and for the boy's sake I was brought into the room. After some talk, and enquiries about the absent soldier, the grandmother turned to Trevor and said : "Now, Trevor, what is Uncle Germain doing?" This, no doubt, was a stock question oft repeated, and the expected answer was : "Fighting the Sepoys." But Trevor was bored by repetition, and possibly rather out of temper, and he replied : "Don't bother, Grannie, he's dead." That answer created consternation, drew tears from Mrs. Crofton and I was told to take Trevor into the garden and stay there till sent for. If the matter had ended there it is unlikely that the incident would have made much impression on me, even though the boy's impatient outburst happened to be true for, long afterwards, the Wa

Office communicated the sad news to Crofton's parents, and later still, published it. A certain date—say 15th July—was given as the date of death. That announcement resulted in the appearance at the Crofton home of a young woman who claimed to be the widow of Germain Crofton, and proved her statement to be true. It appeared that, while at Oxford, Germain had become indebted to his tailor and, unable to meet the bill, he had married secretly the tailor's daughter. When the old Crofton couple had heard the girl's story, they recognized the situation and took her to their hearts. It was then that Mrs. Germain told them a strange story of how her husband had appeared to her on the night of the 14th July, and she felt certain that this was to warn her of his death. She was so positive and so convinced in her own mind, that Mr. Crofton took the matter up with the War Office and, after long correspondence and careful enquiry in India, it was finally established that Germain Crofton was killed on the 14th and not the 15th July.

At Belper I saw very little of my father, who only appeared occasionally and apparently without any warning. His habit was to arrive late at night, and get in like a burglar through some unfastened window. He was a strange person, tall, holding himself very straight, with hair on his head and a waist where it should be; wearing his hat very much on one side. He seemed to pass his life hunting, shooting, and fishing in the country, or searching old curiosity shops in London. That is merely what I gathered, for, naturally, he did not explain his frequent absences to a child, and I had the impression that he was not communicative on this subject to others. He never stayed more than a few days, and I only remember him then as riding about or sitting in his own *Sanctum* surrounded by guns, fishing-rods, hunting-crops, strange weapons, and piles of papers on every table and chair; everything in disorder and nothing to be touched by any hand but his own. When he was not in the room the door was usually locked. My father was born with a mania for collecting, and he indulged it—in Wardour Street and elsewhere—to some purpose. He did not seem to aim at any special object, but gathered a strange assortment of antiques of many kinds, old furniture, old pictures, guns and other fire-arms, fishing-rods and tackle, even old clothes—gaily flowered gowns, high-heeled shoes with paste buckles, kilts, sporrans and quaintly cut jackets with steel buttons—a very catholic taste.

About the year 1860 my mother left the Belper house and moved to Scotland, taking with her my elder brother Alexander and me. Whilst looking for a house we stayed for some weeks in an hotel and then tried to settle down and feel happy in what I remember as a very severe winter. Within a year, to my deep and lasting grief, I lost a mother who had been everything to me. Too young to be admitted to the intimate life of brothers and sisters, who regarded me as a nuisance and my mother's "spoiled darling," I had had most of her loving care, and, as I had never left her side, her death was to

me a disaster. Nearly all the teaching I had so far received had come from her unusual knowledge, and henceforth I must look to strangers for my education.

An elder sister took over the duties of housekeeping, and my brother and I attended the school in which the life of the place centred. Then Alexander left to pursue his studies elsewhere, and my life, from about the age of ten, was spent on the hills and in the streams hard by a lowland Scottish village, and when, years later, revisiting the place, I came across the minister of the parish, I spoke to him and recalled myself to his memory, he said : "Ah, you have become illustrious"—he was fond of using words like that—"and you have wandered far and seen much, but I am sure you have found no place more beautiful than this." I replied that I was not aware I had become anything different to what he had known me as a boy and, for his question, I should not like to commit myself to agreement or otherwise. That seemed to please him and he said : "Ah, you will not commit yourself," and he repeated the words as though he recognized with approval that, if I had travelled, I had not forgotten my early Scottish teaching. No doubt the village is beautiful, especially in the eyes of the inhabitants, and it was full of happy recollections for me. I had wandered over the hills, and waded in the streams and burns of those pleasant places in pursuit of the elusive trout, till all the old women prophesied for me an old age of agonizing rheumatism as the result of my persistence. My boy friends were boarders, so could not get away, and I fished alone till I knew every yard of the river and of the many burns that fed it, often tiny streams that splashed their way through valleys between the silent hills in a long chain of gently rounded slopes rising to 2,000 feet at the highest point. That was the place and those the conditions for a boy to learn self-confidence and a liking for aloneness ; where he could muse on the Odes of Horace, the language of the Greek tragedies, and the more modern literature in which he was becoming absorbed. My mother had read to us *Le Juif Errant* and *Monte Cristo* which had interested me deeply ; that had been on weekdays, on Sundays we were allowed to study four volumes of a book which fascinated us. It was entitled *Icones Biblicae*, Pictures from the Holy Scriptures, by Matthias Merien of Basel, published at Strasburg in 1625, and contained on every alternate page a very carefully drawn picture, illustrating an Old or New Testament story, with descriptive letterpress on the opposite page in Latin, German and French. The attraction for us was that these prints were drawn with foreground, middle distance and background, all illustrating parts of one story ; for instance, Abraham returning victorious from the battle of kings is met, in the foreground, by Melchizedek who presents bread and wine. The army of Abraham fills the middle of the picture, while the distance is an attractive landscape full of minute detail. Out of these pictures we made a game, asking each other to find such small details as could only be discovered with a good deal of search. Incidentally, we learned a good deal of

Biblical history which came to us through the eyes ; a method of instruction much more likely to remain in the memory than a description, either spoken or read in print.

Now, left to my own devices, I turned to Walter Scott, to Victor Hugo and to Dumas for my favourite reading. The adventures of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *Vingt Ans Après* and similar stories fascinated me and probably led—much later on in life—to my collecting and reading XVIIIth century French books, especially in the form of first editions with their wonderful illustrations and marvellous bindings.

When I was about twelve years old my father appeared suddenly from I know not where, and abandoning his wanderings, settled down to live with me and my sister. There he remained until he died, greatly respected and looked up to by the villagers and by all who knew him. He was gifted with a marvellous memory which might have served him well had he put it to use, but he seemed to be satisfied with the appearance and manners of a great gentleman. He inspired me with no false ideas of his capacity, and though he was fifty years my senior we were always great friends and I loved him. I said that our house in Derbyshire stood on the very edge of one of the first railways built in England, and this may have been the reason why my father had made the acquaintance of some of the contractors who constructed the line. One of these, a Scot, had a rough shooting on the hills at the feet of which was one of my favourite streams, and when my father arrived he was always one of the party to shoot the moor on the Twelfth and other days. On those occasions—great festivals for me—I was allowed to carry a game bag and help to look after the dogs. The moor, and some lower land round a farm, produced grouse, blackgame—even an occasional ptarmigan—partridges, wild duck and snipe, as well as hares and rabbits, but the bags were only small and everything had to be hunted with discrimination and shot when the opportunity offered. I enjoyed the outings thoroughly, learned some of the lore of that kind of sport, and acquired a fondness for dogs, and guns, and the chase. The open air, light and shadow on the hills, the wind in the rushes of a mere, rain and shine and great expanses of solitude, without houses or humanity or cultivation, were already dear to me.

By this time, 1866, I had two elder brothers at Cambridge, and I had reached the limit of my then school's pretensions to higher education, so, full of admiration for, and thanks to, two masters who possessed the very rare gift of being able to impart their own knowledge, I returned to England. Before dealing with my new school I must tell a story about one of these giants—both 6 feet 4 inches in height, and built impressively—the mathematical master, who was credited with the ability to give understanding to the dullest intelligence, and had failed only once in long years of teaching. He was defeated by a boy called Leishman who had been given up as hopeless by all other teachers, and the tale—quite authentic—was this. Leishman sat

contented and impassive at the bottom of his class and, having failed to give a correct answer to a number of simple questions, the master said in despair : "Well, tell me, how many legs has a dog?" To this Leishman replied : "I could not say, sir, without seeing him." The class was tickled ; the master dropped the subject and turned to other boys in search of more profitable ground. Outside one of the gates into the school ground was a short straight road lined on either side by trimmed hedges which enclosed the gardens of the masters' houses, and in that road, a few days later, the master, walking one way, met Leishman going the other. At that moment a dog ran past and the master said : "There's a dog, Leishman, how many legs has he?" Leishman stopped and regarding the dog earnestly, replied : "If you please, sir, he ran so fast I couldn't count them."

Well, I was transferred to St. Peter's School, York, under the headmastership of that highly gifted man, Mr. Richard Elwyn, formerly of Charterhouse. What a change for me ! From home, to board with about thirty other boys in a master's house. From the hills, the moors and the glittering streams of Scotland, to the flat land and the deep, wide and muddy Ouse ; from a small straggling village to an ancient county town ; and from a plain stark Presbyterian church to a school chapel and a magnificent cathedral !

There were other novelties as well : groups of scarlet-coated men and more soberly garbed women riding to meets of hounds and, occasionally, strings of thoroughbreds on their way to exercise on Knavesmire. But what attracted me most were the Minster and the river ; the former for its splendour and its services, and the latter, not for its looks but as a training and racing course for rowing.

Inspired by Elwyn, the school had then attained a high reputation, and, in the time I was there, hardly a week passed during which we were not given a half-holiday to celebrate the gain of some distinction at Oxford or Cambridge by a member, or former member, of the School. I went into the fourth form under Tommy Richardson and, after a year there, passed into the fifth form under Mr. Scarlett, and for divinity under the Headmaster, for all of whom I learned a great admiration, reverence and affection. I was keen about all school games, but the boats drew me to the river and, when Robert Lesley—who later stroked the Oxford eight for three years in succession—came from Radley to board in the same house, I learned to row and to scull under his eye and coaching. Not without result, for it was a proud day for me when, as stroke of our second boat, we beat in a trial our own house's first boat, and they beat the rest of the school. My greatest joy was sculling in a covered outrigger, and, when I could do it, that was how I spent any leisure I could get from study and classes.

Those years at St. Peter's seemed then, and for long afterwards, the happiest of my life. My masters were satisfied ; I had all the friends I wanted ; school life was both interesting and amusing, and I got into trouble only once. It was summer, and an open-air show was being given on a ground not far away, but invisible to anyone in

our house. I had a friend called Bennett, and it occurred to us that if we got on the roof we should have a good view of the show. There were dormer windows in the top storey, and out of one of these we climbed up the slates on to the ridge; arrived there, we made ourselves comfortable on a rug we had brought and, having an excellent view of the show ground, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. But not for long. A commanding voice from the window below us ordered our immediate descent, and when we had scrambled down, we found our house master waiting to receive us with many unkind words, and the order that we should present ourselves to the headmaster at eight o'clock the next morning to be dealt with as we deserved.

It appeared that our house master, walking on the pathway opposite his house, just outside the school railings, had either seen us on the roof himself, or some meddlesome person had called his attention to the unusual spectacle, and the master had at once informed Mr. Elwyn and then called us in, without taking any precautions to see that we did not slip on the slates and fall into the street.

The interview with the headmaster was not altogether painful. For one reason because we felt we had done nothing disgraceful, and for another because he treated us to a lecture in which he told us how pained he was to punish two boys whom he regarded "as the salt of the school." I have forgotten how many strokes of his cane we then received on our outstretched hands, but we accepted them in silence as probably deserved, and removed ourselves from the presence, more mindful of what had been said than of what had been done to us.

Members of the fifth and sixth forms were allowed a great privilege. For the school generally, Bootham Bar, which stands in the city wall, was the limit beyond which no boy could go city-wards. But boys in those two highest forms were allowed to pass the bar in order to attend afternoon service in the Minster, should they wish to do so. I made use of that privilege whenever I could, for the evening service, and especially the singing of the choir, was as lovely as it was impressive. I well remember the exquisite high treble voice of a boy who often sang solo parts, and the strangely thrilling notes of a counter-tenor whose local fame was such that other cathedrals—Durham and elsewhere—often borrowed his services for special occasions.

We were allowed to sit in the choir stalls at the Minster, and that gave an opportunity to see and hear everything without effort and in great comfort. At these services there was always an anthem, and whenever I was able to attend I thanked my good fortune for being allowed to hear such singing in surroundings with such a strong appeal.

CHAPTER II

EASTWARD BOUND

HAVING RETURNED TO LIVE WITH MY FATHER, I SPENT THE NEXT TWO years in cramming various special subjects, seeing places of interest, and in cricket, fencing and other sports. There had been question of what I should do, and at first I was attracted by the suggestion that I should join the Emperor of Austria's Foreign Guard, but I had a connection who had served in that corps, and he advised against the idea. I then thought of the Indian Woods and Forests, and took up the subjects in which it was necessary to pass by competitive examination to join that body. An elder brother, who was already in the Ceylon Government Service, urged me to try for a Cadetship in the Straits Colony, and acting on his advice, I obtained a nomination from Mr. W. P. Adam, afterwards Governor of Madras, and was fortunate in passing second out of about twenty competitors. The candidate who passed first was E. H. Watts, a brilliant and accomplished person with whom I was proud to be linked as a Far Eastern Cadet. When the question arose as to how we should make the journey to Singapore, the Colonial Office decided that, as they had just purchased a yacht for the use of the Governor of the Straits, Watts and I, with three Cadets for Ceylon, should travel in that vessel. No doubt it was an economical arrangement wherein our comfort was a minor consideration, but it could not fairly be described as a pleasant journey, though we met with some novel experiences in the eight thousand miles of sea voyage.

This yacht, absurdly named the *Pluto*, was a small paddle-wheeled boat, by no means new, which was said to have been used as a blockade runner during the American Civil War. Ten knots an hour was the limit of her speed ; she was under two hundred tons burden, and the accommodation—after recent alterations—was very indifferent. But she was seaworthy in the sense that she rode the waves in bad weather, jumped about unbelievably and refused to sink. I was told to join her in the Clyde, and I did so, thereby making the acquaintance of the master, Mr. Thatcher, also of his wife and daughter whom he proposed to take to Loch Long where the ship's compasses were to be swung. When that had been done and the master's ladies put ashore, we stood down the Clyde and made for Swansea. I am not sure whether that was in the programme or whether we put in there through stress of weather. Anyhow, Swansea was the port we reached, and Mr. Thatcher said the object was to obtain patent fuel, as the *Pluto's* bunkers were not of a capacity to carry a large load of coal. At Swansea we were joined by the other four passengers, and we remained there for a fortnight as the weather—it was October—was too bad for us to put to sea. Watts got tired of this delay at the Mumbles, where we lay, and, having a fiancée in Devon or Somerset, he went

off to see her, though warned that the *Pluto* would continue her journey whenever it was considered safe to do so. That day arrived, and we paddled out without Watts, who dallied too long in his Capua. I have a distinct recollection of the subsequent unhappy days in the Bay of Biscay during which I lay in my bunk watching, when wakeful, the antics of a round and shallow tin bath which, leaning against the side of the cabin, amused itself and distressed me by rolling backwards and forwards with the strangely uneasy movements of the yacht. There was no bathroom, and only one steward, whom I saw only when he brought food for which I had no liking. After many days of extreme discomfort the weather improved and we reached Malta, where we spent three interesting days seeing catacombs and other exhilarating sights. Our next port of call was Port Said, then struggling into notoriety as the northern entrance to the recently opened Suez Canal. Port Said had, in 1870, a bad reputation, but my experience was limited to crowds of donkeys whose ill-spoken drivers invited passengers of both sexes and many nationalities to "have a ride in the desert." Watts was lucky enough to rejoin us there, having caught a mail steamer and made good his late start by reason of the *Pluto's* crawling pace and our delay in Malta. Being such a tiny boat, the *Pluto* was allowed to negotiate the canal—on which much work was still being done—at almost its best speed. So we reached Suez and, after another wait, passed into the Red Sea. Till then the cares of navigation had prevented us from seeing much of Mr. Thatcher, who was an unusual type to find in the role of a master in the Mercantile Marine. A big heavy man who, I understood, had done some blockade running, and now spent his time in odd jobs like his present one, a contract to deliver the boat at a given port and to feed the passengers he carried. He was rather a "superior person," and played an excellent game of chess, which appeared to be his main amusement. He did us as well as he could, but I doubt whether he had counted on the *Pluto's* inability to travel at anything like a reasonable pace, or her inordinate consumption of fuel to make about eight knots an hour. During the buffeting to which she had been subjected in the Bay and beyond it, a number of planks had been torn from the cover of one paddle-box, and through this hole the paddle—when in action—forced a torrent of water which fell on the after deck of the paddle-box. We put this gift of Providence to its obvious use and, sitting on the little triangular shaped deck, enjoyed the deluge of volumes of shower baths. To prevent being washed into the sea, it was necessary to hold on to anything stable that was in reach. That was where and how we passed through the Red Sea and reached Aden, after calling for a few hours at that seldom-visited island, Perim.

There was nothing to see at Aden, except the water storage tanks, to which I walked in great heat, and they were not worth the effort. Three days were spent in coaling and replenishing stores, and then the *Pluto* began to plough her uneasy way across the Arabian Sea towards

Ceylon. Of course it was the wrong time of year to travel eastwards, and we had the monsoon against us. For that reason, and inherent disability to move, the *Pluto* struggled for weeks and ate up almost all its fuel while still in mid-ocean. The engines were stopped and the boat was put under sail, with the result that, after two days' effort, she was found to have lost six miles. The master was disheartened, sought comfort in drink, and took to his bed. I was the youngest of the party, but as I knew the master better than my fellow passengers, I was asked to interview and reason with him. It was not a nice job, but I went to his cabin, found him contrite, and induced him to send for the steward and give orders that no more "comfort" should be supplied to him whatever his entreaty. Then he got up and, clothed and in his right mind, he ransacked the boat for old packing cases and any other stray bits of wood and, with these and the little fuel that remained, we got up steam and scraped into Cochin on the coast of Travancore. During a stay there of another three days, the master managed to get enough fuel to carry us to Trincomalee, on the north-east of Ceylon, where we parted with the three Ceylon Service men, while Watts and I passed the better part of another three days sitting on the rocks at the foot of the harbour lighthouse, watching the gambols of the most brilliantly coloured fishes I have ever seen. They were large, about eight or ten pounds apiece in weight, and their colours were not only intense but extremely varied.

When we left Trincomalee, I think Mr. Thatcher, distrustful of his craft, decided to hug the shore as far as possible, and, in this manner, we struggled into the Roads of Malacca, and so made our introduction to Malaya and the ancient town of Albuquerque, with its ruined church of S. Paul's on the hill within the more ruined gates of the Portuguese fort, backed by the distant Mount Ophir. Here we dallied more days and, as no coal was procurable, we took in a sufficient quantity of wood—billets of mangrove—to carry us the remaining 120 miles to Singapore. And so to Journey's End, after a voyage of nearly three months.

The entrance to the New Harbour of Singapore is thrilling. Until within a distance of yards a vessel seems to be making for the land; then a narrow opening is disclosed, just wide enough for meeting ships to pass each other, and this inlet of deep jade-coloured water leads, between islands where red-roofed buildings hide amongst palm groves and blossom-covered trees, to a long line of wharves and docks, of repairing shops and goods sheds, proclaiming the life and business of Singapore—gate of the Farther East. We crept along the seaside of this busy scene with its interminable line of ships loading and unloading, till we reached the Roads with the long row of white warehouses—facing the sea and concealing the town—while to north and east the bay makes a horseshoe curve to end in a palm-covered promontory. In the Roads the *Pluto* anchored, and we were welcomed by the harbour master, and one of the two cadets who had been appointed to the Straits Service in previous years. We took up our

quarters in an hotel on the Beach and were soon schooled into a knowledge of what was expected of us and how it must be done to be acceptable. It was like going to school again as new boys, but without a preliminary thrashing to encourage us to good works.

CHAPTER III

GETTING INTO HARNESS

SO, IN JANUARY, 1871, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY, I FOUND MYSELF WHERE I would be ; and I started to learn something of the Malay language and to acquire, in the Secretariat and other Government offices, such knowledge of Government methods, and of the Colonial Regulations, as seemed likely to be of use. I was fortunate in many ways. I had two friends already established in Singapore, and they were most kind to me. I made through them, and through members of the Government service with whom I soon became acquainted, as many other friends as I wanted. The Government of the Colony paid me a dollar salary of the equivalent of £240 a year, and added that, if that was not sufficient for my needs, I should look to my relatives for help during the next two years during which I should be learning my trade and be of no particular use to my employers. That made life easy and pleasant ; I could not pretend to misunderstand conditions so plainly stated, and I decided to govern myself accordingly. First, I was to learn Malay and, as the Governor, Col. Sir Harry Ord, R.E., held very strong views on that and other subjects, I was told that he had warned my prospective examiners that if they felt inclined to pass me, they must certify that I was qualified to be an Interpreter in a Court of Justice. That was a rule made for my special benefit, and, while I felt the test was severe, I realized that there could be no appeal against my having to submit to it. I had an admirable teacher in the person of the Government Munshi, Mahommed Said, with whom I worked every day at the Secretariat, and within about fifteen months I passed the final examination, with the required certificate which was not enforced in the case of any other cadet. Mahommed Said was, in my view, the best informed Malay of his time, and after he went home to the Mercy of God, as the Malays say, I never met his equal. Later I joined two more recently appointed cadets in the study of the Hokien dialect of Chinese, but, after making fair progress, I had to give it up as I could not spare the time that is needed to acquire even a scant knowledge of the most difficult language in the world.

Sir Harry Ord was a big and very masterful Governor, of great ability and strong character. He was not at all popular ; the Press found fault with him in almost every issue, chiefly because of his alleged extravagance in building the Government House which to this day is the Governor's residence, though successors in that office



MY FATHER JAMES OLDHAM SWETTENHAM



OLD DUTCH SETTLEMENT, MALACCA

have found it necessary to add to his original building. That, and the purchase of the *Pluto*—for the selection of which Sir Harry Ord was in no way responsible—were heinous sins. But Sir Harry, who came to Singapore when the Straits Settlements (*i.e.*, Singapore, Penang and Malacca) passed from the control of the Indian Government to that of the Colonial Office, to find his charge with a budget which would not balance, left the Colony in 1873 with a respectable sum to its credit. Sir Harry and Lady Ord were exceedingly kind to me from the first, and on his visits to the Malay States, to Johore, Penang and Kédah, to Trénggânu, Kélanlan and Petâni, he always took me with him to interpret during his interviews with Malay Rulers. His successors—Sir Andrew Clarke and Sir William Jervois—both Sappers—did the same, and that is how I gained some knowledge of those States and especially of their Rulers, before they came under the public eye. What helped me most at these interviews was an accurate memory which I took trouble to cultivate ; so that, after a while, I was able to write down what every speaker had said and where he had sat, even though I had to wait till the next day for time to do it. It was not long after I had passed in Malay that a Russian Grand Duke visited Singapore, and for his entertainment the Maharâja of Johore gave a great luncheon at his Johore residence, and staged a buffalo and tiger fight to follow. I was one of the large party of guests from Singapore and, being of no account, was lunching in a side room when, without previous notice, I was summoned to the banqueting hall and told to stand by the Maharâja and interpret the Malay speech he was then going to deliver to welcome His Imperial Highness and propose his health. As soon as I reached his chair the Maharâja stood up and began to speak. He was not accustomed to interpretation, and did not think it necessary to pause in the flow of his eloquence, so I had to ask him to wait whilst I put into English long passages, not easy to follow. His Highness soon jumped to the situation, and an ordeal rather trying for me was concluded with, what appeared to be, general satisfaction. It was an ordeal because I had no warning of what was expected of me, and because the room was full of Malay officials and of English residents from Singapore who had lived there for years and regarded the “Cadets” as a class of Government servant not to be taken too seriously. I was quite aware of the criticism to which I was being subjected, but, fortunately, my memory enabled me to remember the Maharâja’s long sentences, and, as I had no difficulty with the language, the incident ended happily.

The show which had attracted to Johore this large gathering of Malays, Europeans, Chinese, Indians, Arabs and other nationalities was a rather sorry affair, and so far as I know, was never repeated. A plot of ground, oval in form, enclosed by a fencing of heavy palisades, with enough space between each to enable spectators outside to see what was going on within, formed the arena. A portion of this gigantic cage was curtained off by canvas, and into that compartment was carried a caged tiger which had been caught recently in a pit-trap.

A multitude of spectators surged round the enclosure, and, when all was ready, an ordinary water buffalo, taken from the shafts of a cart, was introduced into the unoccupied section of the ring. The buffalo walked quietly to the centre of the enclosure, and stood there while the curtain was removed and the tiger disclosed to his opponent's view. The two beasts stared at each other, and the hairs of the buffalo's neck began to stand up but, almost immediately, the tiger started to run round the arena, keeping close to the fence. The movement evidently determined the buffalo to attack, and, judging distance and his enemy's pace with accuracy, he rushed head down at the tiger, transfixing him with his horns and smashed his body against the palisade. Then, stalking backwards in measured strides, he withdrew to his position in the middle of the arena, all the while keeping his eye on the tiger which lay, grievously damaged, against the palisade. After a few minutes the tiger got on his feet and started again to run, as though he hoped to find a means of escape. He had only travelled half the circumference of the enclosure when the buffalo charged him again, impaled him with its horns, crushed his body against the palisade, and finally threw his now helpless victim in the air, caught the falling body on his horns, and threw it violently on the ground. I did not want to see any more ; but my impression at the time was that certain spectators near the combatants prodded the stricken beast with sticks and umbrellas in an attempt to get him running again. He was, however, past that or any other effort, and did not move again. I was curious to see what damage the buffalo had sustained, and, beyond an unimportant scratch on his nose, there was nothing. I ascribe that rather astonishing result to the fact that the tiger's home was in the jungle, far from men and their haunts, whereas the buffalo was a tame beast accustomed to human beings. Therefore, when stripes found himself in a pen, surrounded by moving and shouting people, he disregarded the buffalo and sought only to get away. The buffalo, being at home and at his ease, recognized in the tiger a dangerous enemy, and proceeded to deal with him. Years later in Pahang, a Malay told me how he watched a tiger stalk a herd of semi-wild buffalo feeding in an open space of grass surrounded by forest. The herd got wind of the tiger and a great bull stalked out alone and faced the enemy while the cows and calves stood grouped together to watch the proceedings. When the bull was near enough to charge, the tiger sprang on his shoulders and tried to seize the great beast by the neck ; but the bull threw him off, charged him with head down, and the tiger, having had enough, made off to the jungle.

I had been told that most of the senior Government posts in the Straits were held by men who had been there for years, having been appointed while the Colony was still an Indian Presidency. That was true, and it meant that there would be possibilities of promotion when these well-aged gentlemen decided to retire. Meanwhile, I did odd jobs in some of their offices and I learned something of Government

work in other Departments outside the Secretariat. During most of that time, the other cadets and I had for the sake of economy been moved to Tanglin—three miles from Singapore town—where were the Barracks of a battalion of the British Army. It was a pleasant place just opposite the Botanical Gardens, where the Band of the Regiment played on one afternoon in each week. In the grounds were a number of bungalows for married officers, and two of the tiniest of these buildings, each containing three rooms and a verandah, were allotted to the four cadets, the two seniors in one and Watts and myself in the other. The drawback was that we had to attend office every morning, and that meant hiring the vehicle of the country drawn by a Sumatran pony, and we were driven to all kinds of expedients to find the wherewithal to pay our way.

The social life of Singapore was gay enough. Every man had work and offices generally closed at 5 p.m. The town, the banks, the mercantile firms, and all the busy life of this Far Eastern Clapham Junction, were on one side of the Singapore river, with the docks two or three miles further away, while the Government offices, the Esplanade, cricket and tennis ground, the Law Courts, cathedral and hotels were on the other. Three miles inland was the Tanglin district with most of the residencies of the European community. From 5 p.m. till dark, cricketers and tennis players patronised the Esplanade, while others, mostly wives, sat in their carriages spectating and waiting for their husbands to find them and be driven home. The older residents, especially heads of firms, who owned and occupied comfortable houses with well-kept gardens, were very hospitable and, in the evening, there were constant dinner parties and occasional dances, while concerts, theatricals and travelling shows of many kinds helped to counteract the unavoidable depression of a perpetual high temperature just over one degree from the Equator. The Annual Race Meetings, enthusiastically supported by the Maharaja of Johore, by Chinese and other rich Asiatics, meant a week's festivities; and there were constant week-end parties to various seaside bungalows, where bathing was made safe from sharks, crocodiles and jelly fish by staking a reach of water. There was such a bungalow and swimming bath on an island in New Harbour, and it was there that we found real joy.

It was about this time, early 1872, that I had my first experience of life in a Malay State, and it came about in this way.

A Chinese, the head of a dangerous Secret Society in Singapore, was tried in the Supreme Court on the charge of abducting a young Chinese girl, a Roman Catholic. I sat in the Court throughout the trial and, though I have no recollection of the evidence or the finding, the accused impressed me for two reasons. It was a hot day full of sunshine and the blinds were drawn to keep out the glare, but a ray of strong light from some crevice pierced the comparative darkness of the room and caught the accused as he stood in the dock, striking his face and accentuating a smooth patch on his cheek bone, the sign of

incipient leprosy. But it was the other point about him which riveted attention, for, on the finger of one hand he wore a large emerald ring, not the deep colour of a fine emerald, but a paler, rather yellow-green stone which, under the ray of strong light, shone with intense brilliance in the gloom, caught the eye at once and held it, so that I was more interested in watching its rather baleful flashes than in listening to the proceedings.

The accused was defended by Mr. James Guthrie Davidson, principal partner in the firm of Rodyk and Davidson, and then the leader of the Singapore Bar. He was rather a friend of mine, mainly because of our mutual interest in Malays and things Malayan, and he had noticed that I attended and sat through the trial. Therefore, a few days later, he invited me to dinner and told me some particulars about the charge against the Chinese headman. Davidson was convinced that his client was innocent, and that the girl had been smuggled away into the Malay State of Selangor where she was being detained by Chinese of another Society. His intention was to go to Selangor and try to find her and he invited me to join him in the quest. I was delighted to accept the offer provided I could get leave, and rather to my surprise, this was granted. Davidson's firm acted as legal advisers to the Maharāja of Johore—as he then was—and Davidson also knew and had had dealings with Tunku dia Udin—commonly called Tunku Kudin, brother of the Rāja of Kēdah—who had recently married the daughter of the Sultan of Selangor, and was then living in a fort at Klang on the left bank of the Klang River. Tunku Kudin had persuaded the old Sultan Abdulsamed to appoint him Viceroy of Selangor, because the State was, and had been for years, the war playground of a number of Malay Rājas, whose pastime was fighting and intriguing to gain control of rich districts in Selangor where Chinese, and a few others, were mining tin. The main centre of mining was Kuala Lumpur, a purely Chinese village, consisting of two rows of adobé-built dwellings thatched with palm leaves, under the unquestioned control of a redoubtable Capitan China who, having been drawn into the fighting for the protection of his mines and his people, had allied himself with the Viceroy. The Fort of Klang was seven miles from the mouth of the river, navigable to that point for small steamers, and Kuala Lumpur was twenty odd miles further in the interior, reached either by boat poled up the ever-narrowing river, or through the roadless jungle, miles of it a deep morass.

This was the place where Davidson proposed to take me for a holiday, and where he intended to make enquiries on the chance of finding the missing girl.

We left Singapore in a very small steamer and duly reached Klang, where the Viceroy accommodated and entertained us until arrangements had been made for a boat to take us up river to Kuala Lumpur. That journey took three days, rowing and poling, and we were welcomed by the doughty Capitan China Yap Ah Loi and his friends who, in the evening, entertained us to a great dinner, my only

recollection of which is that many Mexican dollars had been turned into spoons and forks for our use. It was very thoughtful, but the forks, being pure silver, bent under the smallest pressure and had to be constantly straightened in order to carry the food.

With the exception of the Capitan China's own house—which was more pretentious and more solidly built—the place consisted of thatched hovels with earth flooring, some of them unoccupied. The next day, while Davidson was making his enquiries, I wandered round Kuala Lumpur and went into what appeared to be an empty hut : it was quite empty, except for a dead Chinese, with a bullet hole in his chest, who was sitting on the red earth floor with his back against the wall.

In the afternoon we walked to some tin mines a few miles away, and Capitan Ah Loi insisted upon sending some Chinese warriors as a guard. Of course there was only a path through the jungle and we had to walk in single file. The young warrior in front of me—clothed in the shortest of shorts and a large palm-leaf hat—had a loaded ten-chamber revolver hanging by a piece of string from a stick carried over his shoulder. As the weapon bumped continually on his bare back during miles of walking over roots and jumping across streams, I saw that the solitary figure sitting on the red earth of the empty hut could be accounted for.

A day or so later Davidson told me that his quest had resulted in failure, and we decided to walk the greater part of the way back to Klang. It was a twelve hours' effort and very strenuous and unpleasant at that, for there was no path and much of the distance we travelled up to our waists in water. Torn by thorns, poisoned by leech-bites, and stung by scores of blood-sucking insects, the struggle was one long misery. Of course we had a guide, otherwise we must have perished, as had been, a short while before, the fate of the Viceroy's "foreign legion," engaged in Singapore to deal with his rivals, the fighting Râjas. At last we reached the bank of the Klang River, found a boat, and were rowed the remaining short distance to Klang. As a result of that walk, Davidson was so distressed and sore-footed that he could do nothing for two or three days, by which time it was necessary—for me at any rate—to get back to Singapore. There was no steamer, nor prospect of one, so, with considerable difficulty, Davidson got a small native sailing boat, with three or four men, to make the journey. The distance is about two hundred miles, and when we cleared the mouth of the Klang River and its islands, we found that our so-called crew were none of them really sailors and that we should have to do most of the directing and steering ourselves, but we hoped that by hugging the coast we should manage to reach our goal. We did manage, but the journey took longer than we expected ; there was nothing to eat but rice, salt fish and some durians. That was the only occasion on which I persuaded myself to eat a durian.

Eventually, on a fine morning, with a fair breeze, we sailed into New Harbour and through it, but nearing the Tanjong Pagar Docks

a Chinese craft, heavily laden, sailed straight across our bow, and in spite of all the noise we made, the sole occupant took no notice whatever. Fortunately, Davidson was steering and, rather than be run down by a boat much heavier than ours, he steered straight into the wide stern of the Chinese craft and, after hitting her hard, we rebounded and continued our course towards the Roads. The occupant of the Chinese shoe-boat pulled up some planks of his deck, looked down, and then gave himself up to what was no doubt a volley of Chinese protest and invective. Davidson did not even look round to see what was happening ; as he held the tiller, and was leader of the Singapore Bar, I saw no cause for worry.

Sir Harry Ord went on short leave in 1872 and, before he started, I was sent to Penang to take charge of the Land Offices there and in Province Wellesley, the strip of mainland divided from Penang by two miles of water with a deep channel nearer the island than the Province. Land office work is attractive, takes one all over the country, and brings one into contact with the cultivators who, with the fisherfolk, are among the simplest and most interesting of working-class Malays. A Senior Cadet, A. M. Skinner, was then magistrate in Province Wellesley, and lived at Butterworth in a house on the beach opposite Penang town. As he was alone and had plenty of room, we arranged to live together. My office was close to the main landing-place in Penang, and that meant that I had to cross—twice every day and in all weathers—the two miles of water which divided the island from the mainland. Those crossings were made in a small steam launch, and in bad weather they were not pleasant. The arrangement had, however, the advantage that it took me away early every morning ; so Skinner and I only met again for dinner when the day's doings made subject for conversation. My work sent me all over Penang and Province Wellesley into every sort of out-of-the-way place as well as to large sugar and tapioca estates and great stretches of irrigated rice fields. These journeys took me to the neighbourhood of the best snipe grounds where—and in Malacca—from September to March, was the most amusing game-bird shooting to be had in the Colony.

The principal landowner and most important resident in Penang was Mr. Forbes Brown of Glugor, a particular friend of the Governor. Sir Harry Ord, having returned from leave, visited Penang about this time and stayed at Glugor for a few days, during which I was introduced to Mr. Brown and his considerable family. They were all most kind to me, and I retained and reciprocated their friendship as long as I remained in the Colony. Besides the Glugor house—with its eighty-feet-long drawing-room—and large Sugar Estates in the Province, Mr. Brown owned a charming place called Strawberry on Penang Hill. It was just below the Governor's bungalow and stood at a height of some eighteen hundred feet, with magnificent views of all the eastern part of the island including the town, the strip of water, Province Wellesley and the hills beyond ; while northward was the

open sea, enclosed eastward by the continuing shore of Province Wellesley till it merged in the Malay State of Kédah. Standing out and dominating all the country beneath it is Kédah Peak, rising to nearly five thousand feet. Whilst the Governor moved about, Lady Ord was at their bungalow on Penang Hill and I was her guest there for a month. It was a strenuous time for me. Every morning about 8.30 a.m. I walked down the hill, four miles ; then drove another four miles to my office ; worked there till five o'clock and then drove to the foot of the hill and rode up on a pony. It made a longish journey, and when done daily for a month it tires.

After about six months my colleague, Skinner, was moved to another post and I took up residence in Penang with Captain Innes, R.E., the head of the Public Works Department. We named the house The Baronial Hall, for it was large and pretentious, of strange architecture, and carried small panes in the downstairs windows. Also it stood back from a main road in what is called a "compound" of indescribable neglect. Innes was a charming person and we lived there in great harmony, each intent on his own job. His work, like mine, made him a frequent traveller, and at dinner he often had a good story to tell, but the mere thought of the details sent him into such fits of laughter that it took him a long time to get to the point. Returning one evening from a visit to the south of the Province, he said he had called at a District Court-house where he found everyone, including the Government Medical Officer, waiting for the arrival of the J.P. who was to take the cases. The doctor was impatient, and said aloud : "Who are we waiting for ? Is it the Local Magnate ?" This was repeated by someone to that person on his arrival, and he immediately turned to the doctor and said : "I hear you called me the Local Magnate. Did you say that ?" "Certainly I did," replied the doctor. "You are a magnate, aren't you ?" "Magnate, sir, magnate. What do you mean ?" shouted the offended man. "Oh !" drawled the doctor, "I don't mean you are a magnet. I see nothing attractive about you. In fact, you are rather repulsive." The other had no suitable repartee ready and he took refuge in the trite remark : "You have not been here long enough to offer your opinion," to which the doctor replied : "I have been here long enough to recognize the difference between a wise man and a fool." The unhappy magnate fell into the trap and remarked : "Well, you're not a wise man," whereon the other retorted, "And you're a damned fool." "He had the last word," said Innes.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Penang was Colonel A. E. H. Anson, afterwards Sir Archibald Anson, K.C.M.G., who had been transferred from Mauritius where he was Chief of Police. He fancied himself as the author of *bons mots*, only one of which sticks in my memory. The richest and most important Chinese in Penang was Mr. Koh Siang Tat, usually referred to as Mr. Tat, and more commonly a Tat—*tout court*. This persongae fell seriously ill and the Lieutenant-Governor, enquiring anxiously as to the state of his health, was told

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that the invalid had been ordered to drink Rhine wine, and the only brand procurable was Liebfraumilch. "Quite right," remarked Colonel Anson, "Tit for Tat."

Some years later when I went on leave, intending to land at Naples and make my way home through Italy, Mr. Tat was a fellow-passenger on the mail boat by which we travelled, and as he spoke but few words of English but was fluent in Chinese-Malay, he asked to be allowed to accompany me, and we travelled together through Italy and across the Alps. In Naples, dressed in European clothes, he asked me why little boys shouted "Cina" at him when he took his walks abroad, and I had to point out that they saw his pigtail, though partly concealed by his coat. In Rome we visited St. Peter's and after walking some distance up the nave he asked, "How long is it?" and I tried to tell him. Then, "How high is it?" and finally, "What did the building cost?" Having satisfied him as well as I could on these points, he said, "Let us go somewhere else."

Crossing the Alps by the Splugen Pass, Mr. Tat made an original suggestion. It was winter, and we left Bellagio in a diligence at nightfall. Climbing all through the hours of darkness, we stopped at dawn, and were told we must get out and change into sleighs as the diligence could go no further. We did get out, and found ourselves in a deep cutting between two walls of snow about twelve feet high. Tat took a handful of snow and said: "What is this? It is hot." I replied: "No. It is cold; it is snow." Far as the eye could see the whole country was covered with a thick white mantle, and Tat said: "How did it get here? Did it grow?" "No," said I. "it fell down from the sky." "What, all at once?" asked my companion with great concern. But when I told him that it fell like rain, he was reassured and no longer interested. We travelled for miles down the other side of the pass on sleighs, which were changed eventually for another diligence. I think I must have lost my Chinese friend in Strasbourg, the Rhine wine country. I was drawn into telling this tale of Mr. Koh Siang Tat and must return to Penang where I was still stationed when Sir Harry Ord retired in October, 1873, and was succeeded by Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., as Governor in November of that year.

CHAPTER IV

TROUBLE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA

THE DEPARTURE OF SIR HARRY ORD, WHICH OPENED THE DOOR TO great changes and a new departure in the policy of the British Government towards the Rulers and people of the Malay Peninsula, gives the opportunity to explain to the reader the relative positions of the authorities in the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca and their near neighbours on the hinterland, and the general attitude of each towards the other.

When, in 1819, Stamford Raffles—no doubt as the result of his own suggestions—received orders from Lord Hastings in Calcutta to seek and occupy a station near the southern end of the Malay Peninsula, he started at once from Bencoolen in Sumatra—where he was then stationed—and, passing down the Malacca Straits, fixed on Singapore as the place most suitable in all respects to meet his requirements. Having arranged terms with the Sultan and the Temenggong of Johore, Raffles hoisted the British flag on 30th January, 1819, and so secured for his country what has become one of Britain's most valuable and strategically important possessions. The geographical position of Singapore as a market and distributing centre, the facilities it offers for coaling and repairing ships, its great wharves and warehouses and its unrivalled position at the gate of the China Sea, may all have suggested themselves to Raffles' foresight and imagination, but he does not seem to have attached any special importance to the value of the Malay States beyond the narrow strip of water which divides the small island of Singapore from the long Peninsula stretching northwards to the borders of Siam. If Raffles foresaw the economic value of the Malay States, and the enormous effect of their development on Singapore and the other British Stations in the Malacca Straits, he left no record to that effect; and we know that his main object was to found a British Station which would secure for British ships and British traders a fair share of whatever advantages might be gained by dealings with the Malays, and by keeping open the door to China and the Farthest East. Fifty years of British control justified Raffles' most sanguine hopes in regard to Singapore, and it is remarkable that during that long period the Malay Peninsula remained unknown and unmoved by the progress which daily passed its doors.

The explanation was that the Malay had a bad reputation with Europeans which, had they known him better, they would have seen was not deserved. Then there were no means of transport in his country; while the only link with the outside world was a native boat, frail and uncomfortable. White men knew nothing about the place because none had ever been there, and it was not the custom for Malays with any authority to travel beyond their own borders. No reliable witness had, during those fifty years, come out of the Malay Peninsula to sing its praises, to describe its attractions, or to publish the opportunities it offered to inquisitive strangers. In 1874 the map of the Malay Peninsula was blank, except for two small British Settlements on the Western Coast. There did not exist a book of reference which supplied any information whatever in regard to the Malay States, their people or their products. The idea that all Malays lived by piracy was out of date and ridiculed; but it was firmly believed that the race was dying out, and that belief was well-founded so far as the people of the Peninsula were concerned. The only necessary qualification to the above general statement is first to exclude Johore, which had very few Malays and was mainly populated by Chinese working for their wealthy countrymen in Singapore; and

secondly, the knowledge gained by the occasional and very brief visits of Singapore officials to the Rulers of the Eastern States. Whatever that amounted to did not extend beyond an hour's conversation with the Râja visited, and was not made public.

Returning to my personal experiences in the development of events, I said good-bye to Sir Harry and Lady Ord on board the mail steamer which, calling at Penang, carried them to England. His last words to me were to take care of a monkey which he expected from the Râja of Kêdah, but had not arrived, and I should have told here the tale of the evil life and tragic death of this simian had I not done so already in another book. The new Governor, Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, K.C.M.G., reached Singapore in November, 1873, and the disturbed condition of the Western Malay States attracted his immediate attention. The Malay Peninsula is long and narrow, running more or less north and south. It has the China Sea on the east, the Straits of Malacca on the west—from Singapore to Penang—and north of Penang, the Bay of Bengal. The southernmost point of Asia is in Johore, a few miles from Singapore, and the countries from south to north are Johore, which stretches across the Peninsula with one coast line in the Malacca Straits and the other in the China Sea, and then, on the west, Malacca with Negri Sembilan behind and east of it, Selangor, Pêrak, Province Wellesley, Kêdah and Perlis. Similarly on the east, and starting again with Johore, are Pâhang, Trênggânu, Kelantan and Petâni. North of all these States and Territories is the Kingdom of Siam, the name of which has quite recently been changed to Thai.

When Raffles left, after only two years' residence in Singapore, he enjoined on his successors the need to cultivate the friendship of the Rulers of the Malay States; but no one connected with our possessions in the Straits appears to have remembered Raffles' advice, or shown any real interest in the Malays of the Peninsula. Even before Raffles' time—from 1785 onwards—the Chief Authority in Penang had exchanged letters with the Rulers of various States, but this spasmodic correspondence—continued later by Governors in Singapore—almost always originated with the Malay Râjas who complained of the acts of Siam or of their nearer neighbours, and asked for help which neither the India Company nor the British Government was ready to give.

Sir Harry Ord was an exception. He visited most of the Malay Rulers as soon as he had the means of doing so, but these intermittent calls were too far apart to lead to anything beyond polite acquaintance. The consequence was that while no white man in the Colony outside the Government House circle knew or cared anything about these countries, the Siamese tried to force their influence upon some of them and partially succeeded in the case of Kêdah on the west and Petâni and Kêlantan on the east. The country was a vast jungle without roads, the only communication being by boats on rivers, or by jungle paths. The whole territory was very sparsely inhabited,

and practically the only law known or administered was that of force. The State of Johore should be excluded from this very sketchy statement of a situation which could only be described at great length. Johore stood apart, because it was separated from Singapore by only a narrow channel of deep sea water, because it contained very few Malay inhabitants, and because the development of the country so far had been done under the direction and with the money of wealthy Chinese residents in Singapore.

The Government in Singapore was well aware that for years there had been trouble in Selangor, owing to the rivalry of different Malay Râjas seeking to grasp power and the means of raising money under the rule of a Sultan who was too old and easygoing to exercise any real authority. From the Negri Sembilan came constant rumours of a similar kind. While in Pêrak, the largest and most important of the Western States, disputes about succession to the Sultanate, and quarrels between rival Chinese factions as to the possession of rich tin mines, had thrown the country into such anarchy and confusion that the Chinese miners, not satisfied with killing each other in thousands at the mines, had taken to piracy in the Malacca Straits, attacking, pillaging and burning any native craft sailing in those waters.

In justice to Sir Harry Ord it should be said that, in the later years of his rule, he had made efforts to exert his influence in the Western States by sending a senior member of the Straits Government to make enquiries, and by personal visits of his own. About October, 1872, the Singapore Chamber of Commerce addressed the Governor and complained that British subjects who endeavoured to do business in the Malay States were not encouraged nor their interests protected. The Governor forwarded the correspondence to the Secretary of State for the Colonies—the Earl of Kimberley—with a long despatch dated 6th November, 1872, in which he set out the reply he had given to the Chamber of Commerce, and also described in considerable detail the steps he had taken personally in his attempts to bring about a better state of affairs in the Western States. Governor Ord's reply to the Singapore Chamber of Commerce became historical. He described it in his despatch as "the usual answer," and it was as follows: "If persons knowing the risks they run owing to the disturbed state of these countries, choose to hazard their lives and properties for the sake of the large profits which accompany successful trading, they must not expect the British Government to be answerable if their speculation proves unsuccessful."

In reply to Sir Harry Ord's despatch of twenty-seven long paragraphs, twenty-four of which described the unhappy conditions in the Peninsula, the Secretary of State wrote as follows under date 28th December, 1872:

"In reply to your despatch No. 189 of 6th November last I have to express to you my approval of the answer returned by you to the Chamber of Commerce of Singapore on the subject of a letter addressed

to the Chairman of the Chamber by certain traders of Malacca who are interested in the trade with Selangor." That was all.

During the following twelve months conditions in the Western States grew rapidly worse, and they were not confined to the mainland. A district of Pêrak called Lârut, not far from the southern boundary of Province Wellesley, had become the centre of trouble. Very rich in tin, this district was peopled almost wholly by two factions of Chinese miners who had quarrelled over possession of the mines, and their differences had resulted in such disorder that thousands were said to have been killed in a day in open fighting. This Province was nominally under the control of a Pêrak Chief called the Mantri, but he had lost any authority he possessed by espousing the cause of one faction of Chinese without any proper attempt to deal with the case judicially.

The Chinese combatants carried their quarrel from the mines to the waters of the Straits and the navigable rivers of Lârut. Widespread piracy became the daily and nightly occupation of the rival factions, their boats attacking peaceful native craft of any kind. The Chinese were able to do this successfully because they used long narrow boats manned by crews of eighteen to twenty oarsmen rowing with double-banked oars, and usually each boat carried a small gun in bow and stern. It was easy for these corsairs to pull alongside a native sailing vessel, to board her, throw fire grenades, shoot or cut down those who resisted, set fire to the vessel and pull away. The Mantri of Lârut owned two small steamers which plied between Penang and a port up the Lârut River, and the boats of the Chinese faction opposed to him did not hesitate to attack his steamers whenever they had an opportunity. The waters off the coast of Lârut had become so dangerous that for months they were patrolled by one or two of H.M.'s gunboats in an attempt to deal with the pirates. It was a most unpleasant duty and had no success. I tried it for three weeks, at the end of which about half the ship's company were on the sick list and we accomplished nothing. As a sample of the daily procedure, I will tell my experience of one such period which I remember well. At dusk a cutter, manned and armed, pulled away from the gun vessel which was anchored as near the coast of Lârut as she could get, but still two or three miles away. A mile or so nearer the shore—because she drew less water—lay one of the Mantri's small steamers, ready to help if called upon. Two naval officers, a dozen bluejackets with arms, ammunition and twenty-four hours' rations and water, filled the boat. We had travelled only a short distance when darkness fell, and we saw, a long way inshore, flares and gunfire splash the night, clear evidence that the pirates were at work. This sight urged the rowers to great efforts, but though the sea was calm the cutter made only slow progress, and by the time we reached what we judged to be the scene of the affray there was nothing to be seen of either pirates or their victims. Greatly disappointed, we pulled about in search of wreckage or survivors, but the darkness was

by then impenetrable, and we gave up the quest. It began to rain and in a few minutes a tropical downpour had wetted everyone to the skin, and the officer in command decided to seek shelter on the Mantri's small steamer whose lights were dimly visible. After another long pull we got alongside and climbed aboard. Once on deck I wandered about looking for refuge from the pitiless deluge of rain, but there was none. I found a hatchway which seemed to cover a possible shelter, but on closer inspection I realized that the very limited accommodation which it covered was already filled to the brim with our boat's crew, so I resigned myself to the inevitable and sat on a bulkhead watching the water stream from the tops of my boots on to the deck. It may have been about midnight, and I sat there till the first light of dawn began to make visible my desolate surroundings. With the coming of day the rain—which had been persistent and bitterly cold—ceased, and from the bowels of the small vessel my fellow-sufferers appeared and we got into the cutter and pulled for the deep fringe of mangroves which lined the shore. A break in the mangroves disclosed the entrance to a deep-water channel up which it seemed probable that the pirates had gone to one of their hiding-places, so we made for that objective. Long before we reached it the sun had risen high and the heat, against which we had no protection, had not only dried our thin clothing but was beating on our heads with ferocity. Once inside the backwater, shut in on both sides by high mangroves, there was little air and the heat was almost unbearable.

After pulling for some miles in a maze of deep-water channels, we sighted, some distance ahead, a pirate, a long slim black boat crowded with men who, as soon as we appeared, pulled away from our slow pursuit with the greatest of ease, and we never saw them again. We spent the whole day searching the labyrinth of deep waterways without seeing a sign of human life, and it was more or less by good luck that we hit upon one which took us out to sea again. A very long and trying pull brought us back to our ship at sunset, and by the time everything had been made shipshape the rain came down again and continued throughout the night.

Nights passed in drenching, ceaseless rain, and days under a scorching sun for three weeks, cured me of the idea that pirate hunting in the Malacca Straits might be amusing or interesting, for it was neither. One day, just inside the Lârut River, we came upon a Chinese stockade with guns mounted bearing on the river, and we were challenged and told that we could not pass upstream. The lieutenant in command backed his cutter to the opposite side of the river, and brought his single gun to bear on the stockade, action which gave point to our expressed intention to continue our progress, and we went as far as we intended to go and returned without any distressing results.

At the same place, not long afterwards, a boat from H.M.S. *Midge* had a different experience, and two naval officers were severely wounded in the scrap which followed.

Of course, the vessels of the Royal Navy employed on this duty were not equipped to deal with men using such fast boats, and working from such a base as that afforded by the Lârut coast ; it is not surprising that, while no success was obtained, fifty per cent of the ships' companies engaged were on the sick list after a month or two of such service.

CHAPTER V

BRITISH INTERVENTION—THE PANGKOR ENGAGEMENT

WHEN A GREAT COUNTRY REVERSES THE POLICY IT HAS PURSUED FOR a hundred years, makes a new departure and embarks on a hitherto untried experiment, it is worth the while of statesmen, critics, and the general public, to ask who was responsible for the change, what have been the results, and whether they have—after sixty-seven years' trial—given satisfaction. As I saw the Malay States before this experiment in administration was introduced, and was intimately concerned with each step in the evolution of order and sound government, I feel entitled to offer an opinion on how the Malay States and their peoples were affected by this radical change in their affairs ; and looking at their position in the year 1941 it is not difficult for any judicial mind to realize how greatly British interests have gained by the British Government's acceptance of a position which for so many years it had declined to accept, though often urged to do so by those concerned, namely, the Malays.

An American writer, in a book published comparatively recently, has given his readers to understand that the change in British policy which led to the events of 1874, and the system evolved in subsequent years, was due to the avarice of British capitalists and their desire to exploit the riches of the Malay Peninsula. That suggestion sounds curious in view of the fact that the British Government ignored for a century the efforts of Malay Rulers to awaken an interest in their affairs and to give them help. It is more curious when compared with Governor Ord's letter to the Singapore Chamber of Commerce which I have already quoted and which was approved by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is contradicted emphatically by the request of Râja Abdullah—afterwards Sultan of Pérak—who, in 1873, asked Governor Ord to send him a British officer "to teach him how to rule the country," a request which was reported to Sir Andrew Clarke as soon as he assumed duty.

I am not trying to produce evidence to defeat this assumption of British greed in our relations with the Malay States ; the charge is easily made and has no foundation in fact ; but to show how little support there is for one aspect of it, I may mention a small incident within my own knowledge. To do so I must go a little ahead of intervening events and say that some months after Sir Andrew Clarke

had concluded the Pangkor Engagement in January 1874, he visited Lârut and I was one of those who accompanied him. The Governor brought with him one of Singapore's leading merchants, hoping to interest him in the re-opening of the tin mines at Lârut now that the Chinese quarrel regarding their ownership had been settled. The merchant was therefore introduced to the Chinese headman who owned one of the richest mines, and was taken to see it. He was given every opportunity to discuss matters with the Chinese, and before leaving he told us he had agreed with him to venture \$500—then about £100—in the mine! Having made this effort, he was very unhappy about his speculation, and as soon as he reached Singapore he wrote to his Chinese partner and asked to be allowed to cancel the arrangement. If any conclusion may fairly be drawn from that little incident, it would hardly support the idea of the British capitalist clamouring to force the door and seize the riches of the Malay Eldorado. As a matter of fact, no British merchant knew anything about the mineral wealth of the Malay States, though certain Chinese were better informed.

To return to the main question, the British Government's change in policy and the lead given to Sir Andrew Clarke by the Colonial Office. Lord Kimberley, in December, 1872, had given a very short—almost curt—reply to Governor Ord's long report of 6th November; but it is fair to assume that the detailed account of the widespread anarchy, unrest and disturbance therein described as prevailing throughout the Western States had given the Colonial Office furiously to think. Added to this was Chinese piracy in the Malacca Straits; the failure of the Navy to deal with it; and attacks on British Police Stations on the borders of adjacent British territory. It is therefore not surprising that Lord Kimberley decided to address to Sir Andrew Clarke, on 20th September, 1873, a letter of special instructions in regard to these matters, though it is curious that the letter should have been so addressed while Sir Harry Ord was still the Governor of the Colony. These instructions are so important as fixing the responsibility for the change in British policy, and for defining the lines on which the Governor should proceed, that it is necessary to quote from them at least the main paragraph, which says:

"I have to request that you will carefully ascertain, as far as you are able, the actual condition of affairs in each State, and that you will report to me whether there are, in your opinion, any steps which can properly be taken by the Colonial Government to promote the restoration of peace and order, and to secure protection to trade and commerce with the native territories. I should wish you specially to consider whether it would be advisable to appoint a British Officer to reside in any of the States. Such an appointment could, of course, only be made with the full consent of the Native Government, and the expenses connected with it would have to be defrayed by the Government of the Straits Settlements."

There we have the definite instruction that the British Government was willing to reconsider its non-committal policy of inaction, and the new prospect—new as coming from Downing Street—that British Officers might possibly be sent to reside in the Malay States—obviously to advise and assist in the administrations—the very solution which had come from one or more of the Malay Rulers. So far as British statesmen and Straits Governors are concerned, it is therefore clear that the Earl of Kimberley, as Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1873, is responsible for the Government's change of policy, and also for the idea of sending British Officers to reside in the Malay States to teach the art of good administration. If he also chose Sir Andrew Clarke to give effect to this new departure, because he knew the character and capacity of his choice, the combined result amounted almost to a stroke of genius for which Lord Kimberley has never received sufficient credit.

As soon as Sir Andrew reached Singapore in November, 1873, he took up the matter on which he had received special instructions, and he found in his Attorney-General, Mr. T. Braddell, a very able and well-informed adviser. He also found ready to his hand a remarkable man in the person of Mr. W. A. Pickering, the Protector of Chinese, whose knowledge of the Chinese language and people, and his influence over them, was unique. As I have explained, the most pressing problems concerned the disputed succession to the Sultanate of Pêrak, and the Chinese struggle of two factions for the possession of valuable tin mines in the Lârut Province of that State. Both had to be settled at the same time if order was to be restored, and the Governor's instructions were to make full enquiry and report what action he proposed to take to deal, not only with Pêrak affairs, but with those of other Western Malay States. Sir Andrew Clarke acted, and reported what he had done. As it turned out that was the right course to take; but not every man in Sir Andrew's position would have read his instructions to give him authority to take so large a responsibility.

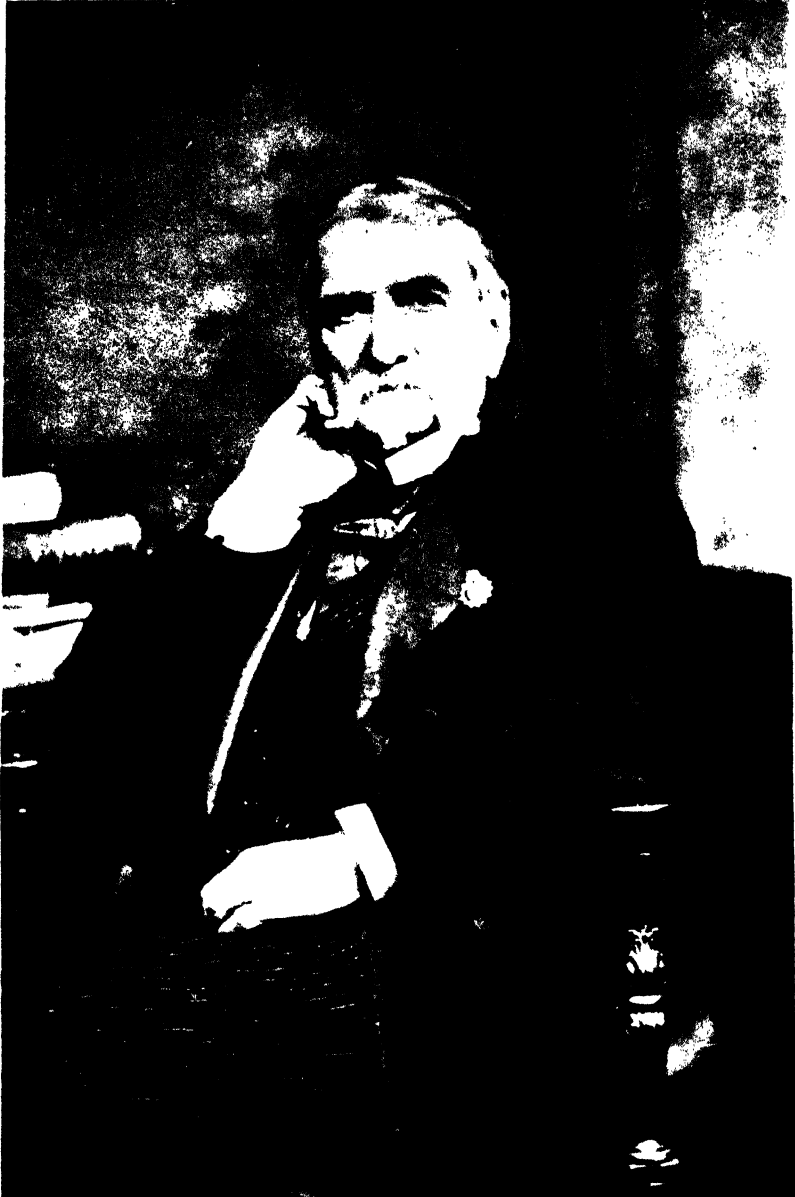
The finances which enabled the Chinese fighters in Lârut and on its coast to continue their operations came from Penang, and Mr. Pickering was sent there from Singapore to endeavour to persuade the leaders of both factions to agree to refer their differences to the Governor and to accept his settlement. Mr. Pickering was completely successful; and as soon as he had telegraphed the result, Sir Andrew Clarke left Singapore in the Colonial yacht *Pluto*, with the Attorney-General and others, for the island of Pangkor, eighty miles south of Penang and lying just off the Dinding River in the south of Pêrak.

Meanwhile, I had instructions to proceed to Lârut in H.M.S. *Arion*, to inform the Chinese of the arrangement made by their principals in Penang, and to summon the Mantri, and any other get-at-table Chief of importance, to meet the Governor at Pangkor on the 15th January.

I reached the landing-place, some miles up the Lârut River, in



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SINGAPORE



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ANDREW CLARKE, K.C.M.G., R.E.

the early morning, and walked four miles to a spot where the rival Chinese factions had stockades facing each other at no great distance, while a third stockade commanded a sort of branch road leading to the Mantri's house about ten miles away. That stockade was manned by a rabble of Sikhs and Pathans collected by Captain T. C. Speedy of Abyssinian fame, who had taken service with the Mantri of Lârut and lived in a house rather nearer the stockade than did his employer.

I knew Speedy and his wife, had met them when they were in charge of King Theodore's son to whom they were devoted, and having had a look at all the stockades and delivered my message to the Chinese of both factions—a message which meant the suspension of all hostilities—I walked another eight miles to the Speedys', and completed my mission by visiting the Mantri of Lârut and delivering the Governor's invitation to him to attend the meeting at Pangkor on the 15th. The Mantri accepted and duly arrived with several other Chiefs, while Râja Abdullah, claimant to the Sultanate of Pêrak, and his supporters had already reached Pangkor. The only important absentees were Râja Ismail, rival claimant to the Sultanate, who declined to attend, and a third claimant in the person of Râja Jusuf, an unpopular person with no support but the best hereditary claim. All the Malay Chiefs necessary for a decision were therefore present, as well as the heads of the contending Chinese factions with Pickering to shepherd them; Major Dunlop, R.A., head of the Straits Police, some other officials and I were also in attendance.

The discussions lasted until the 20th of January, when agreement was reached in regard to the accession, and Râja Abdullah was accepted by the Chiefs as Sultan. The terms of the arrangement were embodied by the Attorney-General in what is known as the Pangkor Engagement or Treaty, and my friend, Munshi Mahomed Said, and I put them into Malay. Both English and Malay versions were then signed and sealed by the parties thereto, and Râja Abdullah was saluted as Sultan of Pêrak.

It is only necessary here to point out that Sir Andrew Clarke while agreeing, on behalf of the British Government, that Malay religion and customs should remain the concern of the Malay Ruler and his Chiefs, provided that a British officer—to be called Resident—should be appointed, and that his advice must be asked and acted upon in all matters save those of religion and custom; that the collection and control of all revenue and the general administration of the country should be regulated under his advice. In order to get the new arrangement in force at once, Captain T. C. S. Speedy was appointed Assistant Resident with similar authority in the Lârut district.

The Malay Râjas and Chiefs then left, and the heads of the rival Chinese factions signed an undertaking, under a penalty of \$50,000, to disarm, to destroy their stockades, give up their row boats, and not again to break the peace. In order to see that these promises were carried out, and if possible to rescue a number of Chinese women and children said to be detained by one party or the other, a com-

mission of three officers, with the head Chinese of both factions, was appointed and instructed to set about the business at once. The three British officers were Colonel Dunlop, Mr. Pickering and myself. By the time Sir Andrew Clarke's report reached Downing Street, Lord Carnarvon had become Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in the following March he sent a qualified approval of the Governor's action, but in May, after a debate in the House of Lords, he expressed his full sanction in generous terms.

My job was with the Commission, and I have seldom been given a more difficult one. Remember that Pêrak was then an unknown, roadless jungle inhabited by Malays, few of whom had ever seen a white man, and none particularly anxious to make his acquaintance. Then the people with whom we were mainly concerned were unruly Chinese, till yesterday engaged in bitter fighting on land and piracy at sea. Our support was our wits, and our two Chinese fellow Commissioners, and in real trouble we might call for the help of Captain Speedy and his band of undisciplined Indians. We began with the stockades in Lârut, and we found that a few miles further inland there was a place called Taiping with about 1500 Chinese braves stockaded inside surrounding earthworks. None of the dwellers in this place pretended that he had any honest work. They were adventurers, only interested in making trouble. Some miles away there was a similar camp occupied by men of the opposite party, and having spent a day with each we invited our Chinese colleagues to use their authority with the local headmen to get the earth works destroyed and the arms collected while we went off into the jungle, with three or four elephants borrowed from the Mantri, to look for the captive women and children. We went into some very out-of-the-way places, but, by being persistent—and disagreeable when necessary—we collected and brought back to Taiping quite a number of the missing.

The Commission was appointed on 20th January, 1874, and the members left for Penang at once to begin their work. Several small steamers were placed at their disposal to enable them to travel quickly and to deal with river stockades which for months had been the headquarters of the rival Chinese factions. These were visited by the Commission and destroyed, usually burned, while guns and arms were removed. As the Commission pursued this work, and their enquiries in regard to the captive women and children—a day by day and dawn till dark job—they discovered numbers of stockades manned by armed men in the most out-of-the-way places, and as they travelled about the country—by boat, on elephants or on foot—they gathered information in regard to the captives which enabled them by threats or by personal visits to rescue forty-five women and children, to destroy all stockades except the main camp of one faction at Taiping, to collect a great quantity of indifferent arms, and to gather much information about the disputed mines. It was curious to find that many of the captive Chinese women had been carried off from Penang, and in the course of months had passed from hand to hand, usually by sale,

and when our quest began they had been hidden in remote places in the jungle.

Then there remained the settlement of the mining dispute, on which peace and order depended, as well as a general return to work and the means of livelihood for the whole Chinese community. There were 150 mines, all open-cast, covering a large area of comparatively level land at the foot of a range of hills rising to a height of 4500 feet. Practically all these opened—but only partly worked mines—were claimed by both factions of Chinese, named respectively the Five Tribes and the Four Tribes, the former having been supported by the Mantri as Ruling Chief, though it was admitted that men of one or other party had been in possession of all these mines before the disturbances. Many had since changed hands with the changing fortunes of the fighters, and as no one possessed any written document to prove his title, or could show any boundary to his working, it was extremely difficult to decide who had the best claim to any given mine. The Mantri admitted that he had never given any applicant more than a verbal or written permit to fell the original jungle, and had contented himself with imposing five or six different duties on the smelted tin extracted from the ground when the tin was ready for export. Having discussed all the difficulties with our Chinese colleagues on the Commission, we proposed to them an immediate settlement by drawing a line across the mining country and allotting the land on one side to the Five Tribes, and on the other to the Four Tribes. They agreed ; the question was so settled ; and a document was signed by the Commission, by the Mantri, and by the Assistant Resident setting out the decision. No trouble has ever arisen since.

When we arrived at the main camp in Taiping we found that nothing whatever had been done to destroy the defences, but the "garrison" was slightly more truculent than before and evidently regarded us with great amusement.

Outside the earthworks there was a building of some pretensions compared with the wood and thatch hovels which filled the inside. No doubt the builders intended to put up a Chinese house of the ordinary kind, but while the outer walls and roof had arrived, there was nothing else, and the floor consisted of a few blades of grass on clay. There were, however, some long planks leaning against a wall, and for a comfortable bed we each took two of these, placed them side by side on the mud, and with pillows of equally luxurious make we made shift. Every night those hard planks were our spring mattresses, and the main drawback was that, unless one lay still, any movement landed one on the mud. Fortunately, in that climate, no blankets were needed.

During these proceedings Captain Speedy accompanied us in his new role of Assistant Resident, and most of his Indian guard were moved to Taiping. Then we had a serious talk with our Chinese colleagues and told them to bring the camp headmen to see us the next morning. They came, and as we had other work and meant to

make Taiping our headquarters, we reminded them that they had promised to do what was wanted but had done nothing. If it was not done within the days we named we would do it ourselves, and the responsibility for any discomfort would be theirs. They were full of excuses and promises and went away to get to work.

In the next day or two a couple of Chinese made wholly ineffective assaults with hoes on the earthworks, while a group of idlers stood around and probably gave them ribald encouragement. Nothing more was done, and on the evening before the time limit was up, we told Speedy what we intended to do the next day, and he said that in that case he would leave us to our job. We replied that of course he would do what he thought best, but he must not take his guard as they might be wanted. I do not remember whether he went or stayed, but I know the guard remained.

The next morning we sent for the eleven headmen of the camp and told them that as they had failed to keep their promises we must carry out our instructions, and they would remain in the charge of Captain Speedy's armed guard of Indians. They raised an exceedingly bitter cry, and had the effrontery to say that, if they had thought we were in earnest, they would have done what they promised, but their men were unwilling to carry out their orders. Now they would see that it was done at once. We replied that their good intentions came too late, and we must take our own means to deal with the matter; until done they would be detained.

We had the use of four or five elephants which in other places had shown their ability to destroy stockades, and with their help and a little controlled burning the necessary removal of defence works was soon under way; while the mob of Chinese fighters looked on with astonishment, disgust and fury against their headmen who they said were entirely to blame. As all was now in train to complete our work in Lârut, we assembled the elephants and, when the eleven Chinese headmen were safely on their backs, put the Indian guard in charge and started for the coast. The crowd vented its feelings in shouted abuse of its leaders as they were carried away. The members of the Commission followed on foot and, reaching a village on the Lârut River, the headmen were accommodated in a large house until our return, or the elephants' destruction of the Taiping camp as a stronghold, whichever should first take place. Then we took ship for Penang.

Our work in Penang finished, we returned by steamer to the Lârut River, the master of our boat having twice run her fast ashore, and then gone to bed to "wait and see" what would happen. Both times we took charge and managed to pull the vessel off the bank by means of a kedge and a pull all together—but hours were lost in these efforts. We had heard that there was still an undestroyed stockade on a tributary of the Lârut River, and had arranged to visit it and make our way from there, on elephants, through the jungle to Speedy's quarters and thence into the valley of the Pêrak River, down that river by boats



PENANG STRAIT AND PROVINCE WELLESLEY FROM PENANG HILL

Sketch by Author



CAPTAIN T. C. S. SPEEDY BASHA FELIKA

to the residence of the newly appointed Sultan Abdullah, and then by steamer back to Lârut. For this journey we had only one Chinese Commissioner, the other promising to join us next day ; so we were our three selves and one Chinese, with our Chinese interpreter, three servants, and our luggage packed into a large boat and a small one towed by our steamer. At 2 p.m. the river had become so shallow that the steamer could go no farther, and after a few more miles there was so little water that we had to get into the river and push the boat a considerable distance until further progress was impossible. Having transferred the luggage to the small boat, we reached our destination, to find only a long-abandoned stockade, occupied by some Chinese wood-cutters whom we impressed as porters and started them off with our luggage, as there was only one elephant available to carry the whole party. It was nearly 6 p.m., night falling and rain beginning when at last we started, Dunlop and our Chinese colleague sitting on some wet grass on the elephant's open pannier, while Pickering and I sat back to back with them, facing his tail. The interpreter and the three servants walked.

We have been told that Darkest Africa is an unpleasant place, but I doubt whether it can be worse than a Malay jungle at night during a ceaseless downpour of tropical rain. Readers can judge for themselves as I quote the following passage from the official report of our experiences which I wrote on the following day :

"The elephant was the slowest, and the path the worst, that it has ever been my misfortune to meet. In fact, the path was no path ; it was a 'slough of despond,' as indeed we found to our cost. It had been raining at intervals all the day, and the track, where it was not an unbroken stretch of water, was a succession of holes, at least two feet deep, and full of water. These holes had been made by the feet of elephants walking over the track. After an hour's progress it became darker than I have ever known it before, and darkness in dense jungle feels at least doubly dark. We could no more see our own hands than if they had been in the next State, so we were obliged to abandon ourselves entirely to the sagacity of the elephant, and never knew whether he was off the track or on it, or whether there was a track at all. We were sitting back to back, on some wet grass, in an open pannier, with no covering of any kind, and, to make us thoroughly miserable, it began to pour with rain—buckets of tropical rain—and never ceased till late the next morning. We had no waterproofs, and umbrellas were impossible ; they would have been torn to pieces by the branches we could not even see.

"If we were miserable, our servants were in a far worse case. Floundering through mud and water, tumbling over fallen trees, and tearing through briars and thorns, all in pitch darkness, I believe they wished for a speedy end to save them from their intolerable woes. Indeed, they were in constant fear of being carried off by tigers, and as they could neither see the elephant nor each other, we tried to keep them together by constantly shouting to them, and by the two men who sat behind on the elephant smoking without ceasing. Those on foot followed our voices and the lights of our cigars for many miles. Occa-

sionally the elephant, either frightened or doubtful of the road, would turn right round, and the servants were then obliged to scatter into the jungle, and wait there until he made up his mind to go on again ; when he did go, there was no little difficulty in getting them back on to his track. Sometimes the elephant would put one foot forward, then wait and consider for quite a minute whether he knew the road or not. When he stopped altogether, we had to call to the servants, to prevent their running against him and frightening him ; for an elephant is always afraid of anything that comes up behind him, and either slews suddenly round or lashes out with a hind foot. When we could smoke no more we struck matches, as well as we could in the storm of rain, until our supply was exhausted. We crossed three considerable rivers in flood. We saw nothing, but we felt the elephant make preparations as though to stand on his head ; then he evidently slid down a steep bank ; we heard him ploughing through the water, and held on for our lives as he crawled up the opposite bank. How the servants got across I can't imagine ; they only did it by keeping together, spurred on by the fear of being lost in that inhospitable forest.

"But I feel it is impossible and absurd to attempt to describe what we went through that night ; 'nor pen can write, nor tongue can tell' the misery we endured, nor will any one who was there easily forget it. When we had almost given up all hope of getting to our destination before daylight, we came out on to the road, at Changkat Jering, and there, in a deserted house, we found some of the Chinese who had taken on our luggage. The rain was still pouring in the torrents, and the Chinese Commissioner, declining to go a step farther, took refuge in the deserted hut ; but we preferred to go on, so we abandoned the elephant, and after walking three miles through mud and water, we reached Bukit Gantang between 11 p.m. and midnight. We woke up Captain Speedy, who had given us up, and as we had eaten nothing since breakfast, he entertained us royally. We were wet through, and our luggage being still on the road, we borrowed some sacks as night clothes, and in the absence of mosquito curtains, wrapped ourselves up in old tents and were soon fast asleep."

My impression is that that jungle has never been crossed by Europeans since.

I cannot say now where I first met Captain Speedy, but wherever it was he was then in charge of the son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, and the boy was in good hands, for Speedy and his wife were very fond of him. The boy was taken from their care and sent to a public school, where he pined, sickened and died. Speedy took his death to heart and, feeling that the boy should not have been removed from his care, he vowed that he would not shave again till reparation came in some form. Therefore when I met him again, in Lârut, he had a long fair beard, and being six feet six inches in height he was decidedly noticeable. Added to his appearance was the fact that he had been a prisoner in Abyssinia for some years, during which he had learned the language of the country, and that, having got away, his knowledge of the place and people was considered so important that Lord Napier's expedition was kept waiting for a fortnight until Speedy joined them.

He was a very unusual character with a great fondness for "dressing up," and he had a reputation for speaking many languages—of which modern Greek was one, and various Indian dialects others—but for good cause I had reason to doubt whether this knowledge was very profound. He claimed acquaintance with Burton and Speke, and told us strange stories of a journey made with those travellers in some remote regions of Hindustan or Arabia. When he was introduced to Pickering, he seemed surprised—and rather pained—to find that he spoke Chinese with great ease and understanding, but when he discovered that Pickering also played the bagpipes he became almost green with envy. He admitted that he had never met a man with those two rare accomplishments, and he immediately set himself to learn the latter, claiming that he already had some knowledge of the Chinese tongue. Pickering had spent some years in Formosa where he could, no doubt, attract crowds of Chinese to listen to his weird music, and as he carried the bagpipes with him wherever he went, he had entertained us, and the semi-savage tribes of fighters in Taiping, by marching up and down in the orthodox fashion and skirling reels and laments. Where Speedy raised a bag of pipes I cannot imagine—perhaps in Penang—but one day he appeared with them, and he also marched up and down and blew with great energy. His appearance and his marching were impressive, but the sounds he drew from the bag and the pipes were merely discordant noises, and I think his new duties left him no time in which to perfect himself as a piper. His appointment as Assistant Resident in Pêrak led to the removal of his beard, and in due time he furnished a very full and interesting report on the Lârut Province and all that had been accomplished there in the first year of the new organization.

I never understood why Speedy resigned his office after only two years of work.

To return to the Commission. We had information that a number of Chinese women and children were detained by Malay Chiefs and others who lived on the Pêrak River, so to rescue them, and also to see the country, we had arranged to cross the watershed dividing the Lârut from the Pêrak Valley and then to go down the Pêrak River to its tidal reaches and to take steamer back to Lârut. Having with great trouble collected seven elephants, we started on this journey about 1.30 p.m., climbed up one side of the Bukit Gantang Pass and down the other through magnificent jungle, and then found ourselves in comparatively open country in the Pêrak Valley. As we reached two or three Malay houses by 4 p.m. it began to rain, and mindful of the previous night's experience we decided to stay there and go on in the morning. The rain continued all night without a break, but at 7 a.m. we started again, and Pickering and I decided to walk, while Dunlop and the Chinese Commissioners rode an elephant. After thirteen miles' walk we reached the bank of a river which we had to swim as the only means of reaching our destination, a picturesque Malay house beyond the river on a hill, where dwelt a Malay lady of

importance who owned a good deal of property near by and some tin mines at a distance. This lady—Inche Hamida by name—welcomed us and gave us much information and all the help we needed. She was intelligent, outspoken and courageous, and as long as she lived was the firm friend of all those who soon became known as representing “the Government.” From her house we revelled in one of the loveliest views I have ever seen in the Far East. One looked down on a great reach of the Pêrak River, two hundred yards wide, appearing—four miles away—out of a low range of hills and flowing straight to the eye, and then in a wide curve passing this place—Kuala Kangsar—and after another long reach disappearing beyond a farther range of wooded hills. The stream is crystal clear with deep pools at intervals, and on both banks lie villages of palm-roofed cottages hidden in groves of palms and fruit trees facing the river, and usually rice fields behind them. The river is the main highway of the State and is never without boats passing up and down, fishermen casting nets, and the riverine folk bathing in or carrying water from the stream. Behind the river, in almost every direction, are ranges of hills of ever-increasing height. It is a Malay paradise and we were deeply impressed.

Our first object being to trace and recover captive Chinese, we dealt with that, and passed the rest of the evening and most of the next day arranging for boats and men to take us down the river, and in listening to Che Mida’s instructive conversation about Pêrak Chiefs and Pêrak affairs generally. It was nearly 6 p.m. when at last we started in two boats, and with darkness we had to pull into the bank and pass the night there as islands and sandbanks made navigation difficult. In the next two and a half days we rowed and paddled 150 miles down the river and reached then deeper water, where we found our steamer lying opposite a very indifferent Malay house inhabited by the new Sultan. We enjoyed the journey, the rest, and constant swims in the river, and we managed to secure the release of a number of captive Chinese, some held by Malays and some by their own countrymen ; but we failed to see important Chiefs who we were told were not at home though we knew that was untrue. We told Sultan Abdullah what we had done, and he expressed himself well pleased, so that was satisfactory. We left him at noon, anchored off the Lârut River at 1 a.m. the next day, and at daylight started for the river. As usual, the vessel ran aground and we had to pull ten miles in a boat, and finally were compelled to strip and push it some distance to enable us to land.

An extremely hot walk of about thirteen miles brought us to Taiping, and the next day, taking the Mantri and Captain Speedy with us, we visited the mines and addressed a great crowd of Chinese miners, to whom we explained the reasons for the settlement we had made, and pointed out the boundary along which a fence had been erected. Everyone seemed satisfied and as that concluded our labours we left for Penang, where we arrived on 21st February, having destroyed all the stockades, disarmed the fighters, settled the mining dispute,

rescued forty-five women and children, and reported our proceedings in less than a month.

In a despatch of 4 September, 1874, Lord Carnarvon wrote to the Governor that the Commissioners should be informed that their services have been duly appreciated by Her Majesty's Government.

As to our passage across country and down the Pêrak River to its mouth, there is, so far as I am aware, no record that any white man had ever made that journey before 1874.

CHAPTER VI

TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY

I WAS CALLED TO SINGAPORE AND ACCOMPANIED SIR ANDREW CLARKE in visits he paid to Lârut and Rěmbau—one of the nine States behind Malacca—where difficulties had arisen and fighting was threatened. Sir Andrew Clarke had already visited the Sultan of Selangor in regard to a case of piracy. On that occasion he was accompanied by Admiral Shadwell with some ships of the China Squadron, and though they had to anchor miles off the coast, the demonstration was impressive and had the required result. In reply to a letter requesting help, the Governor went again to see the Sultan of Selangor, and he left me there as Assistant Resident with a guard of twenty Malays from the Malacca Police Force. That was in August, 1874, and gave me, in the next fifteen months, an experience which was not equalled during all the years of my close connection with Malaya. The place where I was dumped lay on the corner of a swampy flat at the junction of two deep and rapid rivers, the Langat and the Jugra; it had the worst reputation of any village in Selangor, and it was known by the inexpressibly ludicrous name of Bandar Termâsa, meaning City of Festivals.

For even a slight understanding of my life in this delightful spot I must describe it. I was the only white man in Selangor, and I stayed long enough in Bandar Termâsa to know, not only what it looked like, but to gain a very intimate knowledge of its inhabitants, their prejudices, their activities, their philosophy of existence.

The police and I lived together in a very unattractive residence; it was an old stockade with walls made of logs of wood, piled one on top of the other, a high-pitched roof of palm leaves, very far from watertight, the bare earth for floor, and two open spaces at either end for doors. The only path in the village passed right through the stockade, and the smallest effort would throw anything through one door-space into the river. Reeds, rank grasses, and jungle undergrowth grew up to the walls, and, at high tide, *i.e.* twice in every twenty-four hours, very little of the mud floor was left uncovered by water. The top of the log wall was well above high-water mark, and there one could sleep in luxury, except when it rained, and that was

on about half the nights in the year. But I have been in worse places, and one of the great advantages of this residence was that you could make a fire anywhere within the walls without fear of burning a hole in the floor, and the log walls afforded an almost inexhaustible supply of fuel. A fire was not required for heating the premises, the temperature varied from 92° F. in the day to about 75° F. or 80° F. at night, but smoke was absolutely necessary to defend oneself against the attacks of the most numerous and bloodthirsty breed of mosquitoes within a thousand miles. So one made plenty of smoke and sat in it. Outside, the prospect was singularly unlovely; a few score of blighted coco-nut palms, with broken and drooping fronds, like the plumes of a hearse returning from a disorderly wake; some particularly disreputable and tumble-down huts; the dark-brown waters of two deep and eddying streams; and all the rest mud and rank brushwood. When the tide went down, and the sun drew a pestilential vapour from the drying ooze, horrible, loathsome crocodiles crawled up the slimy banks to bask in the noisome heat. And every day great pieces of these banks, undermined by the violent onslaughts of the tide, fell helplessly into the stream, dragging in their fall some over-tired palm, some misshapen jungle tree, to lie with its head in the swirling water, its roots, torn from the ground, standing ragged and unnatural against a background of grey sky. If I was not perceptibly affected by the gloom of these surroundings, I gathered from the one or two strangers who visited me that they thought them rather uncanny; but then the stranger never stayed long enough to appreciate the excitements of the City of Festivals.

My police guard was at first composed of Malacca Malays; but as they grew homesick and became terrified by the stories they heard in the village, they were replaced by an equal number of men from Singapore, not so mild or well behaved, but better fitted for the duty.

During the next fifteen months I travelled fifteen hundred miles—by water and on foot—making as close an examination as I was able of the State, its villages, mines, plantations and rivers. I had a steam launch—for that was a necessity with 140 miles of coastline—and a rowing boat—manned by first-rate Singapore Malays—which I used for river work when the water became too shallow for the launch. All travel by land had to be done on foot; for though the Selangor forests teemed with elephant, the practice of taming and riding them was unknown. I did a great deal of hard walking over jungle paths—about twenty miles a day was the usual distance covered between 7 a.m. and 4 p.m.—and apart from thorns an inch long, as stiff as steel and sharp as needles, the great nuisance was the jungle leech which seemed to cling to every leaf and every twig, but left his natural habitat in search of blood the moment he was disturbed by a passing foot. On the green leaf, the leech is small and slender as a bit of fine string, but its movements are extremely rapid and its powers of penetration remarkable. He passes through stockings and any loosely woven material with extreme ease, and once he reaches human skin

he pushes himself forward and upward till he finds a spot which suits him. There he plants his mouth, applies his sucking apparatus, grows horribly fat with blood, and drops off when he can hold no more. He leaves a wound which is irritable and very often heals with difficulty. It is quite common to find forty or fifty leeches on each leg after a five hours' walk on a jungle path. I always dressed in a soft shirt, white or khaki trousers, thick stockings and boots with a sun hat and no coat, and as the result of very painful experience, I found that Chinese stockings, which are made with foot and leg all in one piece, like waders, give protection against leeches, but they are otherwise uncomfortable. These pests helped to impress me with the value of elephants for jungle travel, though one needs a lot of practice to feel really at home on the basket full of grass which is the only saddle used by Malays.

On one of these journeys across the foothills of the main range, which is drained by numerous rivers running across the path, I had an experience which for some minutes seemed to mean journey's end. It was fine weather when my party stopped for luncheon after six hours' walk, and I sent ahead a rapid walker to prepare a camp just across a river about ten miles ahead. When we started again it began to rain in torrents and continued till we reached our rendezvous. Instead of a shallow and easily fordable stream we were faced by a deep river in high flood, the rapid current carrying great logs and other debris washed down by the spate. The stream was now about thirty yards wide, and as there was no choice—and some of my people were already on the other side—I swam across, just as I stood, trying only to keep my watch above water. Then I swam back to hurry up laggards and, rather enjoying myself, I had crossed the river four times when my Chinese cook appeared with various pots and pans, and as he alone of the party could not swim it was necessary to devise some means of getting him across the water. Those already across were busy making shelters for the night; darkness was coming on, and they paid no attention to us. Besides the cook, I had with me two Malay boatmen who were just as much at home in the water as on land; but the trouble was the Chinese and his cooking apparatus. Looking about, we discovered against the bank an old bamboo raft, much waterlogged and in bad repair, but we thought it would serve our purpose. The cook was told to sit in the middle of the raft surrounded by his pots, while one Malay boatman, with a long pole, stood in front to guide the rickety craft, the other Malay was to swim on the upstream side holding a long strand of rattan in case of trouble, and I was just to swim over and give help if needed. The raft was pushed off and all seemed going well when the strength of the current caught one end and swung it off its course. The man with the pole found no bottom in the deepening water, and the swimmer with the rattan was simply dragged along by the weight of the half-submerged raft. It was an awkward moment, and I had a vision of the raft and our helpless selves carried in two minutes into a jungle where it would

be impossible to land in pitch darkness, and a rushing stream from which there would be no return. I swam to the raft, seized it and shouted to the swimmer and the poler to stay the craft with all their might, making exertions to the same end myself. It seemed to me that our efforts were quite useless when, suddenly, the front end of the raft was swept towards the bank by the wash of a backwater, and a moment later we were all ashore at the tail-end of the clearing. The rest of the party were too busy to notice more than that the cook was very late getting to his job.

Once settled in my stockade with its exhilarating surroundings, I went by sea to the mouth of the Pêrak River, then up it to a branch river, the Sungkei, and up a branch of that to a place called Slim, near the foot of the great range of hills which, running more or less north and south, divides the Western from the Eastern States. I had four Malays with me, and as my object was to explore the unknown I hired a dug-out—a hollowed-out log—which just held the five of us, and left an inch or two of freeboard above water—and started down the Slim River, which we were told fell into the Berman River, near the mouth of which I expected to find my steam launch.

The Berman River is the largest, deepest, and widest of those which flow into the Malacca Straits, and at the time of which I write, it was the least known and the most slenderly peopled of any on that coast. The river is two miles wide at the mouth, and we had to travel 170 miles in our cockleshell to reach it.

With such a boat as ours, it was only possible to use paddles ; and we had been travelling for about one and a half days down a rapid stream running between walls of primeval forest when, suddenly, the jungle ended and the river entered a great marsh of high reeds in which it wandered about in deep channels, with branches to right and left, and nothing to show which was the main stream. In that marsh we wandered for hours, and as none of us had ever been there before, it was very confusing. The marsh seemed to fill a great circle surrounded by forest, and having noticed a distant tree straight ahead, after an hour's paddling it appeared right astern. We tried to follow the channel where the current seemed strongest, but as the marsh was flat the current had almost disappeared. We were beginning to fear that we were lost and could never find our way out of that depressing labyrinth—a maze of seemingly identical waterways—when we noticed that we were nearing the forest trees ; the current quickened, and by the greatest good luck we found ourselves once more in the river with the swamp behind us. There was something weird and baleful about that great stretch of remote and silent reed-strewn water, which appeared to be designed by nature as the home and meeting-place of crocodiles. That idea was impressed on us, for, during the next two days, the banks becoming higher—four or five feet above the level of the stream—we were constantly startled by the heavy splash of a crocodile as she slithered from off the bank into the river, disturbed, no doubt, by the sound of our voices and the dip of the paddles



KUALA KANGSAR, ON THE PERAK RIVER



RÂJA PUTEH ZÊNAB, DAUGHTER OF RÂJA DAUD OF SELANGOR

in the water. We soon realized that the only safe place for us was the middle of the stream, if we wished to avoid being swamped and then torn to bits by this terror of Malay rivers. From Slim to the miserable village near the mouth of the Berman we never saw a house, a boat, or a human being ; and as the journey took longer than we expected—three and a half days—we had exhausted our supplies before it was possible to replenish them.

In and around Slim I was interested to meet some of the so-called wild people, of whom there are said to be 3,000 in that neighbourhood. They live in huts built in trees, or in very primitive shelters on the ground. My attention was invited to a girl who must have taken some trouble over her toilet ; for her arms were covered with numberless brass rings ; round her neck she wore a dozen strings of coloured beads, from which hung more brass rings, the beads being fastened at the back by a buckle of boars' teeth and shells. Through the cartilage of her nose she carried a long porcupine quill, and her face was painted in red and black stripes which began on her forehead and descended in three prongs to her mouth and chin.

I went by boat for eight days up the Langat River to the interior as far as it was possible to pole a boat. From there I walked along the foot of the main range through Kuala Lumpur and the rich mining district which extends to the upper waters of the Selangor River, and from there back to my stockade by sea and river.

I travelled by sea to Lukut, the southernmost district of Selangor, and thence to Sungei Ujong and back. I journeyed several times, by launch and boat or on foot, to Klang and Kuala Lumpur, where I visited many mines and villages and inspected the excellent work done by the Chinese headman, Yap Ah Loy, who had just rebuilt Kuala Lumpur for the third time. Lastly, I went up the Langat and Labu Rivers by boat, and walked into Sungei Ujong, visiting the old Dato Bandar who had never before seen a white man, but consented, rather reluctantly, to receive me and to tell me of his many grievances against the Dato Klana, his partner in the overlordship of Sungei Ujong.

These journeys were made towards the end of 1874 and early in 1875, but in November, 1874, a Proclamation was published which is so important as setting out the British Government's new departure in the most authoritative form, that I quote it at length.

PROCLAMATION

OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE THREE SETTLEMENTS, SINGAPORE, PENANG, AND MALACCA, TO THE MALAY RÂJAS, ELDERS, AND PEOPLE, TO MAKE KNOWN TO THEM THE GOOD WISHES OF THE GREAT QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

WHEREAS disturbances existed in several of the Malayan States in the neighbourhood of the Straits Settlements, and the Chiefs and Rulers of the said States being unable themselves to keep the Peace and protect the people under their rule, applied to this Government for assistance and

protection, and this Government intervened to settle such disturbance and to aid the said Chiefs and Rulers to govern their respective countries, and arrangements were made with them for that purpose, and whereas the said matters were referred to the Government of the Great Queen in England. Now this is to make known to all that a letter has been received from the Right Hon'ble Earl of Carnarvon, of Highclere Castle, Newbery, High Steward of the University of Oxford, Constable of Carnarvon Castle, Doctor of Civil Law, Principal Secretary of State to Her most Gracious Majesty VICTORIA, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen and Empress of India, Minister of the Great Queen, in which the Minister giving the orders of the Great Queen's Government, says, in that letter about the engagement entered into at Pulo Pangkor in Perak on the 10th January, 1874, that the engagement is approved by the Great Queen; and, the Minister charges the Governor of the three Settlements, to acquaint the several Chiefs who have entered into these agreements that Her Majesty's Government have learnt with much satisfaction that they have now combined under our advice to put a stop once for all to the reign of anarchy and piracy which has unhappily so long been allowed to prevail, and which naturally resulted in the cessation of all legitimate trade and the impoverishment of the country, and at the same time to inform them that Her Majesty's Government will look to the exact fulfilment of the pledges which have now been voluntarily given, and will hold responsible those who violate the engagement which has been solemnly agreed upon.

The Minister of the Great Queen also says that it is to be hoped that the wealth and material prosperity of the Malay Peninsula may largely increase, and that the Chiefs and People may gradually be led to understand that their true interests are best served by the natural and unrestricted growth of commerce which will surely follow upon the maintenance of peace and order within their respective Territories, and this we make known to all the Rajahs, Chiefs, and People that they may be made acquainted with the wishes of the Great Queen's Government.

By His Excellency's Command,

T. BRADDELL,

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Acting Colonial Secretary.

SINGAPORE, 2nd November, 1874.

This Proclamation is notable for two other reasons as well; one that though it could only refer to the State of Pêrak it begins by a reference to "several of the Malayan States," implying thereby that what was done at Pangkor on 20th January, 1874, was to be understood as applicable to other States; and the other, the fact that the Proclamation, drafted and signed by Mr. T. Braddell, the Attorney-General of the Straits Colony, then acting as Colonial Secretary, gives Queen Victoria the title of Empress of India, though Her Majesty only assumed that title more than two years later, *i.e.* on 1st January, 1877. The Proclamation also blunders in what may be a printer's error, for it gives the date of the Pangkor Engagement as 10th January, when it should have been 20th January.

When the Proclamation was issued, on 2nd November, the following appointments were also gazetted: Mr. J. W. W. Birch to be

Resident of Përak with Captain T. C. Speedy as Assistant. Mr. J. G. Davidson to be Resident of Selangor with Mr. F. A. Swettenham as Assistant, and Captain Tatham, R.A., to be Assistant Resident of Sungei Ujong.

So when Sir Andrew Clarke was, in May, 1875, transferred to Calcutta, with a seat on the Viceroy's Council, each of the Western States had a British Resident approved by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the future appeared to be plain sailing..

Sir Andrew Clarke left, after his short tenure of office, to the regret of everyone in the Colony ; and that feeling was equally strong in the case of Lady Clarke ; for Government House, Singapore, never had a more attractive and charming hostess.

Sir Andrew's whole time was devoted to Malay affairs ; and though I doubt whether he quite realized the extent of the burden he was placing on the shoulders of future British Residents when he agreed to the terms of the Pangkor Engagement, it is impossible to overpraise him for his courageous action in going beyond his instructions, and acting where a lesser man would have advised. The position of British Residents in the Malay States was so greatly strengthened by what occurred in the last months of 1875 that, though no change in their positions was announced by Downing Street, the men concerned took advantage of the altered circumstances to exercise a stronger influence in the management of Malay affairs. Had there been no catastrophe, it is possible that the right men, using the right means, would have succeeded on the lines laid down by the Pangkor Engagement, but, without a military expedition, the same results could not have been obtained for very many years.

CHAPTER VII

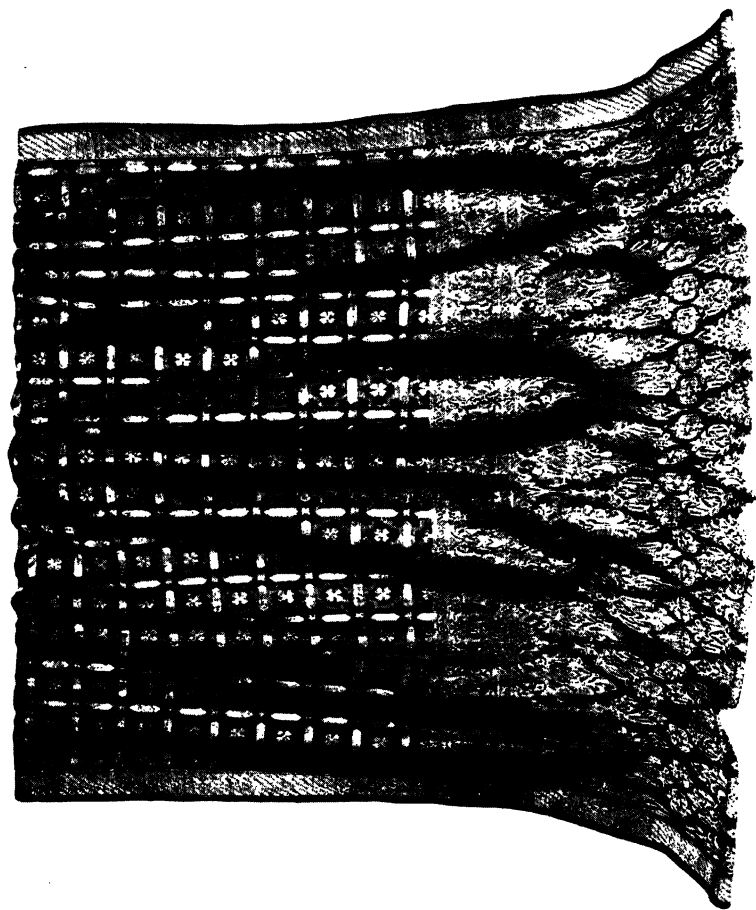
THE MALAY AT HOME

IF THE READER HAS GATHERED AN IDEA OF THE POSITION, EXTENT, AND general characteristics of the lovely land where the Malay has lived for centuries, beyond the ken of other peoples, it will help him to understand what follows if I now describe the Malay himself, as the result of observations made during many years of close contact with special opportunities for studying men and women in all classes of Malay Society. To strangers, impressed by long ranges of hill and plain covered almost everywhere by primeval forest ; with great and small rivers forming at fairly frequent intervals the only highways to the sea, the thinly scattered inhabitants seemed lost in the shadows of an endless jungle. But they were there : hidden away in tiny villages and hamlets, or in solitary houses, always on the bank of a river, and the sympathetic seeker who found them and treated them as friends was rewarded.

The Malay is a brown man with abundant straight black hair.

He is short, but well and strongly made, capable of great endurance. His face is rather round, with strong eyebrows, dark eyes, and nose somewhat flat and wide at the nostrils, an expressive mouth and good teeth, very white in youth. He stands firmly on his feet ; is self-confident, but very reserved with strangers. He is courteous and expects courtesy, while there is about him no sign of servility. In 1874 there was a very broad line between the ruling classes and the people. The Râjas and Chiefs ruled, the people obeyed. The people had no initiative whatever : they were there to do the will of the Râja or Chief under whose authority they lived ; with a general understanding that the commands of the Ruler must be followed by all. When the country was not distracted by disturbances—by the quarrels of those who were or would be in power, and that was seldom—with no recognized form of Government, no well-understood laws or regulations, no police force, and no means of communication, except by river or jungle tracks, it was impossible for even a Ruler whose position was unquestioned to secure order and prevent oppression, supposing he wished to do so. Throughout the country there were, therefore, Chiefs—with titles and recognized authority—who ruled over districts, with headmen in each village or area drained by a given river, who were supposed to keep order, convey the behests of the Chief to the people, and see that they obeyed. Besides these recognized authorities, it was quite common to find men with the title of Râja, wandering about the country with armed followers exacting contributions from the people in the name of taxation, or just demanding and taking money or produce by force. If the sufferers complained to their Chief, he would probably find it inexpedient to interfere. Generations of life under such conditions may be largely accountable for the fact that the Malay had no inclination for prolonged or regular work. That and bountiful nature, which made it needless for him to exert himself. The Malay never suffers from cold and he never starves ; for a little fitful exertion—perhaps an hour a day with a net on the river, or a fish trap placed in a swamp—will supply him with food to add to the rice he grows behind his house, and the fruit which he has only to gather from trees planted by an earlier generation.

There was no Malay working class ; but the son of a *raiat*—one of the people—if he were old enough, would, in 1874, help his father in any job he was set to do ; he would learn to plant and cultivate rice, a very simple job ; he would become an expert in the management of any kind of river-boat or raft ; he would swim and dive extremely well ; and he might have gone to some kind of class where—with other boys—he would be taught to read and write Malay, and also to read the Korân in a language he did not understand. In due time he would marry a girl chosen by his parents, and when he wanted a house of his own and had the means to build it, he would not have to go far to find all the materials necessary for his purpose. A Malay peasant's house was always of wood, raised about four or five feet above ground, with walls of plank, or bark, or interlaced cane, and



A TRÉNGGÂN SÀRONG OF SILK AND GOLD THREAD



A DAUGHTER OF EX-SULTAN ABDULLAH OF PĒRAK

She married a Sumatran Râja but died very soon and very suddenly because ladies in the household considered that her hair and the fact that she played the piano—very indifferently—made her too attractive.

a palm-thatched roof. In its simplest form the house has a narrow veranda, running the whole length of the front, with one large room behind it, the roof covering the whole building. Four or five wooden steps lead up to the veranda, and the floor throughout is of plank or, more commonly, of split bamboo or *nibong*, covered with coarse matting. Well-to-do Malays—such as owners of tin mines worked by Chinese, who usually paid for the privilege by a royalty in kind of one-tenth of the tin extracted and smelted into blocks; or in Pêrak, owners of elephants let out on hire to carry tin from mine to river, or rice and heavy materials from river to mine; these people occupied much larger, substantial and more pretentious houses built of better materials—though always of wood, and always on the same plan. In such a house the narrow front veranda became a separate building, behind it the main room, where lived the women under a separate roof, and behind that again the kitchens under a third roof. Each building was connected with its neighbour by a covered passage of similar material to the rest of the structure.

Practically all houses were on or near the bank of a large or small stream, not only for the convenience of the water supply for bathing and drinking, but because, in the case of large rivers, they were the highways of the country and led to important villages, and finally to the sea.

There was no necessity to strive for food because it was ready to hand with little exertion to take it, and the experience that—for common people—possessions of value only attracted the attention of unscrupulous people who did not hesitate to seize them, seems to have decided the Malay that hard and continued work—the making of money—was a mere waste of energy. Judging by his own treatment, he concluded that if a Chinese came his way, and carried anything of value, it was only right to relieve the infidel of anything worth taking; and if the man with a queue resisted and got hurt or killed, that was his own fault.

Young Râjas and other gilded youths spent their early days in running rather wild, amused themselves with cock-fighting, top-spinning, ball-kicking, called *séfak râga*, love-making, gambling and perhaps a little opium smoking. Then about the age of twenty or less they were married by arrangement, as in the case of the common folk. From that time, the young Râja would look for some kind of office which would give him the means of squeezing something out of those who dared not resist, until he had established for himself a position of authority, which always meant the making of money, by fair means if that were easy, but otherwise by force.

With advancing years, and growing power and means, the man would probably tire of his most reprehensible activities and become a respectable member of society, with considerable influence amongst his own relatives, and his and their numerous hangers-on. He would probably develop miserly tendencies, and might even affect religious observances and die in the odour of a popular reputation for sanctity.

The young Râja who started with really deplorable inclinations would probably run his course in those grooves without change, and come to an earlier and probably violent end. Sex influence is as strong in Malaya as in other Eastern—and Western—countries, and that led rather often to tragedy.

The dress of a well-to-do Malay is a short loose jacket of silk or cotton—usually bright coloured—with trousers of similar material and a sârong worn over the trousers, fastened round the waist and falling just below the knees. Often there are no trousers, and the sârong is then let down to the ankles. A kerchief of black or coloured cotton is worn as a head covering, and the Malay knows how to tie it so as to make this headdress becoming. In 1874 Malays generally wore neither shoes nor stockings; in a country with no roads they were only in the way, but people with means liked to wear them as a sign of superiority. Nowadays to walk about in bare feet would be exceptional. Black or brown or patent leather shoes are now the rule, and even the poor wear canvas or native-made sandals. It will be understood that the simple garments described are capable of great variety as regards material, colour and cost, and Malays—like other people—indulge themselves with the most attractive garments they can afford; Chinese, Austrian or Malay silks for jackets and trousers, with sârong of silk or cotton, woven and dyed, from Celebes, Java, Trenggânu, Kêlantan, Pâhang or elsewhere.

The Malay has been a Muhammedan since 1276, but he is no bigot, and he rarely observes the teaching of his priests in regard to daily prayers and attendance at the mosques; but usually he makes an effort to keep the forty days' fast. Of course he is circumcised early in life, and he is married and buried in accordance with Muhammedan rites and practice.

Girls are invested with the national garment—a tiny sârong—rather earlier than boys, and as they grow up they add a long jacket of coloured cotton, silk or satin, though in the privacy of their own houses this is often discarded, and the sârong let down to the ankles and fastened above the breast. The girl varies in colour from light to dark brown; her hair is always straight and black and abundant. Her features are like those of the boy, but with larger eyes and long upcurling eyelashes, a finer nose and smaller mouth. Her hands and feet are small, but the toes are square. In the upper classes, girls are often comparatively fair and are admired accordingly. All Malay girls learn to cook and do it well, and they help in all household duties as soon as they are old enough to be useful. From the age of fifteen to twenty all seem to find husbands, and though divorce is easy for both sexes, it is not as common as one might expect. By Muhammedan Law a man is allowed to have four wives, but he must give each a separate house, and treat them in all respects equally, so if he takes full advantage of his rights, four wives become expensive and few can afford the luxury.

In 1874 every Malay man was armed, he went everywhere with a

kris in his belt, one or two spears in his hand, a gun over his shoulder, and perhaps a sword slung somewhere where he could carry it. Therefore, there was always handy a ready way to settle differences, often quite trivial. Under the circumstances it was natural that the smith, the maker of spears and daggers and lethal weapons generally, did a good business, and skilled men made reputations for themselves. The women, while hankering after beautiful sârongs and scarves—which they carried to hide their faces when away from home—had a great liking for jewellery, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, hairpins, necklaces, and especially brooches in sets of three with which they fastened their long silk coats. This vogue gave work for the skilled jeweller, and though he was usually a Chinese, Malay craftsmen were also to be found in most of the States, and their work was both original and attractive. The women who by heredity or inclination were workers produced sârongs in silk and gold thread, in silk of alluring pattern and most tastefully combined colours, or in fabrics of mixed silk and cotton, or cotton only. The usual material was silk, vegetable-dyed with Malay dyes, in brilliant or soft colours, and woven into material with an almost faultless taste in the mixture and grouping of colours. The other main industry in which Malay women excelled was the weaving of mats made from the inner fibre of *pandanus* leaves, dyed in various colours and woven by hand into large and small mats, baskets, and boxes of many attractive shapes. Kédah and Pâhang are the States where the finest specimens of this work are produced.

The most striking attribute of Malay women—especially of the upper classes—is their bright and amusing conversation, carried on in allusions and cryptic references, calculated to mystify a stranger and to be incomprehensible to any non-Malay, unless he is an expert in his knowledge of words and phrases used by women.

Malays do not invite the discussion of sex questions; but the upper classes have an elaborate theory and ritual of practice in the Art of Love, and they fancy themselves more accomplished than others in that respect. They have grounds for their claim to a rather special knowledge, which is derived from their interest in the subject and from the lessons handed down to them through many generations.

It will be understood that in the time of which I write there were no paid servants in Malaya. Therefore, the poor did their own work without help, while the Rulers, their Chiefs holding recognized positions of authority, and the well-to-do, were served by debt-slaves. This iniquitous practice, which obtained throughout the Peninsula, held the common people in the threat of perpetual servitude for those still free, and to the condition of slaves in the case of those recognized as already the property of an owner, by whatever means he claimed to have acquired possession of these debtors.

To deal with this question of debt-slavery was one of the most difficult questions for the first British Residents, especially in Pêrak, where it had been an institution for generations. Having regard to this particular infamy and the continuous oppression under which

he lived, one might suppose that the spirit of the Malay peasant was broken, and that he would submit to anything without resentment. That, however, was not the case ; for when he felt that some injury—or even some fancied slight—had put him to shame, he would brood over the wrong and suddenly seize a weapon and start on that wild career of murder for which his language has invented the name *měng-âmok*, knowing, if he then has reasoning power, that the end will be his own death. Then he has become a homicidal maniac meaning to kill all he meets, and often beginning with those of his own family, but the spark which lights the train to his blood-vision is the feeling that he is the victim of an insult which he cannot survive.

I have said that a strong characteristic of the Malay is his dislike for sustained hard work, and I have given some reasons for this attitude, but it must be remembered that I was dealing with the man as we found him ; and though the enervating climate in which he lives has not changed, and long-established custom has a strong hold on a very conservative race, as conditions to-day are widely different, and have brought a safe, an easier and far pleasanter life, he may be finding reasons to see advantages in more strenuous toil. Even in the days when the monotony of daily striving made no appeal to him, the prospect of adventure and risk would nerve him to great effort and endurance, and as a cheerful and reliable companion in difficulty and danger it would have been hard to find a better. In courage he was always the equal of most men.

No one can say with certainty what was the origin of the Malay race, but they themselves, in unreliable chronicles, claim as their cradle a mountain in Sumatra named *Siguntang Mahâ Měru*, by a river called the *Sungei Malâyu*, in the Province of Palembang. There is, however, fair reason to believe that Malays are the descendants of people of Southern India who migrated to Sumatra and other islands of the Archipelago, and then found their way to Singapore and the Malay Peninsula. Beside stone ear-rings and inscriptions, discovered comparatively recently in different Malay States, it is well known that when the people of *Pěrak* find themselves in great difficulty—say the dangerous illness of a personage of importance—they are inclined to forget their Muhammedan Faith and teaching, and going back to an earlier worship, call for the aid of the Spirits of the Earth and Air. To get that help they invoke these spirits by incantations which they do not understand, but are undoubtedly of Sanscrit origin, as is the name *Singapura*—the Lion City. The Malay language, now written in the Arabic character, and using the Arabic alphabet, with the addition of six letters necessary to express sounds not known in the Arabic language, contains many words of Sanscrit origin. There are very few Malay writings which can be dignified as literature ; but there are a few books greatly prized by the very small society of studious readers, and copies of those books are hard to obtain. Of them the *Sijâra Malâyu*, the Malay Annals, is the most important, but, unfortunately, it is unreliable, though “re-edited” as long ago as 1612.

Malays of both sexes, in their youth, are given to writing and speaking verses, like love-sick boys and girls in other latitudes. These effusions are called *pantun* : they consist of verses of four lines, the first and third, and the second and fourth in rhyme. Their peculiarity is that the first two lines often mean little or nothing, and have no connection with the last two, which alone carry the message. The following is an example of these love ditties with its meaning :

Brâpa tinggi pûchok pîsang
 Tinggi lagi âsap âpi.
 Brâpa tinggi gûnong mĕ-lentang
 Tinggi lâgi hârap hati.

However high the stem of the plaintain,
 The smoke of fire goes higher still.
 However high the mountain range
 My heart's desire is higher still.

On any moonlight night, when the river shines like burnished silver, a long narrow dug-out—black against the water—may be seen with a Malay youth in the stern, poling up or paddling down stream, bellowing *pantun* to the soft eastern night to relieve his feelings, and possibly in the hope that his words may reach the ears of his *inamorata*. If she is within half a mile she can hardly fail to hear him, and the Malay boy is a rather attractive person.

The conversation of Malay men and women met for the purpose of talking for talking's sake, and to show how well they can do it, is sure to be well seasoned with epigrams, with proverbs and wise saws. Here are some specimens of this "wisdom of the many and wit of one" which will give the reader an idea of the working of the Malay mind, and how the people draw from their surroundings, and from the common things of everyday life ideas, metaphors, and injunctions, with which to season their conversation :

"It is in sugar that you see the dead ant" ; those who give themselves up to a life of pleasure find death in the pot.

"If you love your children, you must weep for them sometimes : if you love your wife you should leave her sometimes."

"A wound heals, but the scar remains" ; one forgives but does not forget.

"Bored with life, but unwilling to die" ; said of a very lazy and useless person who is only a burden to others.

"Enmity with a wise man is better than friendship with a fool" ; the former may change, the latter never.

"To pole down stream makes crocodiles laugh" ; the height of absurdity.

"When the key is wicked, the box may turn traitor" ; if a man is unfaithful he can't be surprised if his wife betrays him.

"While you carry the Râja's burden on your head, don't forget to keep your own bundle under your arm" ; duty to your King and Country come first, but your own affairs have a claim on your attention.

CHAPTER VIII ASSASSINATION

THE NEW GOVERNOR, SIR WILLIAM JERVOIS, R.E., REACHED SINGAPORE in May, 1875, while Sir Andrew Clarke was still there, and the two Sappers had a day or two together before Sir Andrew Clarke left for Calcutta. He must have had a good deal to say to his successor, for while they were together there came a letter from Sultan Abdullah of Pêrak full of complaints against the Resident, complaints that he was interfering with those very matters which, by the Pangkor Treaty, Abdullah had agreed should be his special concern.

Soon after Mr. Birch's appointment as Resident, I had paid several visits to Pêrak to help him in his interviews with Abdullah and other important people, for Birch did not speak or understand the Malay language, and he had never before had personal experience of Malays. He had been a midshipman in the Royal Navy, had left it for a post in Ceylon, where he had spent many years, and risen to high office. From Ceylon he was transferred to the Straits as Colonial Secretary. His ability and experience were great, but the Malays were not the sort of natives he was accustomed to deal with, and though his enthusiasm to make his new office a success was unbounded, that did not make up for the disabilities mentioned. His personal qualities were admirable, and commended him to the poor and oppressed whose cause he was always ready to plead. From the first he used all his influence to free the victims of debt-slavery from the cruelties of that infamous practice, then common throughout the State. This attitude and efforts to stop the collection of duties and fines, imposed by anyone with a few followers to compel compliance with such demands, made the new Resident very unpopular with Sultan Abdullah and his chiefs, who were the main culprits in illegal exactions. My visits, the general gossip of the countryside, and the information gained from friendly Malays made it clear that trouble was brewing, and that some further action would be necessary if Abdullah and his friends were to be held to the observance of the terms which they had accepted and to which they had set their seals.

Readers may well ask what was meant by "debt-slavery." This custom, common in all Malay countries, consisted in the forcible detention of persons said to be indebted. Very often there was no real debt; the creditors invented one, or inflicted a fine for an offence never committed and then compelled the reputed debtor, with wife and family, to enter his service and treated them all as chattels. Of course the imaginary debt was not paid because, according to the creditor, it was always increasing to pay for the support of the debtors. Very often, the original circumstances surrounding the claim were lost in the obscurity of past generations; the debt-slaves were an inheritance like any other property. The infamies committed under

the cloak of this practice can be imagined if it is understood that the creditor did what he liked with his debt-slaves, and when they found life intolerable and ran away, they were killed if caught, and no one objected because everyone of consequence had debt-slaves of their own. It must be added that if a free man or woman married a debt-slave, the free also entered into bondage, and the children of their marriage with them. It was common to sell debt-slaves when the owner tired of them, or wanted money, and the sold not infrequently suffered by the transfer. The practice was particularly rife in Pêrak and the cause of great anxiety to the Resident, not only during Mr. Birch's time but for years afterwards.

Abdullah and his adherents lived on the banks of the Pêrak River, but in the lower reaches within thirty miles of the mouth. All the other notables occupied villages higher up the stream, and they stood aloof but, with one exception, Râjah Jusof, the unpopular claimant to the Sultanate, they were opposed to the interference of strangers, and had neither respect nor affection for Abdullah. In Lârut it was different, because the whole Province contained but few Malays, while the Chinese miners cared nothing about questions of succession and only wished for peace and the opportunity to make money. Therefore the Assistant Resident had no trouble; his band of Indians had become a police force, and although the chief of the district was unreliable and even hostile, the miners preferred the new régime to the old and uncontrolled dictatorship. The Mantri was not a friend of Abdullah; he pretended to be a supporter of the deposed Sultan Ismail, and therefore the enemy of Abdullah. In reality his one object was to secure his own independence; but the only power left to him was to make himself obstructive, in the hope that somehow he might regain his authority in Lârut and his influence as one of the great Officers of State.

That was the position that faced Sir William Jervois, and on which he ruminated for four months while receiving reports of the ever-growing difficulties of the Residents in Pêrak and Sungei Ujong. In Selangor trouble was disappearing and prosperity becoming assured.

Early in October, 1875, the Governor decided to visit Pêrak, interview the Sultan and principal Chiefs, and see what could be done to remedy a situation which was becoming critical. I was summoned to join the party, which numbered thirteen, including the Governor and his Private Secretary, Captain McCallum, R.E. Of the others, I may mention Mr. Birch and Captain Speedy, Mr. Davidson (British Resident, Selangor), Captain Stirling, R.N., and Lieutenant Abbott, R.N., and Captain Innes, R.E., with whom I had lived in Penang. There was also a guard of twenty bluejackets. The party journeyed from Lârut to Kuala Kangsar on the Pêrak River, following the route taken by the Pangkor Commission nearly two years earlier. A number of boats had been collected to take us down-river, and a curious incident threatened trouble. We were sleeping in a house

built on Inche Hamîda's Hill, having arranged to make an early start next morning. It was midnight when Birch woke me, and asked me to get up and help him in a disagreeable job. I got up and he told me that one of the boatmen who was to row us down-river had died of cholera, and his friends proposed to take the body down river in one of our boats to the man's village, and there to bury it. That, Birch said, would be monstrous, and might lead to many deaths and great trouble. Therefore, he had decided that, to prevent this outrage, the dead man must be buried at once, and he asked me to go with him and do it, or at any rate see it done. I went; it was done, and I returned to bed. The next day we embarked and went down river, saying nothing about the cholera case. After a day or two I discovered that the friends of the dead man, scandalized by the uncereemonious burial of the body, had dug it up again while we slept, had put it in one of the boats, and carried it down-stream as originally intended. When near the man's village the boat had lagged behind, pulled into the bank, and the friends had then buried the body properly, no doubt with the help of the village priest. Of course, those in the secret said nothing, so there was no cholera scare; nothing happened, and no one was any the wiser. To talk cholera seems to be the sure way to spread it.

On the way down-river the Governor had interviews with the unpopular Râja Jusof and the deposed Sultan Ismail, and he met Abdullah, with a great following of adherents, on a wide stretch of grass bordering the river's brink, at a place called Pasir Panjang, *i.e.* the Long Sand. A prolonged discussion followed, and in the end Sir William Jervois, having described the situation—through me as interpreter—told the Sultan that he had decided to change the titles of British Residents and make them Queen's Commissioners, with a larger authority than they possessed at present. The Sultan was nervous, shifty and dissatisfied, but finding that Râja Jusof and some of his own near relatives agreed with the proposal, he gave a grudging consent, and the Governor and the rest of his party took their departure.

I was left behind to help Birch; to talk to the Sultan and his people, and to prepare the documents necessary to bring about the change. A fortnight later I went to Singapore with the Proclamation which, after great difficulty, Abdullah had consented to sign and seal.

Amongst the crowd of Malays surrounding Abdullah at his meeting with the Governor, I noticed with surprise a Selangor notable known as "the famous Seyyid." He was one of the three leading fighters in a State where fighting was regarded as the only reputable sport for men. As most of my life was spent with Malays, I learned, in time, the explanation of the famous Seyyid's presence at that meeting. Years later, when we had become great friends, he came to see me one night in Selangor, and brought me a red silk coat which was a marvel of needlework, made, he said, by his sister whom I had never seen. Discussing the only subject which interested him, the adventurous lives of himself and his friends, I was led into reminding him of

his presence at that meeting which, I was told, he had attended on the understanding that, if Abdullah gave the signal, the famous Seyyid and his followers were to *měng-āmok*—destroy—the Governor and his party. I asked if that was true. Rather hurt, and deprecating the question, he said : “Yes, but the signal was not given.”

I remained in Singapore only long enough to get the Proclamations printed, and with them I rejoined Birch in a hut he had built for himself on an island named Bandar Bhâru, ten miles above Adbullah’s residence. This was on the 27th October, and I found Birch on crutches owing to a sprained ankle. On his island he had a guard of about fifty Sikhs and Pathans, and staying as his guests were Lieutenant Abbott, R.N., and four bluejackets from H.M.S. *Thistle*. I arranged with Birch that, while he went down-river to distribute Proclamations amongst Abdullah’s adherents in the Low Country, I was to take two boats and go up-river as far as Kota Lama, a very populous village above Kuala Kangsar with the worst reputation of any place in the country. I was to distribute the Proclamations wherever I went, and, if possible, join Birch on the 3rd November at a village called Pâsir Sâlak, the home of a leading Chief, the Mahârâja Lêla, five miles up-river from Birch’s island. Just before I started, Abbott asked Birch whether there was any foundation for a story he had heard about him, and Birch replied, “I never heard that tale ; but when I was a Government Agent in Ceylon, I had a friend called Parsons, another Government Agent, and it was said that we went out shooting one day, he after snipe and I after elephant—or it may have been the other way about—and that an elephant and a snipe getting up together, he killed the elephant with snipe shot, and I shot the snipe with a bullet. But the story is not true.” That was the last time I saw Birch.

I made haste, and called at Blanja to see ex-Sultan Ismail, but failed to find him. Higher up the river I met Râja Jusof, who told me that no good would be done without fighting and teaching the malcontents a lesson. I reached my destination, Kuala Kangsar, on the night of the 31st October, and during the next three days I posted and distributed the Proclamations in all the surrounding neighbourhood, including the village of Kota Lama, where I felt that but for the fact that I had with me Râja Mahmud, most feared of Selangor fighting Chiefs, there might have been serious trouble. The next day, the 4th November, my work being done, I started down-river at 8.30 a.m., intending to pass the night at Blanja.

I reached that place at 4 p.m. and found the shallow side of the river, in front of the village, crowded with boats. There must have been at least fifty, while between 200 and 300 armed men were on the sands behind them. As we pushed our boats through the shallow water a man named Haji Ali, a noted fighter, waded through the water and came aboard. I knew him pretty well as a plausible rascal not to be trusted ; but we were outwardly on friendly terms. Without wasting words, he said : “Mr. Birch has been murdered at Pâsir

Sâlak. His house and island have been taken by the Maharâja Lêla, and his guard of Indians killed or dispersed. The river at Pâsir Sâlak has been staked from bank to bank so that no boat can pass. They are waiting for you, and the only thing you can do is to come ashore and stay here." I did not believe this very unpleasant news, and said, "How am I to know that what you say is true?" He answered, "Because the Maharâja Lêla has written to Râja Ismail to tell him, and sent his letter by Mr. Birch's boat to prove his statement. Râja Ismail refused to have the boat here, and told the messengers to take it back to Pâsir Sâlak. They left two hours ago." He concluded by saying that he brought a message from Râja Ismail inviting me to see him.

I noticed that at Haji Ali's first words my friend Râja Mahmud had seized his kris and tightened his belt in readiness for instant trouble ; so, to get rid of my visitor, I told him to go back and say that I was coming. As soon as he had gone, Râja Mahmud said that to land would be suicide, and we agreed that our only course was to continue our journey down-stream and take our chance. The people in my boats had heard what Haji Ali said and, as I did not wish to risk the lives of men in no way concerned, I told everyone that I would only take with me those who wished to go. All the Pêrak boatmen preferred to stay, so they moved into the second boat ; while Mahmud and his two men, three foreign Malays, a Manila boatman of tried courage who had been with me for months, my Chinese servant and I—a party of eight—made up the forlorn hope. I was surprised at the choice of the Chinese, but he produced an evil-looking knife and, with a smile that meant much, declared that he was going to stay where he was. The Manila boy, Nino, was a very skilled coxswain who knew the river well—a matter of great importance to us—though the fact that it was in flood made it easier to navigate.

We were pushing off when Haji Ali appeared again. He said he had come to take us ashore ; but I told him that, if his story was true, I could not stop and must go on at once. That reply evidently surprised him, and he said : "It is impossible. The whole country down-stream is in arms and watching for you. It is certain death." We told him that whatever it was we were going, and as the boat was already moving into deep water, he had barely time to get out. He got out, pulling his trousers well up, and shouted : "No doubt you think yourselves very fine fellows, but you will be killed all the same." He was still standing there when we pulled into the stream and passed out of his sight. An hour or so later we passed a large village, and moored by an island opposite was Mr. Birch's white Dragon boat ; that cleared our minds of all doubt. Against our slender chances of breaking through miles of country with a population in arms and intent on our destruction were two outstanding dangers. One was that no house-boat had ever travelled from Blanja to Pâsir Sâlak in anything like twelve hours, and therefore we calculated that we should reach the zone of greatest risk about 9 a.m. the following

morning, when everyone would be on the alert. The other was that all the Residency boats were painted white, and we had one of them ; while no native boat was painted. This fact made our boat so conspicuous that we did not think it worth while to lower the Union Jack flying at the stern. For arms, we had a shotgun and two Snider rifles ; and though we meant to try to force our way through the staked barrier which we expected to find blocking our passage, we doubted whether our armoury was sufficient for that purpose.

The night was fine and starlit, but moonless, and as the hours passed a white fog rose from the water, lifted, fell again, and continued uncertainly for many miles. There was no wind, and in one long reach the white curtain was so dense that a snag indicated we had turned round and were rowing up-stream !

That knowledge came as a nasty jar, for it meant that we must have lost half an hour when time was so precious, and our boatmen—who had been at work since morning—were falling asleep over their paddles. About 10.30 p.m. I fell asleep myself, but only for half an hour, and waking, I saw watch fires and groups of men on both banks. This continued for miles, and as no one seemed to notice our boat the steersman grew rather reckless and took us sometimes near the bank where was the deeper water. From our position, it now became evident that we should reach Pâsir Sâlak long before dawn, and, as I could not keep awake, I asked Mahmud to rouse me when we got near the village. It must have been 1.30 a.m. when he woke me, and recognizing that we were nearing the point of greatest danger, the rowers were urged to make a final effort. We knew that the river shoaled here in the centre, and that we must hug one bank or the other if we were to avoid being stranded. We chose the left, where huge bonfires were blazing at short intervals with groups of armed men surrounding them. As we steered towards the bank the white fog came down and under its shelter we passed swiftly along, the light of the blazing logs, close though they were, shining vaguely through the dense white veil ; while here and there a man's figure, of seemingly gigantic proportions, loomed out from the fire-lit haze. Every instant we expected to feel our boat bump against the barrier, and we could hardly believe it when we realized that we had reached the lower end of the village without meeting any obstacle. The barrier did not exist. No doubt they meant to make it, and orders may have been given but, believing they had ample time, nothing was done.

The last watch fire was ahead, and I was thinking a prayer of thankfulness when the rudder jerked the wrong way and, in a moment, the prow of the boat ran aground under a high bank on which blazed a fire surrounded by eight or ten watchers. While two of our men seized poles and made frantic efforts to push the boat off, Mahmud and I, with rifle and gun, covered two of the watchers with our fingers on the triggers. A voice from the bank shouted : "Whose boat is that ?" and one of our men answered : "Haji Mat Yasin's," for he had seen that boat at Blanja. Then the voice : "Where are you

from?" and the reply: "From Blanja." "Where are you going?" and other questions followed; but by that time our boat was off the bank, and we were drifting stern foremost into the stream and the sheltering fog. As the distance widened and shouts came to stop, the answers given were misleading and derisive, because it was recognized that the lives we felt certain would be lost had been miraculously saved.

Five miles farther down the river we passed Birch's house, with a sentry walking backwards and forwards under a lamp, apparently inviting anyone to shoot him. He did not seem to see us, and we went on for another ten miles. Then we were challenged in English from a Selangor steam launch, and we knew we were safe.

CHAPTER IX

EXPIATION

WHILST RÂJA MAHMUD AND I WERE STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF AN awkward position, the news of Birch's murder had spread over the State of Pêrak and had reached Penang and Singapore. On such occasions rumour exaggerates and, much later, I read in a Blue Book the following extract from a letter, addressed to the Governor by Captain Speedy and dated 9th November, 1875:

"In the second report, that of 7th instant, Sergeant Din states that he was told by one, Kulup Riau, that Mr. Swettenham had been murdered by the Râja Lêla at Pâsir Sâlak on the 5th instant. I regret to state that I have every reason to believe that the report is but too true. My inspector, Din Mohamed, reached Kuala Kangsar (where I sent him with a party of men immediately on hearing of Mr. Birch's death to warn and guard Mr. Swettenham), at 2 p.m. on 4th instant, but, on his arrival, he found that Mr. Swettenham had unfortunately left to return by the river a few hours previously; owing to the rapidity of the current, the boat should have reached Pâsir Sâlak by the following day. I have sent detectives, both Chinese and Malay, to enquire into the matter and to obtain, if possible, the remains of these unfortunate officers."

At daylight we poled up-stream to the Residency, where we found Lieut. Abbott and his bluejackets, as well as the Indian Guard numbering about 50 men, and we heard the details of how Birch, his Malay interpreter, a boatman and a Sikh, had been murdered at Pâsir Sâlak by order of the Maharâja Lêla. The rest of Birch's party got away in their boats, Mr. Abbott having a very close call, for he was shooting snipe across the river when the Resident was killed, and being warned he managed to get into a dug-out and make his way down-river, under fire from men on the bank. The first man killed was the interpreter who had posted the Proclamation on a little Chinese shop which stood on the bank of the river, and, when the

document was pulled down, had replaced it by another copy. He was speared at once and Birch, crippled and bathing in the Chinese shopkeeper's floating bath-house, was the next victim. His orderly—a Sikh—was standing at the door with a revolver in his hand, but instead of protecting his master he preferred the way of safety, so, jumping into the river and taking great care of the revolver, he swam to and boarded a boat.

Having gained the Residency, my first object was to recover Birch's body. With the help of a friendly foreign Malay, I succeeded ; and that night I read the burial service as we buried him on his island.

Birch had reached Pâsir Sâlak at midnight on 1st November, which happened to be Hari Raya, the first day after the Fast. He anchored his boats in the stream, and pulled to the bank at daylight. It was 5th November when I landed at Bandar Bhâru, and, on the 6th, my friend Captain Innes, R.E., arrived from Penang with two officers and sixty men of the 1st Battalion H.M.'s 10th Regiment, as well as the Hon. H. Plunket, head of the Penang Police, and twenty of his men. There were also Abbott and his bluejackets and fifty Sikhs, so it was decided that with some scouts, which I undertook to find, and the help of two howitzers in boats, we had enough force to attack Pâsir Sâlak, five miles distant and on the opposite bank of the river.

As scouts there were Râja Mahmud, his two men, my Manila boy, and myself, but where to get other reliable help I did not know. That afternoon, however, a Sumatra Malay whom I knew appeared and when I asked him to join us he agreed at once and said he could bring fourteen followers. That made twenty and was enough. We all agreed that it was necessary to act at once, to avoid the appearance of indecision, and to give the enemy no time to strengthen his position. It was therefore decided to get up at 4.30 a.m. next morning, put everyone into boats, pole up stream two miles, land, and walk the other three miles to Pâsir Sâlak. It was arranged that the bluejackets should take the howitzers in boats, and keeping in line with the advance of the shore party, deal from the river with any stockade that might be met with.

The required number of boats and boatmen were only secured with great difficulty, and it was 7.30 before we got under way. Only when in the boat was I told that, after I had gone to bed, the others had decided to leave the guns behind ; a grievous blunder as it turned out.

We landed as arranged, and started, gaily enough, on our three-mile walk along a one-at-a-time path on the edge of the river bank. The scouts were in front and—after an interval—half the detachment of the 10th, then Captain Innes with Abbott and the bluejackets, followed by the Sikhs, by Plunket and his police, and last of all the other half of the 10th. We did not expect any resistance till we neared the Maharâja Lâla's village, but, after going a mile through cover of one kind or another, the scouts found themselves in a field of Indian corn, ten feet high, and so thick that it was impossible to see over or

through it. Suddenly the cover ended, for it had been cut down for ten yards in front of a wide and deep ditch backed by a strong stockade of trees and logs built on to a bank of earth. The timbered top of the stockade was full of loopholes, and as we appeared from the corn stalks we were greeted by a volley from pivot guns and muskets, fired by unseen hands behind their barricade, which crossed our path at right angles, went down to the river at one end and continued farther than could be seen at the other. Nakodah Orlong was a yard on my right with one of his men, Alang, to his right. Râja Mahmud was on my left, with the Manila boy and the rest of the scouts spread out farther to the left. As we came into the open the Nakodah shouted : "There they are !" and he had hardly spoken when he fell, shot dead through the forehead by a swivel gun. The Manila boy and I were the only scouts who carried firearms, and though we used them the position was so hopeless that we tried to get shelter behind an enormous tree on the edge of the river's high bank. No sooner were we there than our own people—still some distance behind—opened fire, and we realized that even a large tree is not much protection against fire from front and rear, but we soon decided that the side towards the enemy was the safest. When Innes came up the position was explained to him and various suggestions were made for dealing with the situation. The scouts started on a walk through thick cover to try to get round the land end of the stockade and so take the holders in the rear. We had just got over a high fence when we found ourselves again the object of a violent fusillade from our own people, who disregarded our shouts of protest and came on shooting till they were quite close. They were the Sikhs, who seemed bent on the same object as ourselves. Finding their effort had miscarried, they decided to leave the field and Plunket's strenuous exertions failed to induce them to change their purpose. His own police had already withdrawn, saying they had not engaged for a job of this kind. After a space of desultory shooting which achieved nothing, Innes, who was now on the extreme right, gave the order to rush the stockade. That was done, with the result that Innes was killed, the two officers of the 10th Regiment were seriously wounded, and there were other casualties. We got to the edge of the ditch, but it was impossible to cross it and climb the fence above the bank in full view of an unseen enemy a few yards distant and completely protected. We had to retire, and if the defenders of the stockade had known how to use their weapons no one should have got away. I did not know that Innes had been killed, for I was in the centre and delayed by helping to carry a severely wounded sergeant of the 10th, so when we reached the path, and joined Abbott and Plunket, who were waiting for us, the other casualties had already been removed. We had no surgeon and no stretchers, and the journey back was far from pleasant. We expected our enemies to follow us ; but later we learned that they had retired when we did, as they did not appreciate being rushed.

When we reached our island and had done what we could for the

wounded, Nakodah Orlong's men asked for a boat, saying they must go back to recover his body and look for his man, Alang, who was missing. They came back about 8 o'clock, having met Alang swimming down the river supporting the Nakodah's body. When his master fell, the boy had dragged the body down the river bank, and waited by him all through the day. It was he who saw the Malays retire, and he let us go without a word. He could not carry the body a distance of miles, so he pulled it into the river and swam it down stream. I went down to the boat; Nakodah Orlong looked just as when I last saw him, except that there was a large hole in the centre of his forehead, evidently made by an iron missile from a pivot gun, and his hair and clothes were drenched with water.

My friend, Colonel Dunlop, R.A., then arrived with some reinforcements, and a small naval brigade, and a week after the first failure the positions at Pâsir Sâlak and on the opposite bank were carried without loss. Colonel Dunlop had been appointed Civil Commissioner, with me as Assistant Commissioner, and this success was duly reported to the Governor. His Excellency embarked immediately upon the Colonial yacht and came to the farthest point of tidal influence in the Pêrak River, beyond which there was only depth enough to carry a shallow-draught steam launch. This spot was ten miles below the Residency station, and I received an order to visit the Governor at once. I started early, long before breakfast, and on reaching the yacht was ushered into the presence, when Sir William Jervois said: "I have received your report of the successful expedition against Pâsir Sâlak, but you have omitted to say that it was made by my instructions." I said: "Yes, sir, but I was not aware that you had given such instructions." Whereon he replied: "You don't suppose that I am going to allow the report of a successful operation like this to be made without saying that it was done under my instructions."

I found it difficult to reply to that, so I said: "But it is not my report; it is signed by the Commissioner, Colonel Dunlop."

"Yes, but here it is, and you wrote it. You must add words at the beginning to say that acting on my instructions the expedition was arranged." I replied: "I am sorry that I cannot alter a report signed by the Commissioner."

"Very well," said the Governor, "then I shall send for Dunlop."

I was dismissed and shepherded into a remote spot on the deck, from which I saw Dunlop arrive two or three hours later, during which no one offered me breakfast.

Dunlop's interview did not last long, and when he joined me I asked: "Did you alter the letter?" And he answered: "Yes."

"But you know it isn't true. Why did you do it?" "Because I was told that you agreed, but said that I must make the alteration because I had signed the letter."

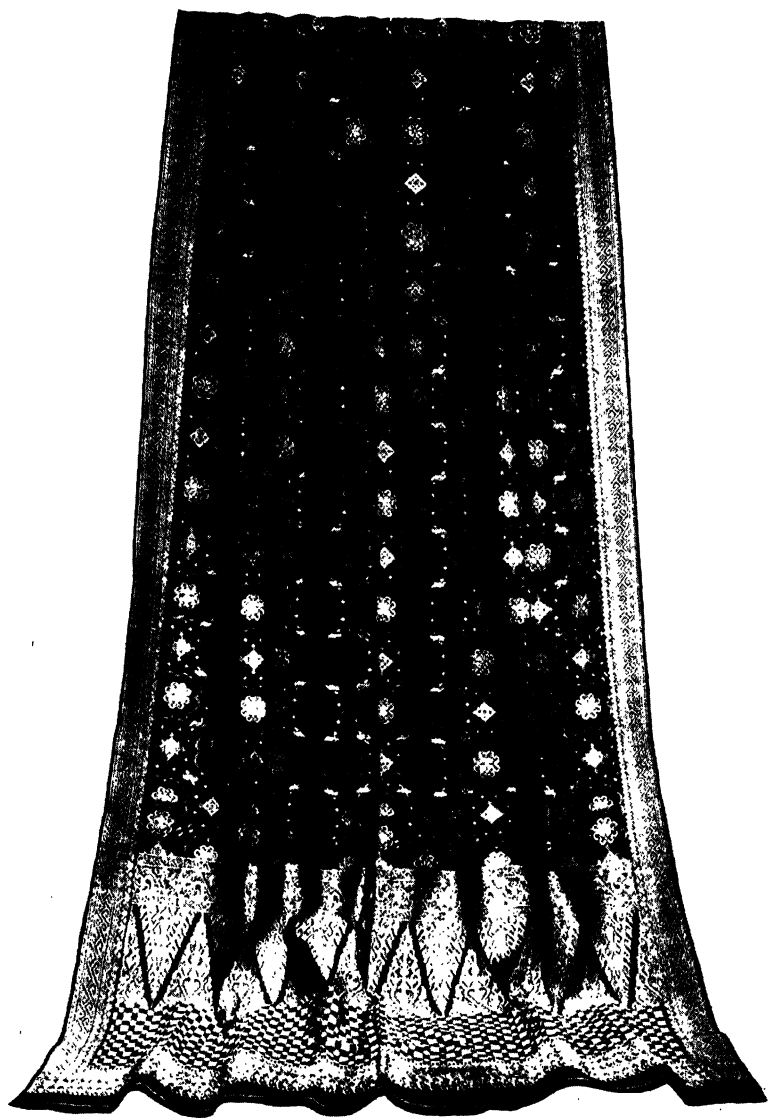
Then we went home, and I to breakfast.

The reverse had been atoned for; but it was decided by high

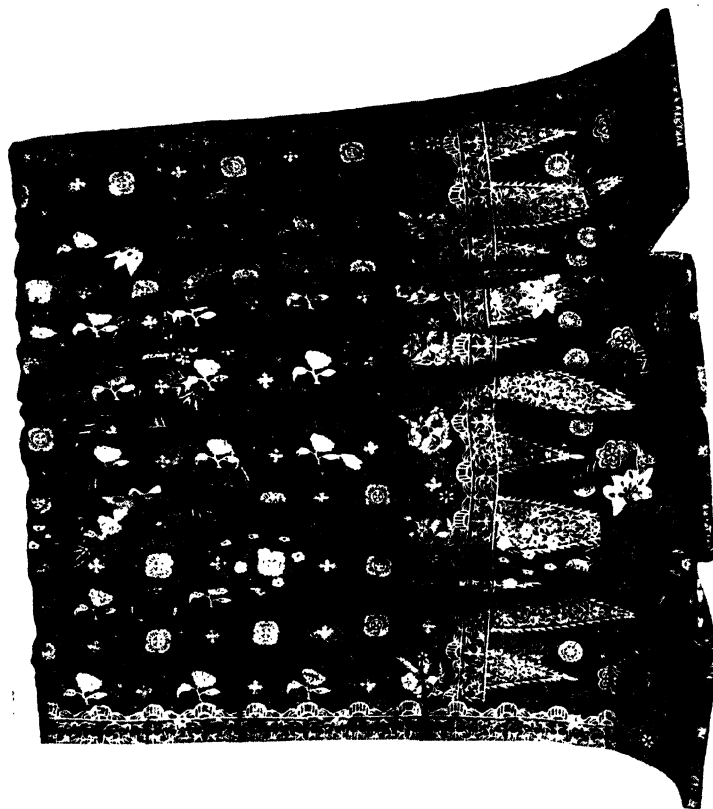
authorities that there must be a punitive expedition and never was there more need for one. An invited guest had been murdered, with the knowledge and connivance of the Ruler who had given the invitation, and of a number of his supporters who had agreed to a solemn engagement which they had broken deliberately and of malice aforethought. Hong Kong and India furnished contingents for this expedition, which was supported by a Naval Brigade under Admiral C. Buller, C.B. The force numbered about 1600 bayonets, with a battery and a half of Royal Artillery, and a company of Bengal sappers, the whole under the commands of Major-General the Hon. F. Colborne—from Hong Kong—and of Brigadier-General John Ross, from India.

The Malays, driven from Pâsir Sâlak and the village on the opposite bank—both of which were destroyed—retired up-river to Blanja, joined Râja Ismail and made their way fifteen miles inland to a small town on the Kinta River, where they raised some defences. General Colborne and the China contingent established themselves upon Birch's island, while General Ross made his headquarters at Kuala Kangsar. Dunlop and I were only concerned with the downstream force, and as General Colborne decided to follow the fugitives and dislodge them, it was necessary to collect and organize a great fleet of boats with polers to carry the expedition, guns, ammunition and stores up to Blanja, where it was arranged that they would be joined by General Ross's force for a combined advance through the jungle to Kinta. We managed to secure the necessary means of transport, and on 13th December we reached Blanja and disembarked. Neither then nor later did we see anything of the Indian contingent, because they were unable to collect the boats they needed ; so General Colborne decided to go on the next day. Fifteen miles of elephant track through primeval forest makes difficult walking for men burdened with the carriage of guns—even small ones—and ammunition, to say nothing of rocket tubes and rockets, so progress was very slow. About 4 p.m. we halted for the night, did some cooking and eating by the banks of a small stream, then slept on the ground. Waking very early the next morning, I was astonished and rather alarmed to see a white figure moving through the trees, and as it got near I recognized Major A.—a delightful old gentleman with white hair and moustache—clad in a long white English nightgown of antique pattern, and carrying towels, sponge and soap, who was looking for a suitable spot in the stream where he could make his morning toilet. The strange vision of that ghostly figure walking through the forest in the long white nightgown made a lasting impression on me.

Some time that day we walked into unexpected fire from an enemy hidden by a hastily improvised stockade built across the path, and Doctor Randall, the Colony's senior surgeon, was severely wounded and had to be carried back to Blanja. A 24 lb. rocket, which made a terrifying noise but passed high over their heads, sent the Malays running headlong from their cover. A mile or so farther along the path the same thing was repeated several times, and as it



A TRẺNGGÂNU SHAWL OF SILK AND GOLD THREAD



A BÂTEK SÂRONG OF COTTON STAMPED IN COLOURS
AND OVERSTAMPED WITH DESIGN IN GOLD LEAF

was then about 4 p.m. the party bivouacked for the night. The General then talked to Dunlop and me, and said that as he had no knowledge of the kind of resistance he might meet, and the heavy jungle made it easy to arrange an ambush, he did not feel justified in advancing till he had some knowledge of the enemy's position and numbers. I offered to go on ahead with Râja Mahmud and the scouts—who had kept rather out of the way in view of the considerable force of white troops—and the offer was gladly accepted. We started at once, and as we were unencumbered we covered the ground much more quickly and by nightfall reached a field of rice only about a mile or less from Kinta. In the field was an empty hut which we occupied, and having sent back a messenger to tell the General the road was clear to that point, we scouted ahead and found a Malay post with a few men, but they had not noticed our arrival. Early next morning I received a pencil note from the General, brought by the Malay who had carried mine of the previous evening. The General thanked me and said that he would join me early the next morning. An hour or two later an advance party of a few men of the 10th Regiment arrived, and the enemy holding the post on the path began firing at our hut without effect and withdrew when they saw the rest of the contingent.

The rice field in which we had spent the night was of course clear of timber ; it was extensive, covering flat land and a small round hill, and the rice stalks were high and thick, concealing the trunks of innumerable jungle trees felled to make the clearing. We knew the direction of the Kinta village which was our objective, and we calculated that it was about 1400 yards distant ; so a move was made to the top of the hill and Captain Singleton, R.N., took charge of the rocket tube and fired several shots successfully ; then having pointed the tube in the right direction, he grasped it with one hand and fired again, the whole company being grouped close behind him and on either side. A long sheet of flame rushed from the mouth of the tube and horrible noises growled in its inside, but no rocket sped from its mouth. The spectators looked at each other with unspoken question and Singleton held gallantly to the tube, keeping it at the right elevation, when—to the general dismay—the rocket fell out of the muzzle of the tube and began to rush through the rice stalks in spasmodic bursts, now here now there, carrying its long tail of fire wherever it went. This was too much for the onlookers ; a sort of enraged dragon with a long tail of fire, vomiting battle cries and dashing aimlessly at legs, started the crowd down the hill and brought many to grief as they fell over unseen logs. The General was still regarding the disturbance with surprise and annoyance when the fire burned out ; for as the driving force behind the rocket diminished, the rice stalks took a firm hold of it, and the last growl came from a dying beast held in their firm clutch.

The cause of the peculiar behaviour of this rocket was that the driving charge had got wet on the journey from Blanja and had lost

its power. Most of the assembled party believed that the activities of the rocket would end with the bursting of a shell, but I had been told otherwise.

General Colborne gave orders to go on, and as the jungle was now behind us, and the path wider and much better, it did not take long to reach the Kinta River and the chief village of that district which was our objective. The place was empty and deserted, though there were signs that the last of the inhabitants had left but recently. I saw one good-sized wooden house, the roof of which had been pierced by a rocket which, falling on the floor, had risen again and passed through the side of the building. There was no other visible damage anywhere, and after a day's rest the expedition walked back to Blanja, embarked in boats and returned to the Residency on Birch's island.

That was the end of military operations in Pêrak, at any rate in my neighbourhood, and I need only say that though Râja Ismail, the Maharâja Lêla, and others implicated in Birch's murder, got away and took refuge in Kedah and Johore, they were eventually secured, and brought back to Pêrak. They were tried in Lârut before the Regent, Râja Jusuf, and another Malay judge, Râja Husein, and after a trial lasting a week—during which Dunlop and I acted as Prosecutors and the prisoners were defended by a member of the Singapore Bar—all the accused were found guilty. The three leaders were sentenced to death, and others to various terms of imprisonment. That was in December, 1876, and the complicity of Sultan Abdullah, of his Chiefs, and of the Mantri having been clearly established, they were banished to the Seychelles, where they remained for nearly twenty-five years and then were allowed to return to reside in Singapore and Penang.

I stayed in Pêrak for some months after the conclusion of military operations and then went to the Singapore Secretariat as Secretary for Malay Affairs. The Governor sent me the following letter while I was still in Pêrak.

Government House,
Penang,
5th January, 1876.

MY DEAR SWETTENHAM,

Major Dunlop, in writing to me upon giving up the post of Acting Commissioner in Perak (it being necessary for him to return to his duties as Inspector General of Police), speaks in the highest terms of you and your services, with the forces under Major-General Colborne and Captain Buller, both of whom have also expressed to me their strong appreciation of the very great assistance you have been throughout the operations.

It has been exceedingly gratifying to me to receive these testimonies to your courage, ability, energy and zeal, and I have specially mentioned your name to the Secretary of State.

Yours sincerely,

W. J. DRUMMOND JERVOIS.

FRANK A. SWETTENHAM, Esq.,
Acting Deputy Commissioner, Pêrak.

During the time I remained in Pêrak I made many journeys—by water and on foot—to remote places, not only to explore the country and its resources but specially in pursuit of those implicated in the murder of Mr. Birch. It meant perpetual work day and night. Pêrak people were not to be relied upon, and I had to find and employ a number of Selangor and Sumatran Malays in the chase. With their help three men were arrested in different jungle places and were afterwards tried and convicted by a Malay judge, Râja Idris, who, some years later, became Sultan of Pêrak.

CHAPTER X

END OF HOSTILITIES—A HOLIDAY

THE GREATER PORTION OF THE TROOPS FROM CHINA AND INDIA WERE soon withdrawn, but a few were left in occupation of posts in Pêrak for over twelve months. That also applied to the States behind Malacca, where trouble had led to military action with a number of casualties, and Capt. Channer of the 5th Ghurkas had won the V.C. by his gallantry in entering a strong stockade and taking it with the help of one N.C.O. By the middle of 1877 all British troops had been recalled; the Malays had learned that the power of the British Government must be respected, and the Resident Advisers were able to exercise a real authority, though they still worked under the shadow of the warning they had received.

Mr. Davidson was appointed to succeed Birch. Speedy had resigned, and Mr. W. E. Maxwell—who had been attached to Brigadier-General Ross's Force—became Assistant Resident, Pêrak. Captain Blomfield Douglas was appointed Resident in Selangor, and Captain P. J. Murray, R.N., went to Sungei Ujong. Sir William Jervois left the Straits in the spring of 1877 to report on the defences of Australia. He did not return, but became the Governor of South Australia. His scheme to deal with the difficult position in Malaya, and his attempt to make an advance on the approved action of his predecessor was a failure. His plan was disapproved by Lord Carnarvon, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, in terms which were needlessly severe, because the Colonial Office, not knowing the real position, did not make allowance for the circumstances with which the Governor was faced. It is true that Sir William Jervois failed to report the facts before taking a serious step, but had he done so and asked for instructions it is still extremely probable that the Resident would have been got rid of by the strong party which resented his interference with what they deemed to be their privileges. Moreover, as I have shown, Pêrak was not the only State where it was necessary to prove that it was no longer safe to assume that, whatever the provocation, the British Government would never go beyond verbal remonstrance.

During the months I spent in Pêrak I made great friends with many of the officers of the Expedition, and especially with Paul Swinburne of the 80th Regiment and his brother officer, Captain Creagh, both of them noted for entertaining strangers on their guest nights. Swinburne, a first cousin of Algernon, the poet, told me that an American traveller, whom he had never seen before, called on him one day in London, and after apologizing for troubling him, said that he had come from America on purpose to see the poet, but had failed in his object. As a last resort, he had come to Paul to ask his help. Would he be kind enough to take him to see the poet?

Paul explained that his cousin was difficult to get at; that he avoided strangers; and that even if he could be found, he might not be in a condition to receive visitors. However, as the American made such a point of seeing the poet, they might go to his rooms and try. They went; Algernon was at home, and Paul—well known, of course, to the servant—took the visitor to the sitting-room. There they found the poet lying, apparently fast asleep, on a sofa. As he did not move and appeared to be quite unconscious of their presence, Paul said: "I was afraid we might find him like that, but at any rate you have seen him." Then they looked round the room, and the stranger began turning the leaves of a large book of prints which was lying on a table. He stopped at a full-length figure, a statue in marble, and said, "Who is that?"

"That," said Paul rather carelessly, "is the 'Venus Callipège.'"

Instantly, from the sofa, a voice cried: "Callipège, my dear fellow, Callipège."

Dead to the world, the subconscious ear of the scholar was roused to life and pained protest by the false quantity.

The visitor was anxious to know what it all meant, but Paul, ashamed of his lapse, hurried him away.

Paul Swinburne—or it may have been Creagh—told me a story of a Regimental Mess dinner. The 80th rejoiced in the possession of a lieutenant named Panns, who took a long time to see the point of a story. One night, when the time arrived for general talk, a guest asked whether the company knew the tale of the blacksmith and the cross-roads, and being invited to tell it, he said: "In the middle of a wild and remote moorland there were four cross-roads and a blacksmith's smithy, not another dwelling within sight. There was a signpost with four arms and directions to each road. Lower down, under the arms, was a small board on which was painted the words, 'If you can't read, ask the blacksmith.'" Everyone except Panns laughed. The next day at luncheon, Panns, apropos of nothing, was seized with a fit of laughter, and someone said: "What is the joke? Is it the story of the blacksmith?" Panns replied: "Yes, awfully funny; can't you see it?" "No," they said. "What's the point of the story?" "Why, of course," said Panns, "suppose the blacksmith wasn't there?"

Creagh must have told me—or invented the tale—because he remarked that the staff was suffering from want of carrots. As a



GOVERNMENT HOUSE. SINGAPORE

Left to right standing : Lord Charles Scott, Mr. Hole, Mr. W. E. Maxwell (?), Sir F. Weld, Prince Albert Victor, Sultan Abubakar of Johore, Prince George, Mr. Browne.

Sitting : Col. Lord Congleton, Miss Weld, Miss Weld. Lady Weld, two Misses Weld (?).

On floor : Capt. Durrant, R.N.



KUALA LUMPUR IN 1882. SITE OF PRESENT GOVERNMENT OFFICES

punishment, he was left behind when the Expedition went up-river to Blanja.

From about June, 1876, till March, 1877—when I went home on leave—I was occupied with Malay affairs exclusively. I made periodical visits to all the Western States, examined the accounts and working of all their offices, visited the Rulers and many of their Chiefs, and reported on the general progress of reorganization.

The last time I saw Davidson as a Government officer was during the trial of the Maharâja Lêla and the others accused of Birch's murder, at Lârut in December, 1876. Early in 1877 he resigned. I think he did not like feeling that he was under control; he had differences with the authorities in Singapore; and although he liked his post in Selangor, where he was well known, he did not care for a similar but far more difficult task in Pêrak. He resigned, and Mr. Low—afterwards Sir Hugh Low, G.C.M.G., Colonial Secretary, Labuan—was appointed to succeed him. On taking up his post, Low was given a very elaborate letter of instructions inviting his attention to what should be the general line of his policy—i.e. the cultivation of friendly relations with Ruler and Chiefs; to seek their help in all matters and give them a real interest in the Government; then to organize the various offices—Lands, Customs, Mines, Public Works, Magistrates' Courts, Surveys, and whatever he found necessary for a satisfactory system of administration. Already there was the nucleus of a Police Force and—in Lârut at any rate—the foundations of orderly government had already been laid. Mr. Low was just the right man for the job to which he had been appointed. He spoke Malay fluently, and had dealt with Malays for many years. His rather venerable appearance commanded respect. His quiet voice and sympathetic manner, combined with courage and a strong will, soon won him the admiration and affection of all good men, while those otherwise inclined found it wise to refrain from committing themselves to real mischief. Low was eager for progress, but wise enough to realize that, in the very peculiar circumstances of his charge, it would be a grave mistake to force the pace, and whatever he suggested or approved, he always insisted on the strictest economy in the expenditure of Government money. Besides all the difficulties he had to meet in the passive—and sometimes the active—resistance of malcontent Malays of influence, he had to recruit helpers of all kinds to assist in the work of orderly administration. He served as Resident of Pêrak for twelve years and, in that time, he earned the affection of the people of Pêrak, and of all the other nationalities who served in public offices. I think he must be best remembered by his own attitude towards the people of the country, and by his insistence that every member of his staff should treat them with the same consideration. He understood the principle of getting the Malay ruling class to work with him, so that they shared in all administrative acts, and took pride in schemes for which they rightly considered themselves in part responsible. He came to a country that was deeply indebted; he left it with a large surplus

and an enormously increased and ever-growing revenue. Not only that, for he also found—out of State revenues—the entire expense of the Pêrak Expedition, the cost of which had been advanced by the Colony and the British Government. It was, of course, necessary to establish an ever-growing Civil List to provide allowances for many of those who had hitherto supported themselves by the levy of taxes and other imposts on everyone who could be frightened into payment. With all these burdens to meet, it was not surprising that much needed Public Works had to wait till funds were available to pay for them. Peace, order, and Courts of Justice were the first essentials, and these were provided.

I left Singapore at the end of March, 1877, for my first furlough and when the liner had left its berth and was fairly going, I well remember my delight and the feeling of unreality in such good fortune. It was an uncomfortable voyage, but I learned something from an old Australian who joined us at Colombo. There were complaints, for very strong reasons, and he came to me one day and, after introducing himself, said : “Never allow yourself to be made the mouth-piece of complainants. When they are faced and questioned, they will deny that they ever complained.” That was just my case, and he went on to tell me of a most unpleasant experience of his own, where he only saved himself from legal proceedings by apologizing for having spoken the truth. All those at whose instance he had spoken denied that they had ever complained. Individually, they almost said : “I do not know the man.”

Arrived in England, I paid a series of visits to my relatives, played cricket with the Colonial Office team—for there were then men in the Office who arranged very pleasant matches—and met a number of stage celebrities. Later I stayed with a connection, William Overend, M.P., who being a Q.C. was the Chairman of a Commission to inquire into the London Police. We hunted with Lord Galway's Hounds, and in the field met Colonel Howard Vincent, who afterwards was recommended by the Commission to undertake the reorganization of the Police. Overend's real interest in life was hunting, though, to look at, he did not seem built to ride horses, for he was very short and stout. That did not matter ; he had plenty of horses, and very kindly mounted me. When we started, all he said was : “Don't pull him—let him go.” And I tried to obey orders. As far as I could see, it was an easy country with close-cut hedges and narrow ditches. Later in the year I went to stay at Hurworth with my brother—a good cricketer and an accomplished skater, but now a devoted follower of hounds. We hunted with the Hurworth—of which Forbes of Callendar was then Master—Lord Zetland's, the South Durham and the Bedale, all within easy reach, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I returned to Singapore in April, 1877, and my holiday remained notable to me from the fact that I had met Matthew Arnold.

CHAPTER XI

THE INTRODUCTION OF RUBBER GROWING
A VISIT TO JAPAN AND CHINA

EXCEPT FOR A BREAK OF SOME MONTHS DURING WHICH I SERVED AS Magistrate in Province Wellesley, and lived at Butterworth, I spent the next four years in the Singapore Secretariat, in charge of Malay affairs and the correspondence with the Malay States Residents. I enjoyed the time in Province Wellesley, for it meant constant travelling to hold Courts in North and South, and as it was the snipe season, I had plenty of shooting on very good ground. Even at Butterworth one expected to get twenty-five couple of snipe in two or three hours. For whole day shoots—when we could find the time—I had as a companion Mr. Laurie Brown, son of Mr. Forbes Brown, of Glugor. He lived within a mile or two of Butterworth, knew everyone, and we managed to visit all the best grounds from the borders of Kédah, in the North, to the Krian River and Pêrak Territory in the South.

Sir William Jervois having left, Sir William C. F. Robinson, of the Colonial Office, was appointed to succeed him. The new Governor may have been sent to prevent further experiments in the Malay States. At any rate, he showed no great interest in that part of his charge, and made no personal contact with the hinterland and its Rulers. Just before he left the Straits, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who had become Secretary for the Colonies, asked for a report on what progress had been made in putting down debt-slavery. He was told that it had been given up—or put down—practically everywhere except in Pêrak, and it is interesting to record that Mr. Low, after nearly two years in that State, while deprecating measures for ending the practice by compulsory means, wrote: "Although I do not think it"—i.e. compulsion—"would lead to any extensive or organized armed resistance, I am sure it would so shake the confidence which has arisen between the European officers and principal people that years would be required to restore it." Sir William agreed with that view, and in a few years those indebted were bought out and the practice ended. After eighteen months of office Sir William was succeeded by Mr. Weld—afterwards Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G.—who came from Tasmania with a large family, and made his arrival notable by landing a coach and four at the Singapore docks and driving himself to Government House. That was early in 1880, and he remained till 1887, when he was succeeded by Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, who had held the post of Colonial Secretary, Singapore, for many years.

Sir Frederick Weld took a keen interest in the affairs of the Malay States, and it was during the next twenty years that the foundations of a lasting system of administration were laid by men who identified themselves with the interests of the people, and foresaw the great possibilities of the country. While their first object was to benefit the

Malays and make their lives easier and happier, they recognized that they must look to the Chinese as the workers and revenue producers. Their great ambition was to develop, by some form of permanent agriculture, the vast stretches of jungle which covered the country, and to introduce from Southern India some of the surplus population of that country who found it hard to live at home. If that could be done, it was realized that capital—then so greatly needed—would be attracted to the States, and that while fulfilling their mission to the Malay Rulers and people, their efforts would create a centre of production of vast importance to the Empire. Already the quantity—and low cost—of tin produced by the crude methods of mining then employed placed the Malay States ahead of all competitors, and if a profitable form of permanent agriculture could be found, then the future of Malaya would be assured, and its value to the British Empire be recognized.

While, therefore, the process of opening the country by roads and railways went on, and with it came improved conditions—water supplies, hospitals, sanitation and more elaborate methods in Government Offices—all paid for by the taxation of Chinese industry and indulgence—efforts were made by officers in different States—and especially by Mr. Low in Pêrak—to experiment with the cultivation of coffee, tea, cinchona and other products. It was in 1879 that a few plants of rubber—the *Hevea Braziliensis*—were sent to Mr. Low in Pêrak, and were planted in the Residency garden at Kuala Kangsar. The production of rubber in Malaya—in which something like two hundred millions of British capital has been invested—has become so important that claims have been made by, or for, various individuals as having been mainly responsible for the introduction of this tree from its natural habitat in Brazil. Very great credit is due to those who conceived the idea, and I believe the facts are as collected by Mr. B. O. Porritt, and published by the Rubber Growers' Association of London in 1927. It appears that, in 1855, Thomas Hancock, the discoverer of vulcanization, was in correspondence with Sir W. J. Hooker, Director of Kew Gardens, as to the possibility of developing, in different countries, the supply of rubber, which was then short of demand. No action resulted from this suggestion; but in 1859 the matter was placed in the hands of Clements Markham, Assistant Secretary in the India Office. He had visited Peru, and he appears to have taken up the question with enthusiasm. His first object was to ascertain what type of rubber-producing tree was most likely to succeed in the East, and on this point Doctor Brandis, Inspector General of Indian Forests, and Mr. James Collins, of Kew, were referred to. They reported in 1872, and in 1873 two thousand seeds of *Hevea Braziliensis* were procured by a Mr. Ferris for the India Office, and at the request of Mr. Collins were sent to Kew, but only about a dozen germinated. Six of these were sent, on 22nd September, 1873, to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, and, as noted by Mr. Porritt, constituted the introduction of Para rubber to the East.

Clements Markham realized that this small experiment would not meet his requirements, and that he could not rely on the acclimatization of only one type of tree ; so he arranged for the cultivation of the *Ficus elastica* in Assam—where it was indigenous—and also procured specimens of *Castilloa* and *Ceara* rubber. In 1875, Robert Cross, a gardener at Kew, was sent to Panama, and he succeeded in getting one hundred and thirty-four *Castilloa* seedlings, which were delivered at Kew and sent to India in 1876. Cross went on to Para to collect the *Hevea* and *Ceara* plants, and W. H. Wickham was employed to secure a larger supply of *Hevea* seed, to be paid for at £10 per thousand seeds. Wickham was successful, and deserves great credit for the zeal he displayed in getting seven thousand seeds, and for his prompt dispatch of them to Kew, where they arrived on 14th June. Though only a small proportion of these seeds germinated, it was possible, in August, to send two thousand plants in Wardian cases to the Botanic Gardens at Peradinya, Ceylon, which had been selected as more suitable climatically than India. Some of these seedlings were also sent to Buitenzorg in Java, while about a dozen went to Mr. Low in Pêrak.

I was staying with him very shortly after they arrived, and he was greatly excited by the possibility of their successful growth and future propagation. Low was a friend of Dr. King, of the Indian Agricultural Department, and I understand that it was through his influence that the Para seedlings were sent to Pêrak. Low was so keen to show me his new acquisitions that, after dinner, he took me into the moonlit night to point out a *Ceara* and a *Castilloa*, which he had planted close by an ancient and gigantic *Ficus elastica* growing on his lawn. He had put the *Hevea* seedlings in a garden on the river bank, where they did remarkably well. Low then thought the single *Castilloa* was the prize of the bunch, but this hope faded in the next few years ; and when I went to Pêrak to act for Low—during his absence on leave in 1884-5—the dozen *Heveas* had grown into big trees and shed their first seed. We collected four hundred seeds and planted them in boxes ; three hundred and ninety-nine germinated, and I had the satisfaction of planting them on the sides of a small valley at the back of the Residency. When the trees in this small plantation gave seed in their turn they served, in part, to meet the pressing demand which was coming from all over the Western Malay States. I have put this record of the introduction of rubber planting here because, chronologically, this is the right place for it, and the industry of rubber growing has increased to such proportions that it is right to give all credit to those who originally conceived the idea of growing in the East the best yielding type of rubber, or who took up the idea and pushed it to realization. That credit seems to belong clearly to Sir Clements Markham, and I have always understood that the money necessary to enable him to secure the seeds, and forward them to the countries where they have given such wonderful results, was supplied by the foresight and generosity of the Indian Government. If the first attempt

at growing the *Hevea* tree in India was not successful, the planting of over two million acres of rubber in Malaya has given—and continues to give—oversea employment to tens of thousands of Indian subjects, and to-day there are flourishing plantations in Travancore, Assam, and elsewhere in Southern India.

I had often heard of the mixed game shooting to be had in the neighbourhood of Shanghai—described by some enthusiasts as the finest in the world—so when, in October, 1880, I was granted two months' vacation leave, I seized the opportunity to arrange for a trip to China and Japan with my friend, Martin Lister, one of the earliest English planters to try his luck in Malaya. It was the end of October when I started with two retrievers—without which I was told shooting in China was impossible—having agreed to meet Lister in Hong Kong, where Sir John Pope-Hennessy was then the unpopular Governor. I found Lister had picked up three friends—Colonel Sidney Hand and two other men, Partington and Cammell, who had been travelling for two and a half years and were now bound for Japan—and we decided to join forces with them and then return to China for the shoot. It had always been my intention to include Japan in my holiday, not only to see the country, of which I had heard so much, but in pursuit of Japanese artistry, which had already attracted my attention as a collector. On arrival in Hong Kong I visited and dined with the Pope-Hennessys and found my friend, Hugh Low of Pérak—Lady Hennessy's father—staying in the house.

After two days in Hong Kong, Lister and I started together, reached Shanghai, spent two days there, and passing the Papenberg Islands entered, on 4th November, what is called the most beautiful harbour in the world, land-locked, hill-surrounded Nagasaki, nestling in the valleys which seam the surrounding hills. It is a wonderful Japanese town. The streets are narrow and paved for half their breadth to carry rickshaws. The houses are low, usually of two storeys, and always of wood. Inside, the arrangement of rooms and their furnishing is most attractive. The people are charming, especially the ladies, who seem to satisfy that definition of true happiness which says it is found in a little laughter and a little love. Nagasaki is a quaint place, but its strangest curiosity—the dance called Johnkino or *joninoko*—cannot be bought or carried away. Starting at midnight, we approached Shimonoseki about 3 p.m., and nearing that place—where strangers are not allowed to land—turned sharp to the right through a very narrow passage which, widening momentarily, disclosed a feast of loveliness. Hills high and low, autumn tinted in hues from deepest purple through shades of red and yellow, to distant greys and cold blues where hill and sky merged in one. Valleys, one side in light and one in shadow, while here and there—always in the best chosen spots—lie nestled houses, temples, monasteries, which add to the natural beauty of the place. The shores on either side are littered with white-housed or dark-housed villages; but the eye rests last and lingers longest on the sea, a mirror of changeful colour, swept by

light winds which break the surface into tiny wavelets which ripple to existence, then disappear.

The next day we reached Kobe, where we found the Detached Squadron under Lord Charles Scott. The two Princes, Albert Victor and George, had already landed and left for Kioto. In Kobe we started curio hunting, an amusement which continued wherever we went and occupied the whole time not spent in travelling and sight-seeing. We saw a great deal, going first by train to Osaka, where the Valley of Mino with its maples is a sight never to be forgotten. We started to visit this entrancing spot at 7 a.m. in tandem rickshaws, and our road lay through rice fields backed by a range of hills towards which we journeyed. It was harvest time, and the pale golden grain was either standing ready for the sickle, or hanging head downwards on long bamboo frames. We reached the entrance to the Valley in two hours, and leaving the rickshaws we scrambled up the hill; first a steep climb, then down, and there was a temple and a garden in a grove of maple trees, the foliage of which blazed with every phase of crimson, scarlet, purple, and every shade of green mingled with every shade of red. Here and there stood a tree of flaming yellow. The effect was indescribable. I have never seen in Nature such a riot of intense colour, such striking contrasts, and such delicate blending; an almost imperceptible transition through varying colours from deepest green to brightest scarlet. It is impossible to describe with either pen or brush, and the scene in November must be unique. Through the grove, past the Temple and up the Valley, we walked for one and a half miles to the waterfall. Both sides of the Valley covered with maples, and each side broken into smaller valleys designed, it seemed, to show the dazzling colours of the foliage in ever varying light. A perfect day, cold, clear and full of sunshine, presented Mino in its most attractive garb.

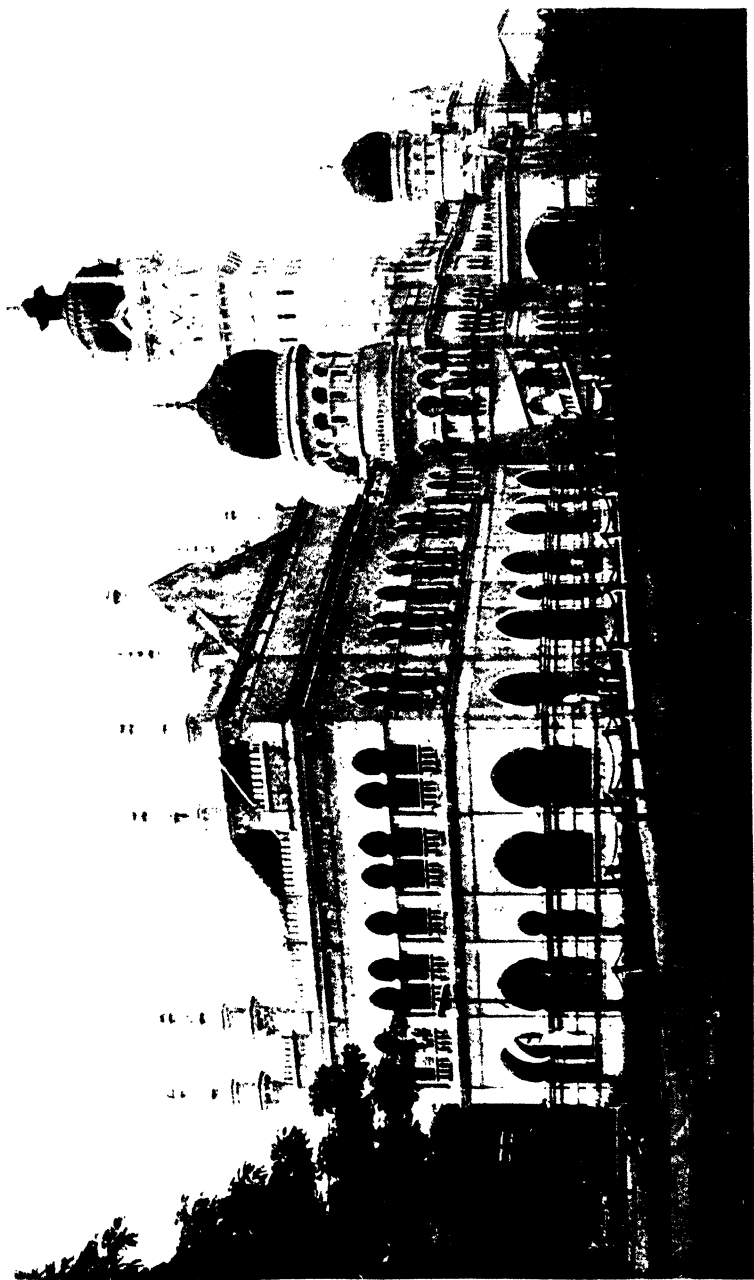
From Osaka we went by tandem rickshaws—one man in the shafts with a leader in front of him—to the ancient capital, Nara; and thence to Kioto, visiting many famous temples, monasteries, forts, and military stations by the way. The country between Nara and Kioto—a great tea-growing district—is specially interesting, and one finds there picturesquely placed and fairly comfortable tea houses where the Japanese people can be seen at their ease, and if one may judge by their laughter, enjoying life exceedingly.

In the ancient temple at Horiuji, at Nara and elsewhere, we had been shown buildings—and even clothes—said to be 1300 years old; and the thought was forced upon one that here in Japan one saw people whose habits, buildings, dress, had not changed in perhaps twenty centuries; strange contrast when compared with our own history. In the Temple of the Bronze Deer at Nara, it is customary for two girls to perform a sacred dance every day; but as the British sailor Princes arrived while we were there, seven dancers took part in what we regarded as a singularly dull show. The dancers were dressed in red and white, with gold beads in their hair, and the so-called dance

was confined to a waving of arms and a twisting of fingers, to the music of a doleful dirge drawn by a single musician from a weird instrument. Lister had missed this excitement, because he thought sixty-five miles of rickshaw travelling would be more than he could bear. He travelled by train and we met him in Kioto, where we made our longest stay. We spent a week there in perfect weather, but so cold, morning and evening about 44° F., that the charcoal stove gave little comfort. The city is profoundly interesting as a centre of Japanese life of enjoyment. A gay town of busy streets, crowded with men and women in their picturesque garments; splendid temples, colourful chrysanthemum gardens, popular tea houses crowded with customers and dancing girls for their entertainment. Much merry-making, much laughter, much drink and the usual result. At night any large Japanese town is made fairy-like and fascinating by the coloured lanterns which hang in front of every house; and every street has a lantern of one pattern. The most striking are those which are shaded, from top and bottom towards the centre, in red, black, or blue, with a device or a Japanese character on the uncoloured centre. Passing from street to street, each with its own lantern of different design and different colouring, the effect is entrancing.

One of the main reasons why we fixed on Kioto as our base was because we were determined to see Aroshiyama and boat down the rapids. Therefore, on 15th November, at 7 a.m. and bitterly cold, though the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, we hurried in tandem-rickshaws down the street called "Si Jo"—that is, the Four Bridges—which bisects Kioto, and runs at right angles away from the hills. Having crossed the town, we climbed to the top of another but lower range of hills, to find ourselves at the head of a valley which, long and narrow, winding to the limit of vision, disclosed an enchanting view. The valley was golden with ripe grain, the fields dotted here and there with homesteads, orange groves and orchards, while no great distance can ever be travelled without passing a wayside shrine, or temple, half hidden in a grove of sacred trees. The latter part of the way lay over a path through the fields, drawing gradually nearer the purple hills; and here we passed the picturesquely-clad labourers at their work, the rough ponies shod with straw, the houses in their gardens of chrysanthemums; the sun shines brightly on the land, and as you pass a wayside house a girl smiles and bows from a flower-encircled window.

A few jolts down a steep path, a hundred yards through a shady lane, and our man-horses pull up on the bank of a mountain torrent in face of a scene, small in breadth but long in distance, and in colour too intense, too perfect for description. Only the bend of a river bluer than the sky overhead, a river of rapid waters tumbling over boulders, a fisherman wading in the foreground, a boat coming round a bend in middle distance; a low bank with fields of grain on one side, while on the other rises steeply from the waters; a hill covered with forest trees in autumn tints of green, of scarlet, and brightest



GOVERNMENT OFFICES, KUALA LUMPUR IN 1900



Thos. H. Hill

T. HESLOP HILL.

yellow, and shades of almost every colour that foliage can assume. In the distance a range of sunlit, grass-covered hills. Not quite in the picture, but at our feet and looking up-stream, was the first of the rapids, and it was a curious sight to see a boat pass over it, much as though you went down a flooded staircase on a large tea-tray.

After an hour's delay, we get into a long, wide, flat-bottomed boat with only two cross-bracings, and those not nailed. Our rickshaws and their pullers are in another boat. It is 1 p.m. when we start, and in one minute or less we are whirling down the first rapid. The sensation is curious and pleasurable. The bottom of the boat is so thin and so elastic that it is continually in waves beneath one's feet. The passage is narrow, the water so shallow that one would think it impossible for a boat to swim in it, and the boulders are many and large. But the boatmen know their work, and by a vigorous push on one side or the other we avoid danger, while the man at the helm, with a face of utter imperturbability, but watching every movement of boat and stream, steers his charge into smoother water with supreme confidence.

And so down another rapid and another, some barely wide enough to admit the passage of the boat ; past boulders, over rocks, down small waterfalls, round the sharpest corners, through the most impossible channels, we glide and bump and rush, for two and a half hours with only two contretemps. One when the stream is blocked by an immense raft of timber, which has to be removed ; the other when by a false stroke of the bowman's pole we get on to, instead of by, a large boulder, and hover for half a minute unpleasantly in the rush of a rapid. A good swing, a grinding noise, a vigorous dig with a pole, and we are off again facing a new venture.

Long before we reached Aroshiyama, at 3.30 p.m., we realized that we had made a serious mistake in sending our luncheon to await us there, instead of taking it with us. We were famished, and failed to appreciate properly the beauties of that unforgettable journey. Ten miles of river, and another ten miles of road back again, landed us at our Japanese hotel at 6 p.m. Near that hotel are some warm baths, much patronized by Japanese of both sexes, and when a steam whistle blows to say the baths are ready, crowds of men and women climb the hill and the wide steps leading to the house. It is adorned outside with large wide verandas, and if you glance that way, at any time between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., you will see great numbers of people—in all stages of partial and impartial nakedness—standing or walking in the verandas, or lying in long wicker chairs. If, greatly daring, you look into the baths, you will see what is more easy to imagine than describe ; and probably you will be satisfied without joining the washers. The water barely reaches the knees, and soap is used freely.

Lister left us at Kioto, to train to Kobe and catch a steamer for Yokohama, as he had given up the idea of shooting in China. Just before he left, we visited the splendid Temple of Nishi Hongganji,

said to be the finest temple in Japan. The young English Princes were quartered in rooms in this temple. The next day I went with the other three men of our party to Lake Biwa, and across it to Mayabara, to set them on their journey over the Nagasendo, and I recrossed the lake by night in a very small and uncomfortable steamer. There was then nothing for me to do but to return to Shanghai, which I did, leaving Kioto on 18th November and Kobe on 21st. After a rough passage in a Japanese steamer, we called at Nagasaki for a few hours on the 23rd, and I landed at Shanghai on the 26th. Most of my Shanghai acquaintances were away on holiday, and as I had to arrange for a houseboat and men to take me to the shooting grounds, I did not get aboard my boat till 2 a.m. on 28th November.

I cannot say much of my shooting trip in China except that it was a painful experience physically and mentally. The first because, in winter, with snow and ice on the ground, walking is so tiring that, after about twenty miles of it on my first day, and twenty-five miles on each of the next two days, my feet were so blistered that I had to cover them with every sort of bandage before I could bear a boot. And secondly, because the country is so seamed with deep canals—about four to every mile of walk—and the game so scarce, that one moves from one disappointment to another. I started in darkness, travelling up the Shanghai River; then by the Grand Canal and a tributary, we reached the outskirts of Ka Ze at 4.30 in the afternoon. I landed, and in five minutes shot a pheasant, and in the next one and a half hours another. The next day, walking from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., I killed eight pheasants, one partridge, and one quail, and I saw some more pheasants, about six partridges, two hares, four snipe and three teal. Then I moved to another ground and shot twelve pheasants and two teal, and the next day I got eight pheasants and one partridge. On another day, walking from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., I had four shots and two pheasants. In five days' very difficult and painful walking, the bag was forty pheasants and two woodcock, besides what were cooked. Also the five days' shooting meant nine days from Shanghai and back.

As to the ground, it is a succession of fields in a high state of cultivation, with small patches of grass, usually on mounds heaped with coffins. In eight cases out of ten, the coffin—with the carcass—is on the ground, and is the favourite resort of the Chinese pheasant. Then it is no exaggeration to say one cannot cross more than three fields without coming to a deep canal or creek, and it is necessary to walk half a mile out of your way to find a bridge or a boat. This alone is heartbreaking, and of course birds often fall into, or on the far side of these creeks, and only a very expert retriever will recover them. If the bird is only wounded he seems able to run clean away from a dog, and the vitality of the Chinese pheasant is such that he wants a lot of killing.

It is true that one never knows what will get up, or from where. A pheasant and a woodcock rise together from a beanfield; a deer

jumps up from the back of a grave ; while a covey of partridges and a hare start up from the back garden of a farmhouse, where there are so many old women and children that one dare not shoot. The endless coffins in all stages, from newness to decay, are very aggravating. One is always stumbling over a skull or a thigh bone, and when the fragments get disconnected the sorrowing relatives put them in a jar ; so one finds the skull outside and the leg bones standing half in and half out of the jar. The plumage of the Chinese pheasant is passing beautiful, but somehow his liking for coffins—or at any rate their neighbourhood—is revolting. The only satisfaction I got out of my Chinese shoot was when I was told that the young Princes, with a party of seven guns, had bagged seventy-five head in five or six days, shooting quite near to Ka Shing Fu, where I was for two days.

I was back in Shanghai on 6th December, and leaving the next day by the P. & O. steamer *Gwalior*, reached Hong Kong on the 10th. The next day I lunched with the Commodore, on the *Victor Emmanuel*, where I met Captain Tracy of the *Iron Duke*, Captain Durrant of the *Cleopatra*, and Commander Elliott of the *Daring*. I dined with the Pope-Hennessys at Government House, and lunched there the next day, the 12th, before boarding my steamer for Singapore. The next day we ran into the course of a typhoon with very bad weather, taking in green seas over the bulwarks amidships. By nightfall it looked very bad, the sea running tremendously high, with the sky invisible and a lurid but misty light on the water. The covers were taken off the boats, and they were got ready for launching, which looked rather ominous. In another hour and a half the thermometer began to rise, the typhoon passed astern, the wind moderating, and the weather clearing fast. Even to be near a typhoon is a very unpleasant experience, and I wish never to repeat mine. On 17th December, in the afternoon, we made fast to the P. & O. wharf in New Harbour, Singapore, and as the result of too persistent curio collecting, I had to borrow a dollar to get me home.

CHAPTER XII

IN SELANGOR AND INDIA

VERY SHORTLY AFTER MY RETURN FROM CHINA, THE DETACHED SQUADRON arrived at Singapore, bringing T.R.H. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, in whose honour—and that of their shipmates—there were pleasurable junketings, in which they joined with the enthusiasm of midshipmen. I have preserved an ancient and interesting photograph showing a party—gathered at Government House, Singapore—which includes the Princes. The only one of those visitors to honour Singapore a second time was, I think, Prince George, who, as Duke of Cornwall and York, came again in 1901, with H.R.H. the Duchess

and a large party, when it was my good fortune to receive Their Royal Highnesses at Government House, where they stayed for three days.

From the time he assumed office—early in 1880—Mr. Weld took a very keen interest in the Malay States, and as it was my special business to deal with their affairs, I accompanied him in his numerous visits to the various States, both before and after my holiday in Japan and China. Mr. Weld enjoyed the free life and rough travel in primitive places, and though he was not up to much walking, he was quite at home on any kind of horse or pony ; and walking or riding jungle paths was the only way of getting about in a roadless country. The Governor was subject to painful attacks of gout which made walking difficult, and when one day he was faced by a wide and rapid but shallow river, he asked me to carry him across pick-a-back, and I did ; for while he was tall he was slenderly built. He was greatly interested in all he saw, and made a point of meeting the Rulers and their Chiefs and talking to them about the affairs of their country and people. During his term of office, the great benefit he conferred upon the Malay States was the support he gave to the British Residents in their efforts to develop the country, now that peace and order seemed to have been secured. He supported any project designed to improve the lot of the people, especially of the Malays, and he encouraged schemes for getting at the resources of the country even when the means of paying for them had still to be found. The British Residents, the men on the spot, whose lives were spent in going everywhere and seeing everything, were convinced from the first that the resources of the States were so valuable that it was only necessary to get at them, and transport them to a market, to secure from reasonable duties far more than the cost of exploitation ; and the Governor, with his experience in New Zealand and Tasmania, encouraged their efforts when a man with narrower views might easily have thwarted them. He remained long enough at Singapore to have the satisfaction of seeing that his trust had not been misplaced.

In September, 1882, I was appointed British Resident of Selangor, and I moved to that State—with which I was already well acquainted—and took up residence at Kuala Lumpur, which is now recognized as the chief town in the Western States and the seat of Federal Government. It may be doubted whether a stranger visiting Kuala Lumpur to-day would believe what it looked like in 1882, even though that was ten years after I first saw the place, and British influence had been exercised for eight years. A photograph of the principal Government Offices—taken about the year 1900—and another photograph of exactly the same spot taken in 1882, accentuate the difference better than can be done in words.

Except for an absence in Pêrak in 1884-5, and another on leave in 1886-7, I remained in Selangor until August, 1889, when I became British Resident in Pêrak for another six years. I cannot hope to make a detailed description of those years of endeavour sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of any reader other than a searcher



UP THE 33 HILLS

The Start.
Evening.

Midday.

Drawing by Capt. Giles



DOWN THE RAPIDS
Sketch by Capt. Giles

after methods of administration in tropical countries inhabited by coloured people native to the soil. But some particulars are necessary to prove my contention that what was done by British Officers in Malaya, in the years from 1874 to 1900, was a new departure, the principle of which was that, to deal with a very difficult situation and a peculiar race, the best method was to secure the friendship and active co-operation of the people themselves in a form of rule which was to meet their wishes and control their lives, while giving them security, justice, and fair dealing, with some measure of ease and happiness.

The first step was, therefore, to secure the real friendship of the Rulers and their appointed Chiefs, and that can only be done by speaking easily and understanding thoroughly the language of the country; by associating constantly with the leaders and their people; by sharing their troubles and their joys, and by taking them into your confidence, and making them partners in all new projects for the advancement of the State and the improvement of life conditions for all classes and nationalities.

When I went to Selangor in 1882 I knew the country from end to end, and all influential Malays from the Sultan downwards. The State was very thinly peopled, especially as regards Malays. They were scattered about in squalid villages, neglected plantations, and groups of a few huts whose inhabitants eked out a miserable existence by cultivating an acre of rice land and a few fruit trees, or by fishing. There were a certain number of Anak Râja—sprigs of nobility—who prided themselves on being fighters, with no recognized position and apparently no means, who lived by their wits and their weapons. Of these few Malays only a proportion were natives of Selangor, the remainder being strangers from Sumatra or the Dutch Indies. The explanation of this state of affairs was that Selangor had, for so many years, been given up to the disputes of various quarrelsome Râjas that peace-loving people had left the country. The richness of the Selangor tin mines, mostly situated near Kuala Lumpur and along the western foothills of the Main Range, had held a certain number of Chinese throughout years of trouble and attempted oppression by the Malay disputants, all of whom had sought to maintain themselves and their followers by exacting tribute from the miners. Once British influence was established, there was a great influx of Chinese immigrants to Selangor, and development in that State went ahead more rapidly than elsewhere because the people with vested interests—or claims with some appearance of foundation—were so much fewer than in other States. It was, therefore, possible to introduce reforms and push on public works in Selangor without opposition either direct or indirect. The first obvious need was a system of roads where none existed, and the directing head worked with the advantage that no existing ownership stood in the way of driving a road in any direction and by the easiest line of country. All Malay States are singularly well watered, and rivers had hitherto been the only means

of transport for heavy loads—rice imported and tin exported—but that method was very slow, costly and risky. Even while it was necessary to make use of the rivers, the tin mines—where the largest gatherings of people were to be found—were scattered about the upper country, and it was of vital importance to put them in road communication with the nearest navigable points on the four main rivers of the State. The Selangor miners were making money, and the revenue of the country was growing, but as practically everything had to be supplied—not only to keep pace with advancing prosperity but to go well ahead of immediate needs—there was no room for anything but strict economy. To open communication quickly and enable the police, as well as miners and traders, to get about the State, I decided to begin by making cheap bridle roads wherever most wanted, with the intention of widening these tracks as money became available; and finally metalling the roads and putting in permanent bridges to replace the temporary structures which would serve their purpose for a few years.

It was my good fortune that, very shortly after I went to Kuala Lumpur, Mr. T. Heslop Hill, a Ceylon planter of experience, came to the Malay States to take up land with the intention of growing Liberian coffee. Other planters came from Ceylon about the same time with the same object; Martin Lister was one of them. They took up land in Selangor and in the neighbouring States and the coffee grew well enough, but by the time the trees came into bearing the price of this type of coffee had fallen so low that the venture was a failure, and a serious disaster for those who were unable to bear the strain of waiting—without return from the coffee—until rubber brought wealth. It was a very long wait, and during those years Mr. Hill devoted himself to road-making for the Government, and I always felt greatly indebted to him for his help and the skill and energy with which he drove bridle paths through the country. These paths had to be traced through virgin forest at a flat gradient, and with due regard to river crossings and other natural obstacles, because all were made with the intention of converting them into first-rate cart roads whenever the means were available. The result of this policy was that, in a few years, it was possible to ride from the northern to the southern boundary of Selangor, while nearly all open mines had a passable track to the ever-widening network of roads open to cart traffic. Kuala Lumpur was the centre of the system and, before I left the State, the same methods had been adopted to join up the stations at river mouths by a coast road with inland branches.

Chiefly owing to the energy and enterprise of the Kuala Lumpur Chinese Capitan, Yap Ah Loy, the mines in the near neighbourhood prospered remarkably, and the Revenue increased so fast that I was able to recommend the immediate construction of a line of metre-gauge railway from Kuala Lumpur to Klang, with a bridge across the Klang River in its tidal reaches. The existing means of communication between the centre of tin production—as well as the headquarters

of Government—and the principal port of the State were so unsatisfactory that it was of vital importance to build a railway over the twenty-two miles of jungle which separated the two places. The State was not in possession of the funds needed to finance this considerable scheme, and I had to ask the Straits Colony to advance part of the cost which I felt sure would be repaid without difficulty. Both proposals were sanctioned by the Governor, and a railway engineer in the person of Mr. Spence-Moss was obtained from Ceylon to carry out the work.

We were fortunate in securing the services of an engineer of Mr. Spence-Moss's capacity, and under his able direction, with the help of a division of Ceylon Pioneers trained in railway construction and lent by the Government of Ceylon, the work was put in hand and carried through with commendable despatch. It is worth recording that the money borrowed from the Colony was asked for and repaid before the line was finished ; and that when that was done, and the railway had been in use for a year, the receipts exceeded the expenses by a sum equal to twenty-five per cent on the cost of constructing and equipping the line.

One of the greatest difficulties of the British Residents in those early days was to secure able men to fill responsible posts and help in a task which could attract only those prepared for the hardest work under conditions that could not be expected to appeal to any but the few ready to sacrifice everything for the pleasure of taking part in a great adventure. It meant "to scorn delights and live laborious days" in a trying climate—a thermometer registering between 95° F. in the day, and 78° F.—but usually much higher—at night, and an annual rainfall of about one hundred inches. The salaries offered were just enough to live upon in a country where Europeans would be deprived of everything—food, society, literature, and amusement—to which they were accustomed. But there was interest in the work ; the intense satisfaction of construction ; of making waste places habitable ; of cutting roads and constructing bridges ; of gathering people together into villages, and persuading them to build better houses ; to vie with each other in planting gardens and orchards ; and then getting the boys to join in games and teaching them to be useful.

It happened that just about the time I went to Selangor as Resident, Mr. J. P. Rodger—afterwards Sir John Rodger, K.C.M.G.—a highly gifted traveller, reached Singapore in pursuit of knowledge and new experiences. The fact that an unknown and primitive people, inhabiting an almost unknown and hitherto neglected country with attractive features and great possibilities, lay close at hand, appealed greatly to his imagination ; and after a visit to Selangor he offered his services, and I was delighted when he was appointed to be Magistrate in Kuala Lumpur. He set himself at once to learn Malay and, having the gift of tongues, he soon acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to enable him to deal with all the many questions which engaged his attention. He had a legal mind and a knowledge of law,

but once he had identified himself with the work of regeneration in Malaya his enthusiasm and energy were only equalled by his wisdom and ever-growing desire to improve the lot and contribute to the happiness of a people for whom he cherished a great affection. Of the many Englishmen who, between 1875 and the end of the century, devoted themselves to Malay interests, I can think of no one who entered more sympathetically into their troubles and encouraged them to a better life than Rodger. He was not less successful with the Chinese, and though, as a race, they are not wanting in initiative and enterprise, Rodger was constantly prompting and enticing them to new efforts, which usually resulted in action by one man and imitation by many others ; for the spirit of competition is strong with Chinese who can afford that luxury.

The Klang is the only river falling into the Straits of Malacca which has no bar, because a long island lies right across its entrance. There is, therefore, deep water up to and alongside the wharves built on the left bank of the river mouth, which in 1882 was covered with jungle, but has for years been converted into a busy and flourishing station, named Port Swettenham by Sir W. Treacher when he succeeded me as Resident-General. The railway has been extended from Klang Town—the seat of the Sultan of Selangor—to this port, which is a point of call for ocean-going steamers.

It is possible that strangers found it easier, in early days, to get to Klang than to the other Western States, and that fact drew planters and miners to Selangor rather than to its much more attractive northern neighbour, Pêrak. The Selangor Chinese were in touch with their friends in Malacca and Singapore, and directly the British Government exerted its influence in the Peninsula the Chinese owners of small steamers established a regular service between the ports of the Colony and the Klang River. These circumstances, and the fact that the Kuala Lumpur-Klang Railway was soon extended south through mining villages towards, and then through, Sungei Ujong and the Nine States, while at almost the same time it was carried north to the boundary with Pêrak, put Selangor rather ahead in the inter-State race for progress.

In the closing days of the year 1883 the Indian Government organised an Exhibition of industrial, artistic and other products at Calcutta, and I was appointed Commissioner for the Straits Colony and took a collection of all sorts and conditions of exhibits to fill a Court for which space had been reserved. The space was considerable, and I knew that what I had to show would not nearly fill it, so I regarded it as a fortunate chance when I found on the steamer carrying me to Calcutta a very amusing old Jew dealer in curios, Kuhn by name, on his way from Yokohama to Calcutta, with what he declared was the finest collection of Japanese art work that had ever left Japan, and no Court in which to show it !

I offered to give him any available space in the Straits Court, and he was only too glad to accept the offer ; for up to that moment he

was gambling on the chance of securing space in the Exhibition building when it was already too late.

We had to put up a wooden structure within the great Exhibition building, and then to decorate it and arrange the exhibits to the best advantage ; but when it was done I was satisfied that the combined efforts of the Singapore Committee and of Mr. Kuhn made one of the most attractive Courts in the Exhibition. Kuhn had certainly made a collection of very showy and very precious objects of Japanese artistry which he displayed to great advantage. They were all for sale, and he sold most of them—at a price—with the exception of a small figure which he called "The Missing Link." He said it was a wood carving—as indeed it appeared to be—but of the most wonderful workmanship. It was a figure of some wild kind of being with short horns and a very hairy skin, and Kuhn told all enquirers that it could only be seen on Wednesdays between the hours of 2 and 4 p.m. Otherwise, the figure lived in a glass case curtained on all sides, and the owner was adamant in his refusal to let it be seen by anyone except on the days and between the hours specified. By this means he created a spirit of the keenest curiosity in visitors to the Exhibition, and neither the flattery nor the tears of attractive women of all colours moved him to depart from his rule. The Missing Link was not for sale ; but just before the Exhibition closed, Kuhn told me he had exchanged the figure for 10,000 rupees' worth of jewellery. When the show was long over, and I had returned to Malaya, I received a letter from Kuhn, written, I think, in Delhi, in which he said : "The weather is becoming very warm, and I hear that the famous carving, The Missing Link, is beginning to melt !"

I could only conclude that the famous carving was made of wax ; but I had watched a Swiss carver examining it closely, and he described it as wonderful and asked Kuhn what he had paid for it, to which Kuhn replied quite quickly, "Fifty cents."

I enjoyed my visit to India immensely. It was the season in Calcutta and there was lots of gaiety of many sorts, racing, cricket, a levée, and a dance at Government House at which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present. The Marquis of Ripon was then Viceroy, and far from popular with Anglo-Indians because he—and the legal member of his Council, Mr. Illingworth—were trying to introduce a measure by which Native Magistrates would be empowered to decide cases in which white people were concerned. Feeling ran so high that someone wrote a play intended to ridicule the position should the proposed legislation become law. The play was called "A Glance in Advance," and was staged by amateurs at three performances to crowded houses.

When the Exhibition closed, I went to Darjeeling to see the remarkable railway track which is laid on the road for practically the whole distance to Darjeeling—forty-five miles—nearly seven thousand feet above the plain. I revelled in the snows and in the bracing climate of those heights. After a visit to Tiger Hill, with its magnificent

panorama of Kinchinjunga and the Himalayan Range, I rode down into the Sikkim Valley and visited a tea-garden near what is called The Meeting of the Waters. Whilst in Darjeeling I met Graham who, in the previous summer, accompanied by two Swiss guides, had climbed to the summit of Kinchinjunga. I found him very pleasant and interesting company, but for some reason—perhaps jealousy—old residents in Calcutta seemed to doubt his story.

I spent about a week in Darjeeling and returned to Calcutta, where, having collected my luggage, I started one night for Benares. It was an unlucky day for me. In the morning, my Indian servant told me he would not leave Calcutta ; a pleasant outlook when I had no time to replace him. When I reached the Bank to get money, the place was closed because it was a Saturday. It was a special Race Day, and I had to drive a longish way to get to the course and back. On arrival, my keys were not to be found, and I had to break open a despatch box to get my railway pass. Then dinner, and it was time to start on another long drive to the railway station at Howrah, but no search could find a gharry. I was in despair when a French friend came to say good-bye, and he very kindly drove me to the station where I was just in time to catch my train.

Benares was rich in splendid buildings and in interest, Cawnpore and Lucknow full of memories of the Mutiny. At Meerut I met again the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and dined with their Royal Highnesses. Delhi's magnificent mosques and imperial tombs are world famous ; its quaint streets are crammed with shops full of rather barbaric jewellery, and Indian artistry of only moderate attraction ; but the Kutub, some ten miles outside the city, is a graceful and stately monument well worth a visit. Agra, with its matchless Taj, is Agra, and it stands alone ; while the ancient Futtepur Sikri is equally splendid and distinguished in other ways. Then Jaipur with its many-windowed Palace, and that other and more glorious Palace of Ambêr with the Hall of a Thousand Delights—who shall describe them adequately ? They are Rajputana's Crown of Kings. Last, picturesquely placed is Ajmeer with its great wall and gates ; and so to Bombay, sitting above the sea, a centre of comparative modernity and busy commercial life. As a country of magnificent and impressive buildings of great age, India has no rival.

I had meant to visit Madras, but an official blunder deprived me of that pleasure, so I had to retrace my steps to Calcutta—a long and weary journey—and thence take ship for Singapore.

CHAPTER XIII

PÊRAK AND PĀHANG, 1884-85 ENGLAND AND ITALY, 1886-87.

A FEW WEEKS AFTER MY RETURN FROM INDIA I WAS TRANSFERRED TO Pêrak, to act as British Resident there during Mr. Low's absence on

leave. The Residency was a very modest wooden building at Kuala Kangsar, where Inche Hamîda had lived and used her influence to support British Officers and their efforts to introduce peace and justice in a country which had not known those blessings for centuries. Very thoughtfully, Mr. Low had arranged for the Residency to be painted against my coming, but otherwise it was just as he had left it. Chinese had done the work, and I noticed that a pith hat, left hanging on a nail against the wall of the sitting-room, had received its coat of paint when the Chinese painter dealt with the walls of the room. I had a pistol, made for pin-fire cartridges, which I had never tried. It looked a very harmless weapon, for it was very small and lay on a table in what might have been a cigar case. I thought this was a good opportunity to see whether it would shoot straight, so, standing opposite the painted hat, on the other side of the room, I fired at the centre of the crown. The hat fell on the floor, and at the same moment there was a noise of breaking glass behind my head. Looking round, I saw that a portrait of Sir James Brooke, first Râja of Sarâwak, which was hanging on the wall, had been hit near the middle and the glass lay in fragments on the floor. I was conscious that the bullet, which had come straight back, had passed very near my head, and I crossed the room, picked up the hat and examined it. There was a hole through the middle of the crown, and a dent on the very hard wood post under the nail which had supported the hat. At first I could not understand why the hat had fallen, though there was only one hole in it ; on close examination of what seemed rather a mystery, I realized that the bullet had penetrated the hat without disturbing it, but had come straight back off the hard wood, and passing through the *same* hole, had displaced the hat and nearly hit me in the face.

I found Martin Lister and Hugh Clifford stationed at Kuala Kangsar, where they had been for some months working on the staff of the Resident. Their presence was a great help, and added immensely to the pleasure of a life full of interest and varied incident. Poling or paddling a dugout, swimming in the clear waters of the river, were our chief recreations ; but there was so much work to be done that there was seldom time for mere joy. Pêrak is a lovely land, and its river was, in 1884, its main highway, with picturesque villages dotted at intervals along its banks for miles and miles ; villages almost hidden amongst orchards and groves of palm trees, while feathery bamboos hung over and were reflected in the stream. On the river itself, a constant passage of boats of many builds : here and there a fisherman wading, or a girl fetching water to be carried home in a length of gigantic green or yellow bamboo. From miles above Kuala Kangsar down to the tidal influence—still forty miles from the mouth—the Pêrak River is one long fascination of winding and ever-changing delight. The river drains a wide stretch of country, and from the near and distant hills, on either side, flow a number of tributaries which discharge their waters into the main stream.

I spent twenty-two months in Pêrak, renewing my friendship or

acquaintance with its Râjas, Chiefs and people, travelling to all parts of the country, and helping to grease the wheels of administration in all Government offices. I was specially interested in devising Rules for the acquisition of land, and the issue of permanent titles to those who were already in possession but held no document to give them ownership of either cultivated fields or homesteads which had for years—or generations—been occupied by their families. For the rest, my activities in Pêrak during 1884 and 1885 are summed up in the following letter which Sir Hugh Low wrote after his resumption of office in January, 1886.

Residency, Pêrak,
Kuala Kangsar,
11th January, 1886.

F. A. SWETTENHAM, ESQ.,
British Resident, Selangor.

Sir,—In taking leave of you on return to your own appointment as Resident of Selangor, I beg to be permitted to express to you how much in my opinion the State of Pêrak is indebted to you for the manner in which you have advised this Government and conducted its affairs during the 22 months you have acted in my place.

2. On my arrival at Port Weld on the 7th instant I was carried by the Railway to Taipeng, glad to learn from the State Engineer that this important work in addition to its other advantages is a financial success. I examined the extensive public buildings at Taipeng finished and in progress which include commodious Residencies for the chief Officers of the Government, extensive additions to the Gaol, many new buildings at the Hospitals, a handsome building for the offices of the Financial Officers, a large new market and many other works, and it gave me great pleasure to note the improvement which had taken place in the beauty of the designs, the construction of the work and the diminution of cost as compared with the similar undertakings of earlier years.

3. I found the roads of Lârut in excellent order and the great improvement at the Pass leading into the valley of the Pêrak River will form a beautiful and lasting memento of the ability and boldness which induced you to conceive and undertake (for Pêrak) so difficult and costly though necessary a work.

4. At Kuala Kangsar the Town is of your creation, the foundation of its oldest buildings not having been laid two years ago, it is now a well built town progressing quite as fast as did Taipeng, and the development which is now taking place of the tin districts of the neighbourhood will ensure the continuance of its prosperity.

5. Reports reach me that other districts of the State are all in the like satisfactory condition and the trade returns and financial position of the country leave no doubt that this is the case.

6. I cannot therefore but congratulate you on the success of your administration and it will be a great pleasure to me to bring to the notice of His Excellency Sir F. A. Weld, who appointed you to the duties, the brilliant manner in which you have carried out His Excellency's wishes and the exceptional success of your administration.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,
sd. HUGH LOW,

H.B.M. Resident, Pêrak.

There was, however, one important expedition I made during 1884 to which Sir Hugh did not refer, because it did not concern the State and he was unaware that I had done it. I had completed a trying journey through the rich mine-fields of the Kinta District, walking many miles daily in the hot sun for a fortnight ; but this was all in the way of ordinary work. The expedition to which I refer was different ; it was a diplomatic mission to Pāhang, a large State bordering Pêrak on its north-eastern boundary and stretching down to the China Sea. An unregenerate place, hardly known beyond the mouth of its principal river, and that was closed to steamer traffic for five or six months in the year during which the N.E. monsoon drove the water of the sea against the very shallow bar and made passage impossible. The Ruler, the Sultan of Pāhang, was unkindly described as the wickedest man in Asia. It was a description which tripped easily off the tongues of those who only knew Sultan Ahmed by rumour. He had his faults, some of them serious, but I knew him and liked him.

Pāhang is on the east coast and outside the pale of that reformation which had come to the Western States ; it was a mass of undeveloped jungle without a mile of road anywhere, and it was very sparsely inhabited. But from its size and geographical position it was important to get its Ruler into the fold, a position he was not at all eager to occupy ; for he had never known control of any kind. My job was to visit him and try to change his mind. Between Pêrak and Pāhang lay the Main Range of forest-covered hills which—running north and south—forms the backbone of the Peninsula, and at the date of which I write, I never heard that any white man had crossed that mountainous and untenanted region. Pêrak Malays said there was a pass through the range at a considerable height, but it meant scaling what they called the “Thirty-three Hills.” It did not sound encouraging, but as there was no alternative I decided to take that route. From Kuala Kangsar I went down river by boat, till I reached the tidal influence and the mouth of a considerable tributary, the S. Bâtang Pâdang. Up that river we poled and continued up a tributary of that stream called the Slim River, until the boats could go no further and we had to land and walk.

For such a journey as I contemplated—long in distance, arduous, climbing through primeval forest in the ascent, and the same going down the other side of the range till we reached a navigable stream—it was necessary to take a large party to carry luggage and supplies. As companions I had Martin Lister, Captain G. E. Giles, an officer seconded for service with the Pêrak Sikhs, and Wan Muhammed Saleh, a young and highly intelligent Malay who later succeeded his father as Dato Svi Adika Râja, one of the four great Officers of State. There was also a guard of a few Sikhs and two guides ; altogether we must have numbered two hundred. I had chosen Giles, not only because he was six-foot-four in height and very good company, but he was a gifted draughtsman with the knack of catching natives of

any nationality, and under any circumstances, and transferring what he saw to paper. He made a number of interesting drawings illustrating our progress, some of which are reproduced here.

I don't know how many of the thirty-three hills lay behind us when the coming night compelled us to camp under the shadow of a leaning rock above a small brook. There we passed the night, and the next day reached a narrow pass between steep hillsides and began immediately the descent into Păhang. In the late afternoon, we came to a small stream with enough water to carry bamboo rafts, and there we camped for the night. Word of our coming, and what we should want in the way of transport, had been sent ahead, and we found enough rafts waiting to carry our much reduced party; for the bearers of our rather excessive quantity of luggage went back from this point, and returned over the hills to their homes. The rest of us, starting early the next day, had hours of exhilarating and amusing passage down the rapids of that tributary stream, standing or sitting on the bamboos of our narrow rafts, and sometimes—after a severe and unexpected bump against a rock—being thrown into the water and having to struggle back on to the raft before it slid out of reach. The rapids—and the fun—ended before we got into the main river, and there we changed into a covered houseboat and spent several days making our way down the Păhang River till we reached the Sultan's village and Astâna—an over-fine name for the wooden dwelling in which he lived. The Păhang River carries, I think, more water than the Pêrak main stream; it has much fewer villages and houses on its banks, and even in the dazzling brilliance of Malayan sunshine there is about it a touch of gloomy remoteness which never strikes one in the Western State.

The Sultan's house and the adjoining village are about seven miles from the mouth of the river, and between the two places there are several large islands, dividing the waters of the river into different channels and adding to the attractions of a splendid stream. A feature of the place is the number of Malay heads—male and female—seen just above the water, while hands hold a shallow wooden tray full of sand, scraped into it by the feet of the dredger who, with great skill, allows the river water to flow over the tray, washing away sand and pebbles and leaving a few grains of gold to be collected by these industrious diggers.

I saw my friend, the Sultan of Păhang, and after much talk he gave me a letter to the Governor couched in very friendly terms. I had not expected more than that. My mission concluded, we left for Singapore in the Colonial Yacht—which had been sent to meet us outside the river mouth—and reached our destination on the following morning.

A few months later I went on long leave, after spending eight years in the East. Eight years of such continuous service that I counted I had given a year of Sunday work to Government, for there had been no rest on those seventh days. Arrived in London, I was by no means free to amuse myself; for I had undertaken to act as Com-

missioner for the Straits and Malay States at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, which was then in course of construction and equipment at Shepherd's Bush. It meant tiresome visits to docks to secure some of the exhibits—amongst them the Pĕrak Regalia, which included very ancient and interesting Malay vessels of gold and silver, Malay knives, swords, and other precious objects which had never before left the country or been seen by Europeans. That involved struggles and correspondence with the Customs authorities because some of the cases had, most improperly, been forced open ; though everything for the Exhibition was supposed to pass through the Customs without examination. Then a Court had to be built, all the exhibits arranged, and catalogues prepared, all of which gave trouble for weeks. But the Malayan Court was ready on the opening day. Throughout the duration of the show, someone had to be present to answer questions, and at the close everything had to be packed and sent back to the East. Queen Victoria visited the Court one afternoon, and when she left I went to the gate of the Exhibition in attendance, I was rather surprised to see Her Majesty practically lifted into a brougham by two Scotch ghillies in Highland dress. The only other notable events were several visits by Lord Leighton and Professor Stokes, both of whom expressed admiration of the beauty of Malay fabrics in colour and design. They both told me they considered them greatly superior to the fabrics in the Indian Court, and Leighton so admired a silk sârong over stamped with a pattern in gold leaf that, as it was mine, I asked him to accept it. I made the acquaintance of most of the other Commissioners, and met many of them at dinners given by the great City companies, where there was a great deal of after-dinner speech-making, and I noticed that, on those occasions, it was the Colonial statesmen, and especially one of them—Sir Graham Berry, the Agent-General for Victoria—who outspoke the British Cabinet Ministers, famous divines, and other distinguished people, many of whom were always present. Several times I sat by the Agent-General, and one night when he resumed his seat after a speech—passages in which seemed to lift his audience out of their chairs—I asked him what was the secret of his success. He said : "Years ago, when my friends returned from a meeting I had not attended, I used to ask them : 'Well, did you enjoy your evening ?' And they always said : 'Yes, Brown made a splendid speech.'

" 'What did he say ?' said I.

" 'Oh, he said—he said—I can't remember what he said, but he made a splendid speech.' So I determined that when I spoke I would try to make at least one point that would stick in the memories of my listeners."

That is what he told me, but I did not believe him ; for I had noticed that what riveted the attention of diners, stopped the waiters in their stride and held them where they stood, was the speaker's sincerity, his conviction that he was speaking the truth, that his audience *must* believe him because he was ready to die for what he said.

It may have been a trick ; if so, it was a very good one.

The Prince of Wales invited the Commissioners to dine at Marlborough House—men only—and that was the high-water mark of the Exhibition festivities ; though a visit to Windsor Castle and presentation to the Queen cannot be omitted because, when an Under-Secretary from the Colonial Office was marshalling the visitors in order, preparatory to their entering the Presence, I heard a voice near me say to him : “Where shall I go ? You see, I have been Governor of seventeen Colonies and it is rather difficult.” The Under-Secretary, very much fussed by similar enquiries, cut him short and said : “Oh, you will come with the ruck behind.”

I was then a member of the Isthmian Club, which stood overlooking the Green Park, on the site of the present Ritz Hotel. In the hall there was a large complaint book on a lectern, and one day, while waiting for someone, I opened the book at random and read a long complaint by a member regarding the loss of his “umberella” which, he said, must have been removed by mistake, and he begged that his “umberella” might be returned. In the wide margin of this bitter cry someone had written : “He took it as a curio, old chappie ; buy yourself an umbrella and you will be able to keep it.”

That winter I spent with my brother at Hurworth hunting, and on my way back to the East I visited Florence, Venice, Assisi, that strange place San Gimignano with its ruined towers, Nervi, where I met and made friends with the Gropallo family, Santa Margherita, and then—unspoiled Porto Fino. In all these places there was much to see of the greatest interest, and I enjoyed weeks of sight-seeing in the pleasantest company. Donna Laura Gropallo occupied a position in Italy very like that of Miss Gertrude Bell in London, and we all attended an amusing dance given in Genoa by the Gropallo's relatives, the Prince and Princess Centurione ; the feature of the evening being a follow-my-leader progress all over the Palazzo Centurione. From Nervi I went to Naples, Pompeii and Paestum ; crossed from Naples to Palermo in weather which threw the many passengers on to the gangways and stairs of the ship in every condition of extreme sea-sickness, and left them there lying about in great disorder of limbs and garments. Palermo and its neighbourhood—especially the Conca d'Oro, with the Basilica at its head—were entrancing in the early spring ; then crossing the island to Messina, and returning by loftily placed Taormina, by Siracusa, and Girgenti, these places were even more inspiring by reason of their historical associations. Leaving Palermo for Naples, the last I saw of the Italian islands was the volcano of Stromboli, blazing into the night and lighting up its own sheer face, till the lurid glow faded and was lost in the black shadows overhanging the sea.

I made my way to Brindisi and there took ship, reaching Singapore in April, 1887.

CHAPTER XIV

ADMINISTRATION BY NEW METHODS

BACK TO SELANGOR IN APRIL, 1887, I DEVOTED MYSELF FOR THE NEXT two years to extending communications and providing necessary buildings all over the State. Everything was going well, but what was chiefly needed was population, the means of getting to remote places, and some form of permanent agriculture with outside capital to work it. Roads and railways were being made rather in advance of the surplus revenue needed to pay for them. The few Ceylon planters who had brought their money to Malaya and invested it in coffee planting had met with disaster, and some new and untried cultivation was needed to attract workers and foreign capital, to bring them to the country and induce them to stay. So far, it had been Chinese enterprise, and the revenue derived from Chinese tin mines, which had provided almost all the money available for development. That source of supply would continue and increase, because the cost of production, by Chinese labour under Chinese management, was less than the cost in any other country; and with great smelting works at Singapore, and its free market for the sale of tin, the future of the industry was assured so long as the conditions remained the same. For many years Chinese—backed by wealthy Chinese merchants in Singapore—had made a profitable business by growing gambir and pepper in Johore; but both these cultivations were so exhausting that, after a few years, it was necessary to let the soil return to jungle for about twelve years before it could be replanted. Tapioca was another product patronized by Chinese, especially in Malacca, but that also exhausts the soil and leaves great wastes of land a prey to the terrible pest called *lalang*, a noxious grass which can only be eradicated at great expense after months of effort. I did not wish to encourage the introduction of any of these plants, and the pepper vine, which had the longest life, lasted only about a dozen years, and that with intense cultivation and care. I sought the help of the leading Chinese, but they could suggest nothing. Indeed, when, a few years later, I sent for the prosperous head of the Chinese community and asked him to open a large area for the cultivation of rubber—then just attracting the attention of European planters—he smiled and replied: “Tin mining is good enough for me.” Other countries produced more tea and coffee than was wanted, and attempts to grow spices in Malaya had failed. Coco-nuts, which took years to yield, gave but a poor return, and cane sugar, which had long been grown in Province Wellesley, was being abandoned. The prospect of establishing a permanent and profitable form of agriculture was remote; and it seems curious now that, while mature trees of the *Hevea Brasiliensis* were already flourishing in the Residency garden at Kuala Kangsar in 1884, it should have taken another thirteen or fourteen

years before planters realized their value. This neglect of opportunity was still more striking in view of Sir Hugh Low's invitation of July, 1883, when he stated in a published report :

"All kinds of india rubber succeed admirably, and seeds and plants of *Hevea Braziliensis* have been distributed to Java and Singapore, to Ceylon and to India, and supplies will be forwarded on application to any person or institution which will take care of these valuable plants."

It is necessary to accentuate the fact already mentioned that the Malay population of Selangor was, for reasons given, extremely small. Therefore there were few Malays of Râja rank to whom one could look for help in the administration of affairs. On the other hand, their eccentricities were easily dealt with, and acts which could not be so classed were rare and gave little trouble. The main cause of anxiety had been a sick Râja who died conveniently. His former associates—Râja Mahmud and Seyyid Mashur—were reformed characters, and there only remained the Sultan's sons who had neither money nor followers, and had lost any influence they ever possessed. That left one man of a different type, Râja Laut—son of the Sultan who, years before, had been displaced by the present ruler—and he was of great help, for his position gave him influence with Selangor Malays. He was appointed a magistrate and he discharged his duties with ability. I have already mentioned both Seyyid Mashur—the famous Seyyid—and Râja Mahmud, who was with me in Pêrak when Mr. Birch was murdered. He, too, was a famous fighter, and I have never met a finer example of the best of his class. He stood rather alone and kept very much to himself, but once he had given his friendship, his loyalty was unbounded and his service could be counted on in any extremity. Because of his aloofness and his very exceptional qualities, Europeans failed to understand him, and I shall always feel that his services at a time of great difficulty were very inadequately rewarded. He left Selangor for Malacca, where he lived for some years, went on a pilgrimage to Mecca and died.

Amongst the strangers from Ceylon and India, from Shanghai, Hong Kong, Australia and elsewhere, who strayed into Selangor was Mr. William Cameron, brother of the editor of the *Straits Times*, a highly respected resident of Singapore. Mr. William Cameron came to Selangor shortly after I became British Resident there, and he asked to be allowed to do something which would help in the development of the country. His culture and his quiet manner appealed to me, and I asked him what he proposed to do. He explained that he had some knowledge of minerals and geology, and he suggested that he should be given a roving commission to go, with a party of wild people whom he would collect, and explore the depths of the jungle and report the result of his search. He came to stay with me, and I took him to see the richest tin mine then known. It was an open cast working, where the water was kept down by a steam engine in charge of an engineer named Hood. Accompanied by the owner, we reached

the mine early one morning and going straight to the engine-house we met Hood, to whom I introduced Mr. Cameron. The introduction over, Hood said in an aggressive voice : "You're a Scotsman." And Cameron replied, rather apologetically : "Yes, I am." Then Hood : "I thoct ye were from the twang." As a spectator, that seemed to me curious, for Cameron had said nothing. Now he murmured : "Oh, really" ; when Hood continued : "Ye need na be ashamed o' the twang, a've been here eicht years mesel an a haina lost it yet."

That seemed such an indifferent opening that I hurried Cameron away from the engine-house, and took him to look at the Chinese workers carrying wash-dirt up the strange and dangerous-looking ladders leading from the bottom of the mine to the surface, and there tipping their loads of dirt into a sluice, where the earth was washed away, leaving the ore to be collected and smelted in a primitive kiln heated by a wood and charcoal fire.

I engaged Mr. Cameron to do what he suggested. He made all his own arrangements, managed somehow to collect a party of aborigines, and disappeared into the jungle for weeks at a time. When he returned from these expeditions he used to come to the Residency, stay a few days, make his report and start off again. After one prolonged absence, when I became anxious about his safety, he returned very ill and had to be carried the last stage of his journey. He then reported the discovery of the high table-land on the borders of Pêrak and Pâhang, now known as Cameron's Highlands. I do not know what had upset him, unless it was the hardships he went through in those many weeks of travel up and down the jungle-covered mountains of the main range, but while he stayed with me he was subject to strange delusions, walked about the house at 3 a.m., carrying an iron bar, and two or three times in a night I had to put him back in his bed. Finally, one morning, he produced a revolver and shot at his Chinese servant, and when I went to his room and told him I had removed all his firearms because of that incident, he merely remarked : "Yes, but I didn't hit him." Eventually it was necessary to send him to the Singapore Hospital for proper care, and there he died. His name will live ; for the undulating country he discovered—and which bears his name—is now a popular health resort of growing importance which should have been made accessible years before that was done.

East of Kuala Lumpur, and not many miles distant as the crow flies, there is a pass through the main range into Pâhang, and I arranged with Mr. Hill that he should construct a bridle road from the pass to Kuala Lumpur to give access to a neighbouring State with great possibilities and no means of communication with the world beyond its borders except by sea, and then only for about six months in the year. In order to secure a good gradient, this bridle road, when traced, was cut across—and gradually sloped down—the face of a long range of lofty hills. When about a third of the bridle road was finished, I went with Hill and his partner, Rathbone, to the pass, where we spent the night, and rode down the new track the next morning. After

some hours' riding I saw a very evil-looking snake in the gutter at one side of the road, and as I always made a point of going for snakes, I dismounted, while Hill and Rathbone went on a few yards and waited. The only weapon I had was an umbrella and, leading my pony by the bridle, I walked towards the snake expecting he would try to make off. Instead of doing so, he came out into the middle of the path, faced me, stood on his coiled tail and spread a very ugly hood. I hit hard at his head with the umbrella, but he dodged the blow ; the umbrella hit the ground and broke, and whilst for the moment I felt a fool, in another moment a short piece of stick hit the snake in the neck and knocked his head down. Taken at such disadvantage, my broken umbrella—and the stick sent by Providence—did the rest. When I looked round I saw Rathbone standing on the path, and he explained that he had dismounted and picked up the stick when I made my abortive stroke. As I was standing with my legs well apart he threw the stick between them and doubled up my enemy. The appearance and behaviour of the snake convinced us that he was a hamadryad—the deadly snake-cannibal.

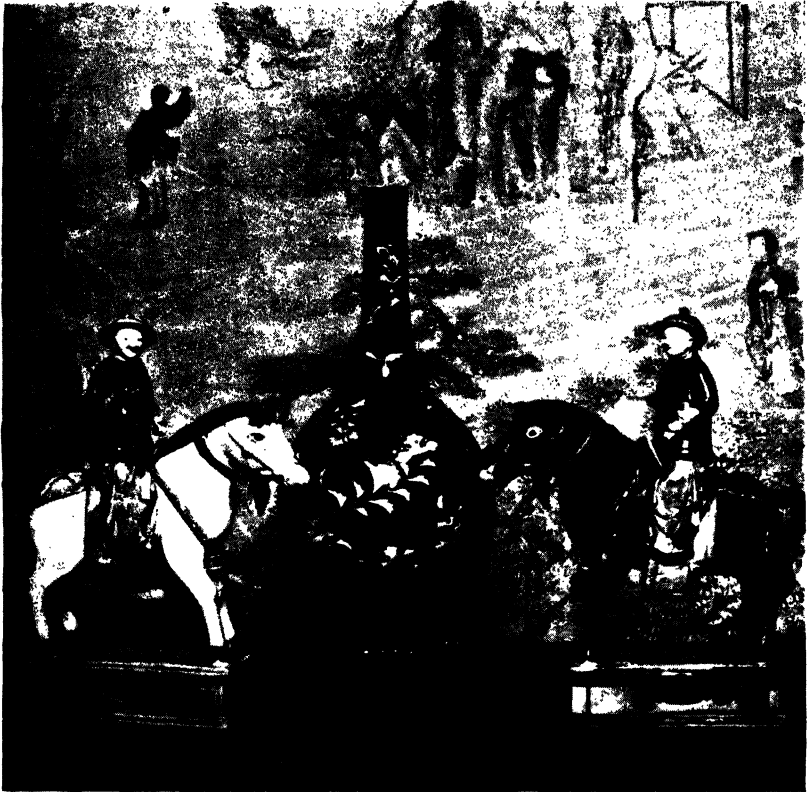
A few miles further on we had to dismount and walk, handing over the ponies to syces who led them back. For the rest of that day and most of the next we had the most trying walk I can remember. The forest trees on the line of the track were felled, and the brushwood cut, leaving sharp spikes of shrubs and seedlings over miles of very steep hill-side. There was no semblance of a path, only a carpet of stiff spikes sticking out of a hill-side so steep that walking across the incline one got only the side of one's boot on the ground. That torture was not greatly relieved by having, at frequent intervals, to climb over—or get round—a forest giant which had fallen across the track. It is on such occasions that jungle leeches seize the passer-by ; and everything that flies, and crawls, and stings, takes advantage of the opportunity of a generation. Darkness stopped us and we spent the night in the jungle ; with a repetition of our experience to look forward to with the coming of dawn. It was about 5 p.m. the next day when I reached the Residency, too tired for anything but bed.

When the time drew near for me to leave Selangor to become British Resident in Pêrak, I went to say good-bye to my old friend, Sultan Abdulsamed, at Langat. I found him very well and greatly enjoying a peaceful life, free from all trouble and anxiety. Even the Viceroy, Tunku dia Udin, finding there was nothing more for him to do, had returned to his own country. We talked of many things and last of mosquitoes, which I had found an intolerable curse during my sojourn in the City of Festivals. The Sultan agreed that Langat produced a more numerous and more poisonous breed than most places he knew, and I suggested that this was no doubt the place where had lived the man who was so pestered by these insects that he enclosed himself in an iron box for protection. Quite useless ; the mosquitoes pushed their probosces through the iron and stung him as before. So he got a hammer and clamped each proboscis as it came



EARLY MORNING ON THE LIPIS RIVER, PÁHANG

Sketch by Capt. Giles



A PAIR OF CHINESE KANG HSI PORCELAIN HORSEMEN AND
A FAMILLE NOIRE VASE ALSO OF THE XVIITH CENTURY

through until so many mosquitoes were tied to the iron case that they flew away with it; the man was never heard of again. The Sultan laughed so immoderately at this tale that I feared some serious result, but at last he recovered himself and I said good-bye. I never saw him again; and as I walked away I thought of His Highness standing inside the palisade of heavy posts which surrounded his house, watching the progress of a duel between two Malay fighters, and at the close calling to the spectators: "If he's wounded nurse him, if he's dead bury him." That was the Spartan method of dealing with such trifling incidents in the unregenerate days of Malay rule. It does not differ greatly from the heroic attitude of the London public in face of German frightfulness.

In the autumn of 1889 I moved to Pêrak and made my principal residence in a new house at Kuala Kangsar, so that I might be near to the Ruler, Sultan Idris, a close friend for many years. During the next ten years our friendship grew ever stronger, and whilst His Highness's Authority in Perak was unquestioned, he had great influence in the other Western States and always used it wisely. In view of what occurred in Selangor in the last few years, it is important to put on record here a practically identical case in Pêrak, and how it was dealt with there. It was a case affecting the succession, and was therefore of great interest to the Ruling Class of Malays, and especially to all those who had any substantial claim to succeed—sooner or later—to the highest office. Pêrak has always had an elaborate system by which the eldest sons of Sultans do not succeed on the death of their fathers; the sons have to pass through a novitiate of three steps, being appointed to the first office, Râja Bëndahâra, after the father's death, and holding it during the lifetime of the new Sultan. On his death, the coming man moves up one place, and remains Râja Muda for the lifetime of the new Sultan, and at his death becomes the Ruler. Under this ancient and established custom, the first step leads to the last, and is therefore of vital importance to the son with the full hereditary claim that he should be appointed Râja Bëndahâra when his turn comes to fill that office. About this time a vacancy occurred, and there was a claimant for the post qualified in all respects to hold it, including the fact that his mother was of Râja birth. He was an engaging person with many friends, of whom I was one. He spoke English, and he had accompanied the Sultan on a visit to England; moreover, he was Sultan Idris's son-in-law. But he was incorrigible about money and always in debt. He had been warned, time after time, that he must mend his ways or he would be passed over when the day came to put his foot on the ladder, but he turned a deaf ear to all warnings and continued in the error of his ways. His case was not exceptional, for the gilded youths of Malaya are prone to extravagance, and think little of the means of satisfying their needs provided they gain the end. The ordinary youth must pay the ordinary penalty—if he is unwise enough to expose himself to legal proceedings—but in the case of a prospective Ruler popular opinion is more severe.

This was clearly a matter of "Malay religion and custom," and as such was, by Article VI of the Pangkor Treaty, reserved for the decision of the Malay Ruler and his Chiefs. They decided without hesitation that the culprit was not worthy to be appointed to the high office of Râja Bëndahâra, with the prospect of ultimately becoming Sultan ; and they passed him over in favour of the next in succession. Thus the matter ended as it should end. - As the question was one for the Malays and they had settled it, the probability is that I did not see any reason to report the facts to Singapore. It was a domestic matter which nearly concerned the Sultan, and publicity beyond the State would only have made him unhappy.

The case of the Selangor succession—which occurred in 1936 and created some stir in the Press and in the Colonial Office—was identical with the one I have described. The Sultan of Selangor's eldest son, by a Râja mother, a man who already held the title of Râja Muda—the equivalent of heir apparent—and had held it for years, was compelled by the British Government to resign his office, against the strongly expressed wishes of himself and his father. Not only that, but British authority insisted that this Râja must make way, not for his next brother, but for the third ; the father again protesting and so dissatisfied that he undertook a journey to England, at the age of seventy-five, in the hope of being able to persuade the authorities there to change their minds, and realize that they were interfering in a matter of custom which the Sultan and his Chiefs were entitled to settle.

The Sultan was received by King Edward at Buckingham Palace, and I went with him, as he insisted that I should be his interpreter so that he might be sure that what he actually said reached His Majesty. The Sultan was received very graciously, was decorated by the King, and came away very delighted. I shall say nothing of what passed at the interview beyond noting the fact that a member of the Malay States Civil Service was present, and as he said nothing, I can only suppose that he came to hear that I interpreted correctly.

Those responsible—in Singapore and in Downing Street—have never replied to the question of their reason for interfering in a case specially reserved for the decision of the Sultan and his Chiefs ; but I have heard it suggested that the reply to this criticism is that the British Government have no Treaty with Selangor similar to that made at Pangkor with the Sultan and Chiefs of Pêrak. -Such a contention, if made, would be surprising, and could not justify the proceedings in the Selangor case.

It is stated that the question has been now settled, and that all the parties are satisfied, large sums of money having passed from the Selangor Treasury to the claimants ; one of whom was removed because of his debts and financial dealings, and the other set aside because he had not visited England ! Their father, the late Sultan, died in March, 1938.

With thirty years' intimate experience of Malay affairs and my

own knowledge of the real feelings of the late Sultan of Selangor—and of other Malay Rulers—in regard to this question of Selangor Succession, I am forced to the conclusion that the exercise of British authority was uncalled for, and the decision arrived at was unjustified. Remembering Sir Michael Hicks Beach's instructions when, in writing to the Governor, he said : "I feel I can rely on your keeping a watchful eye on the proceedings of the Residents and taking care that they do not exceed their proper functions." Malays find it difficult to understand a position where the directing authority is responsible for exceeding proper functions, and even for ignoring a well-recognized understanding.

The harm that is done by a breach of faith with a trusting people like the Malays is deplorable, and it is treated lightly because it is not their custom to pour grievances into unsympathetic ears.

This anticipation of an event still far away has crept in here because of the different treatment of two cases which were practically identical.

Coming back to my life in Pêrak during 1889 and the following six years—excepting absences on leave in Europe—it was spent in constant movement about the country, in consultation with influential Malay Chiefs and in devising schemes for the construction of needed public works, especially roads, railways, water supplies, hospitals, prisons, schools and other numerous buildings which must be provided to meet the wants of a rapidly growing administration. In Pêrak, with its long-established and elaborate tradition of titles and offices, it was necessary to give much time and consideration to appointing the right men to fill vacancies, to the settlement of disputes, to allotting allowances and determining claims to land and mines ; while forms and instructions had to be prepared and issued for the guidance of practically all Government officers. Legislation was dealt with by the State Council, and a capable legal adviser to draft the needed measures was one of the first necessities. Magistrates had been appointed in all important centres and these officers, who had charge of districts, were the Resident's chief helpers and indispensable.

It was Sultan Idris who introduced me to *Mêng-gêlunchôr*, the exhilarating and amusing Malay game where the players slide down the smooth rock bed of a mountain stream to plunge into a pool at the bottom. With His Highness, his ladies and a large party of their friends, I went, in gaily decorated house-boats, down the Pêrak River to net fish in a deep backwater, and again to dig up the nests and collect the eggs of river turtle on a great stretch of golden sand. Another memorable expedition was a fishing picnic to a jungle river with deep lynns where the fish—stunned by dynamite—were caught and killed by skilful divers, and then cooked on wood fires by the river's brink, and eaten with rice and condiments. The journey through the forest was made on fifty elephants, and when returning, the ardent spirits of both sexes indulged in a battle of jungle fruits with much laughter and considerable damage to paper sunshades used as shields. I was

the only member of these parties who was not a Malay, and they treated me as one of themselves.

In the spring of 1890 I had three months' vacation. I spent it in a voyage to Brindisi and thence by train to Venice, where I enjoyed some weeks of sightseeing and *dolce far niente*. Whilst still in Selangor, Prince Henri of Bourbon, the Princess, and two young Italian officers, had paid me a visit in the hope of shooting a tiger. The Princess was very keen and I took her to a likely spot, but the hunt was a disappointment, for we saw nothing. One of the staff was the son of the Duca della Grazia, who had a palace in Venice, and he took me in his steam launch to the glass works on the island of Murano; a very interesting experience which, without the Duca's kind help, I could not have enjoyed, for the island is a long way from Venice.

From Venice I went to Ravenna—where Dante died and is buried—to see the very ancient churches of the fifth and sixth centuries with their marvellous mosaics. I passed on to Basel and returned to the East from Brindisi.

That brought me back to Pêrak, and the resumption of all the interesting work in which I had been engaged for the past fifteen years. It was about this time that Sultan Idris—and some of his Chiefs—concerned with the country drained by the head waters of the Pêrak River—complained to me of encroachments by the Râja of a small territory called Rêmân on the northern boundaries of Pêrak. This district was far away, and the only means of communication were by elephant, after reaching a point on the Pêrak River where it became unnavigable by reason of rapids. An officer had, for some while, been stationed in upper Pêrak as the magistrate of the district, to keep order, report matters of interest, and especially to guard the boundary, the watershed of the Pêrak River. This officer was moved, and to replace him an Italian named Bozzolo, who had been doing other work, was sent to upper Pêrak with instructions to ascertain what truth there was in reports that rich gold mines had been, and were being, worked somewhere on the borders of Pêrak and Rêmân.

Bozzolo was just the man for such a job; he loved wandering in the jungle and, after many days of travel and enquiry, he came back with rich specimens of ore broken from drives into the rocky sides of a hill where he was told that Chinese had been mining gold for ages, but, as the result of a quarrel and fight, they had abandoned the place. It appeared therefore important to delimit the boundaries between Pêrak territory and Rêmân, over which small State the Siamese claimed control. The Pêrak case was explained fully to the British Minister at Bangkok, and through the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office in Downing Street. After considerable correspondence it was arranged that when next I went on leave—in October, 1891—I should be given the Sultan's written authority to settle this boundary question under the auspices of the Foreign Office with Prince Devawongse, the Siamese Foreign Minister. The time came, and I had many interviews with Sir Philip Currie—afterwards Lord Currie, and British Ambassador at



MY TAME TIGER



SULTAN IDRIS OF PĒRAK AT THE DOOR OF HIS ASTANA,
KUALA KANGSAR

Constantinople—before the day when—Prince Devawongse having also arrived and discussed preliminaries with Sir Philip—it was expected that agreement would be reached. Vain hope. I joined Sir Philip at the Foreign Office and Prince Devawongse came as arranged ; but when the protocol was produced for signature, he made a long re-statement of the Siamese case as though we had met to open the discussion instead of to close it. When Sir Philip pointed out that he, the Prince, had told the British Minister in Bangkok that he was coming here with the authority of the King of Siam to settle the case, and asked him was he ready to agree to the terms which it was understood he accepted, he said : “I have no authority to decide such a question ; only the King can do that.” Currie got up and said that in that case there was no object in detaining him, and the Prince left, smiling. As the door closed, Sir Philip said : “Devilish clever fellow,” while I could not help saying : “Surely it is not clever to tell your Minister in Bangkok that he is going to London with authority to settle an important question and, when he arrives in the Foreign Office, to tell you that he has no power to do anything of the kind.”

The threat of Siamese dominance which had hung over the Malay States for more than one hundred years, and which in some cases had passed from threats to the exercise of some sort of suzerainty, was only disposed of eighteen years later by a Treaty between Great Britain and Siam, signed at Bangkok on 9th July, 1909. By that Treaty Siam transferred to Great Britain “all rights of suzerainty, protection, administration, and control whatsoever which they possess over the States of Kelantan, Trengganu, Kedah, Perlis and adjacent islands.” The Treaty was signed by Mr. Ralph Paget, British Envoy Extraordinary, and by His Royal Highness Prince Devawongse Veroprakar, Siamese Minister for Foreign Affairs.

This was a very notable event, which passed unnoticed at the time, and has attracted no attention since ; but whoever was the British statesman who brought it about deserves very great credit for action repeatedly advocated in Singapore.

The year 1895 marked the close of the first phase in this novel experiment, as well as the move on to Federation which followed as the next step in advance. It is therefore useful to summarize here—regardless of repetition—the main points of the problem which was set before a few British officers in 1874–75, and the measures they took to deal with it—always, of course, subject to instructions from Singapore—during the first twenty years of “Administration by Advice.”

A great deal has been written and spoken about the system of administration called Indirect Rule introduced by British officers in colonies and mandated territories in Africa. In the interest of historical accuracy it should be understood that the principle of employing the people of the country to share with British advisers and their staff—when they had any—the direction and control of public affairs originated with the system devised and organized by British Residents in the Malay States in 1874 and subsequent years. The idea was rather the

opposite of what had been done in India, where the coming of British influence was not by invitation as was the case in Malaya. The idea grew out of the fact that British Residents—when first appointed—were instructed to do the impossible, namely, to collect and expend all revenues, to preserve the peace and see justice done by their own personal courage, tact and ability without any power to enforce their advice or their orders. Moreover, in June, 1876, they were told :

“Her Majesty’s Government define the functions of the Resident to be the giving of influential and responsible advice to the Rulers, a position the duties of which are well understood in the East. The Residents are not to interfere more frequently or to greater extent than is necessary with the minor details of government ; but their special objects should be the maintenance of peace and law, the initiation of a sound system of taxation with the consequent development of the resources of the country, and the supervision of the collection of the revenue, so as to ensure the receipt of the funds necessary to carry out the principal engagements of the Government, and to pay for the cost of the British officers and whatever establishment may be necessary to support them.”

It was added by the Governor and approved by Lord Carnarvon :

“The Residents have been placed in the Native States as advisers, not as rulers, and if they take upon themselves to disregard this principle, they will most assuredly be held responsible if trouble springs out of their neglect of it.”

It is one thing to write in Downing Street—or even in Singapore—such contradictory and impossible instructions for the guidance of a single British officer, in such a country and with such people as I have described, and quite a different thing for that man to carry them out. It was fortunate that the Residents on whom the responsibility rested during the first twenty-five years of this experiment were men who were determined, at all costs, to make it succeed because they were deeply interested in the Malay people ; and as they travelled about the country they realized its capabilities and felt confident that, wisely handled, it would prove to be a mine of wealth agriculturally, as well as by reason of its minerals. They saw that peace, order, security, and the opening of means of communication were the requisites, and that there could be no real development without the introduction of a working population and the presence of men of means ready to invest in new enterprise.

The first step was to make friends with the Rulers, Chiefs, and headmen, and in all important matters to consult them and gain their approval and support before taking action. In Pérak—and to a lesser degree in other States—there were a number of well-recognized offices held by persons selected by the Sultan. Where vacant, these were filled, and a great number of subordinate officers down to village headmen were appointed, so that every village and hamlet had a responsible man in charge to carry out orders and to

report when necessary to a higher authority. At the same time State Councils were instituted and that was a novelty which soon proved its value.

The number of members of these Councils was small ; the Ruler, the Resident, four or five Malay Râjas or Chiefs holding high office and possessing great influence with the people ; and one or at most two leading Chinese. The Council dealt with legislation, with the appointment of all Malay officials and their salaries, allowances and pensions. Capital sentences were discussed and dealt with ; important new public works were described, and the general affairs of the country were open to question and argument. The annual Estimates of Revenue and Expenditure were explained to the Council by the Resident. Those were the questions with which the State Council was concerned wherever I was the Resident ; and I can say that to be members was regarded as an honour and a privilege. The only language spoken at Council meetings was Malay.

The main object was to keep the Ruler fully informed on all important matters of administration. If the Resident had the right influence, and exercised it with tact and consideration, his advice was accepted, because the Ruler realized that the proposals put to him were for the benefit of the State and the people, and as he was asked for approval *before* any important step was taken he felt that his own wishes were being carried out without trouble to him, and he was not concerned with details.

Without British help there had been no progress, no development of rich resources, no order, no safety for life or property ; only fighting, oppression, poverty, and debts contracted on behalf of the State by those who claimed authority to incur them without thought of how they were to be repaid. With the coming of British Residents, and the steps taken under their instructions by those they brought in from outside the States to help them, the revenues increased so fast that, in a few years, all public debts were paid, and there were available ample means to carry out even ambitious schemes of public works, all of which contributed—directly or indirectly—to an ever-growing revenue which not only paid for roads, railways, postal and telegraph services, water-works, irrigation, hospitals and public works generally, but produced enough to add considerably to the modest allowances allotted to the Rulers, the Chiefs, and to all Malay officers helping in the new methods of administration. Those facts convinced Malay Rulers, their Chiefs and their people, that they had been right in supporting the new order and the men who designed and fashioned it. This change of mind from dislike, suspicion and dread of the unknown white man, was acknowledged in very generous terms by Sultan Idris of Pêrak at the meeting of Rulers and Chiefs of the Federation of four Western States held at Kuala Kangsar in July, 1897, and repeated at the subsequent meeting at Kuala Lumpur in July, 1903.

CHAPTER XV

FEDERATION

I WENT ON LEAVE AND REACHED ENGLAND LATE IN OCTOBER OF 1891. During that winter there was a great wave of influenza and I fell a victim. After a long and very severe illness with double pneumonia, I escaped death "by the skin of my teeth" under the skilful treatment of Sir George Hastings and the care of two nurses. My trouble was aggravated by the fact that, some years before, I had suffered from an attack of malaria, contracted in Selangor, which defied my doctors and reduced me to a condition of such weakness that all work was an effort, and even sleep was an exhausting misery. A friend, Captain P. Murray, R.N., the Resident of Sungei Ujong, took me to a tiny bungalow on a 1200-foot hill, and that change to a cooler climate brought recovery; but when I fell a prey to influenza the malaria returned and nearly finished me. After a month at Bournemouth, and a fortnight taking baths at Baden Baden, I regained strength; though the influenza returned—in a mild form—several times and rather spoilt my winter's hunting with my brother at Hurworth.

The Pêrak-Rêmân boundary question, referred to in the last chapter, made it necessary to visit the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office rather often, and gave me the opportunity to discuss at length with Sir Charles Lucas of the Colonial Office—a valued friend of long standing—a scheme I had very much at heart. As the experiment of government under the advice of British Residents grew gradually into an established system, it was evident to me that it suffered from want of uniformity in territories which lay side by side, joined by roads and railways with nothing to mark where one State ended and another began. Each State was quite independent of its neighbours; the Residents communicated but little with each other; and there was a tendency to treat otherwise a matter which, in another State, had been dealt with already. With men of character holding strong convictions on most subjects of administration, it was inevitable that each Resident should exert his influence to get things done in the way he thought best. Rules on such important questions as the giving of land—for agriculture or for mining—the imposition of taxes, the letting of exclusive rights, were dealt with in each State without reference to the way in which similar questions were treated elsewhere. When an administrator has to begin everything from the very beginning—as was the case in Malaya—the inconsistencies I have mentioned pass unnoticed and cause little trouble; but after fifteen years of endeavour, such want of co-ordination not only invited criticism, it raised justifiable discontent. Another strong reason for some kind of combination was that, of the four States ready for such a step—for Pâhang had accepted a British Agent—two were already in receipt of revenues beyond their needs, while the other two were starved of the means to

bring them into a like position of prosperity. I had discussed this question with the Sultan of Pêrak, who agreed that a form of federation was very desirable, and I knew his influence with his fellow Rulers was sufficient to induce them to agree to such a scheme. In order to secure uniformity, it would be necessary to control the Residents by the appointment of an officer living in the States and familiar with all of them ; in fact, a Resident General who—subject to the Governor—would direct affairs and, should the need arise, could speak with authority for the States on questions where their interests might clash with those of the Colony.

This was the idea I was anxious to explain to Lucas, and he seemed to be impressed by the suggestion. In several talks he listened to my arguments, and I was satisfied if the position was understood.

When Sir Frederick Weld retired, he was succeeded by my close friend, Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, G.C.M.G., who, after years as Colonial Secretary, Singapore, and a short time in the similar office in Ceylon, returned to the Straits as Governor, in 1887. Sir Cecil was, of course, familiar with Malay affairs, and he knew all the men holding important positions in the Malay States. While Colonial Secretary in Singapore he had grappled successfully with the difficult question of Chinese secret societies, and he had suppressed them. On his return to the Colony, he used his authority to support all the projects of railway construction which were then matters of vital importance in the Malay States, and he interested himself specially in pushing—as far as it was wise to do so—the cause of education. The policy then favoured was a very simple one, namely, to teach Malay boys their own language, to give them a practical knowledge of figures, and to encourage them in technical schools to acquire information which would enable them to earn a livelihood—something more interesting and more congenial than the career of an office clerk. During Sir Cecil's term of office everything went well in the Malay States, and no question arose which was not easily settled ; because the Governor understood the position and was himself a recognized authority on all Chinese matters. Not long after his arrival in Singapore I had accompanied Sir Cecil on a visit to Pâhang, in 1888, to deal with a very awkward case in which the Sultan of Pâhang was involved. Mr. Pickering was also of the party, because the visit was concerned with the murder of a Chinese who happened to be a British subject, and unfortunately for him, he had possessed a wife who was thought to be too good for him. The Governor's visit was not marked by an enthusiastic welcome from the Sultan's followers ; and there were moments during the discussions when the situation in the Audience Hall—which was crowded with armed Malays—looked ugly, the spectators observing a profound silence and my friend the Sultan regarding the proceedings with an air of complete detachment. Pickering told me he carried a revolver in one pocket and a box of matches in the other ; but it was not necessary to use either, for the Sultan decided to ask for a British Adviser, and Rodger was appointed to that post with Hugh

Clifford to help him. That explains how Pāhang came to be included in the proposal for Federation.

By the middle of January, 1893, I was back in Pêrak. As I knew Sir Cecil Smith would retire in a few months, and that his advice would have great weight with the Colonial Office, I wrote a long letter to Sir Cecil setting out the proposals for the federation of the Western States and Pāhang, as I had explained them to Lucas. I have the draft of that original letter. It was sent to be copied before 3rd January, 1893, for it bears that date, with the initials of two well-known clerks to whom the draft had been sent to obtain some figures and make a fair copy for signature. The draft was written probably on 25th January, but that is of no importance. The only reason why I mention an apparently trivial matter is because my statement that federation was my idea and was first suggested by me has been questioned. This letter was addressed and sent to the Governor, and I cannot remember having received any acknowledgement, but Sir Cecil came some weeks later to stay with me for a few days and I have no doubt the proposal was fully discussed.

No suspicion of a difference—on this or any other question—arose then, or during the next twelve years, but it came with the publication of my book, *British Malaya*, in 1906, and caused me very great regret. Sir Cecil does not appear to have taken any action on my letter, but, on 19th May, 1893, the Marquis of Ripon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a Despatch to the Governor enclosed a memorandum, written by Sir Charles Lucas, suggesting the federation of the four States, with the appointment of a Resident General under the Governor of the Colony. Sir Cecil replied on 30th June, agreeing generally with the terms of the memorandum, and he left the Colony on retirement at the end of August. He was succeeded by Sir Charles Mitchell, K.C.M.G., transferred from Natal, who seems to have carried with him to Singapore the correspondence regarding federation, with instructions to report his own views on the proposal to the Colonial Office. It sounds curious that an important question, already dealt with in Downing Street, and blessed by a Governor of Sir Cecil Smith's ability and experience, should have needed reference to a newcomer who knew nothing about Malaya; but that is one of the established customs of Whitehall which strangers cannot understand. Sir Charles Mitchell visited Pêrak shortly after his arrival in the Straits, and he came to Kuala Kangsar where we gave him a demonstrative welcome. He acknowledged that attention with the remark: "I am glad you have given me such a cordial welcome, for I am sure you will not repeat it when I leave." He also told us he had an economic soul, and reiterated the description whenever an expensive work was suggested. Twice, Sir Charles vetoed my proposal to extend the Pêrak main line railway through Province Wellesley to the Prai River, opposite Penang harbour, but, on the second occasion, I appealed to the Colonial Office, and Mr. Chamberlain, being then the Secretary of State, decided that if there was good reason for a public work the sooner it

was completed the better. When the line was built Sir Charles attended the opening ceremony, and congratulated the people of Penang on the great benefits conferred upon them by the generosity of the Malay Federation in building and paying for the line. Mr. Rodger, as Resident of Pêrak, did the honours on behalf of the States.

Again an incident has carried me ahead of the calendar ; Sir Charles Mitchell nursed his instructions for about eighteen months before he reported in favour of Federation, and then received instructions to carry out the policy if the Malay Rulers agreed. Having discussed the matter very thoroughly with the Governor, and with my fellow Residents, I prepared a detailed scheme of reorganization, and drafted a short agreement which, by the Governor's instructions, I took to each of the four Rulers, and to five Chiefs of minor States in the Negri Sembilan, and obtained the signatures of all the Malays concerned. The document is dated July, 1895, and when completed I was appointed to the post of Resident General, and began at once to get the scheme into operation. This was done by the united exertions of the four Residents, and the invaluable help of three other officers of exceptional ability and experience ; they were Mr. Kershaw as Legal Adviser, Mr. Hare, Protector of Chinese, and Mr. E. W. Birch—afterwards Sir Ernest Birch, K.C.M.G.—who was borrowed from the Straits Service because of his great experience in dealing with all Government work and especially with land questions.

With firm belief in the policy and a determination to make it succeed, those gathered in Kuala Lumpur worked together day and night until the new arrangement was launched, after which it sailed ahead with a fair wind for the next fifteen years. It would weary a reader to describe the steps that were necessary to divide the work of the Federation, as a whole, from the duties of the Resident and his officers in each State ; but all that had to be provided for, as well as the relations between the Heads of Federal Departments and the Residents, and the relations of both to the Resident General. His authority was clearly defined ; he was to have general control over the Residents—subject to the instructions of the Governor—whose position was emphasized by adding to his existing titles that of High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States. The status of the Malay Rulers remained unchanged, but, for the first time, the new agreement recognized publicly—what had for long been established in practice—namely, that the Resident General should have *control* in all those matters which, in the Pangkor Treaty, were stated as subject to the advice of the Resident, advice which was to be “asked and acted upon.” The Malay Rulers gained in many ways and lost in none ; but the British Residents' power in their different States was in future subject to the authority and direction of the Resident General, against whose ruling they could—if they wished—appeal to the High Commissioner and to the Secretary of State. The men who, in 1895, held these posts were quite alive to this fact, but their experience convinced them that it was in the best interests of the States and their

people that the power hitherto held, practically by one man, should be curtailed, and that not only to secure uniformity. In view of the reversal of this policy—so deliberately undertaken and approved by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and by the British Government—it should be remembered that, when the change came, all the Residents who were parties to the Federation agreement had disappeared from the scene, and that none of those still alive were consulted. I was told that my successor as High Commissioner intended to recommend the reversal of a policy which for fifteen years had brought good will and great prosperity, and I felt so strongly that the suggested change would be a profound mistake, that I addressed the then Secretary of State giving my reasons. My advocacy, though strongly supported by public opinion in Malaya, was useless against Sir John Anderson's influence in Downing Street, though he stated quite frankly that he did not want an officer of the rank of Resident General to interfere with the exercise of his own authority in the Federated States. That was not the end of the matter; it gave an opening for various other proposals made in subsequent years, all of which aroused bitter feeling and partisanship in a country where nothing of the kind had ever before been known. It is no answer to dismiss the subject by pointing to the ever-growing prosperity of the States, for with the introduction of rubber planting on a large scale the internal resources of the country were such that even great mistakes in policy might damage very little, if at all, its capacity for development and wealth production. The fact remains that harm has been done quite needlessly, and there is resentment felt if unexpressed. Malays have no Hyde Park speakers, and disapprove of squealing when hurt, but they feel; and that is all the more reason why we should remember our position and be careful in our dealings with them.

The title of Resident General, Federated Malay States, appears to have been abolished in 1911, in favour of the new title of Chief Secretary which was later revised to Federal Secretary. These changes were the result of long and acrimonious disputes and arguments extending over many years, and came to be known as the Decentralization Policy—whatever that may mean. Whilst all this fuss—and a succession of new proposals—originated with the abolition of the title *and authority* of the Resident General, the changes certainly indicated a radical alteration in the system of administration, otherwise the Colonial Office would hardly have thought it necessary to send its Permanent Under-Secretary 16,000 miles to hold an enquiry in Malaya and make a report on the result of his investigations. In 1893 the Colonial Office suggested a reform—a natural advance in procedure for good reasons stated. The proposal was supported by two successive Governors and approved cordially by Mr. Chamberlain. For fifteen years this system of administration was tried and gave admirable results, but in 1911 the keystone of the structure was removed, and the Colonial Office went back on its own decision. The work of reconstruction once started, it was hardly surprising that a series of new



SHOOTING A SERAU



A LOTUS POOL IN KEDAH

builders should each have desired to introduce a feature into the design for a greatly improved edifice. The final decision arrived at by those in authority seems to be—or to approach—return to the *status quo ante* 1895, with a Federal Council on which there is no place for the Rulers of the States which form the Federation. That last is probably a wise omission as it relieves the Rulers of all responsibility for proceedings conducted in a language with which they are not familiar.

CHAPTER XVI

SPORT IN MALAYA

THE SCHEME OF ADMINISTRATION FOR THE NEWLY ORGANIZED FEDERATION having worked smoothly for some months, I was given a holiday to England in September, 1895. At the request of the Sultan of Pêrak I took with me his son Alang—afterwards Sultan Iskandar Shah—and placed him at Oxford with Mr. Smith of Balliol, where he remained longer than was necessary or advisable, but he was anxious to stay. After some weeks' hunting with my brother at Hurworth I went to some friends near Weedon, and spent the rest of the season hunting with the Pytchley, the Warwickshire, the Grafton, the Bicester and the Woodland Pytchley. It was great fun and I enjoyed it immensely, making a host of friends, including Lord Annaly, Captain Elmhirst—who reported for the *Field* under the name of Brooksby—Crawford Wood, who wrote and sketched for *Land and Water*, and many others. I saw most of Crawford Wood, and often we larked home together across the fields after a good day. Frank Kewley—who afterwards met his death hunting—was living in the house where I was a visitor; and he was always well in front when hounds were running fast. I was lucky, for only once did I come to bad grief and that was when a very pretty and hard-riding girl jumped across me as my horse rose at a hedge, and cut me down into the ditch on the far side, with my mount in the ditch pinning my leg to the ground. She did not stop, which I thought was rather unfeeling; but later, when I had got my horse out and rejoined the field at a check, she apologized and explained that her horse swerved in taking the hedge.

I dare say Kitty was right; the hunting field is designed to be the scene of accidents, as told in this tale of a luckless thruster:

Our peerless Marier—
 A regular flier—
 Went into a Shire
 To hunt with the Squire.
 With a hue and a cry, a
 Fox made for Crick Spire.
 Hounds raced ever nigher,
 Ne'er thinking to tire.
 The fences grew higher,

The brook was all mire ;
 When, alas, at some wire,
 Poor luckless Marier
 Went a regular skyer.
 None stayed to enquire
 If alive, or a dier,
 But one who was slyer
 Declined there to try a
 Spot fraught with such dire
 Distress to Marier.
 Said she with a sigh, "A
 Game I admire
 Has filled me with ire ;
 For kicker or shyer
 Is better to hire
 For this sort of briar.
 I'll sing in the choir
 Drink 'Soames's Entire'
 Or burn on a pyre,
 But never will I a-
 gain hunt in a Shire."

If you think I'm a liar
 Don't pity Marier,
 The ballad commit to the fire.

On my way through Paris I saw one night at the Folies Bergères an exhibition of revolver shooting by a young American which struck me as remarkable. A week or two later the same man gave a similar show at the Pavilion in London when I was present, and I was so impressed by his skill that I managed to see him in his dressing-room, and after complimenting him on his shooting asked him if he would give me a lesson. He was not very keen about it, but after a talk he agreed on condition that I would keep to myself whatever he told me. Terms having been arranged, I went with him the next morning to a shooting ground near the Elephant and Castle, where we spent the day with a break for luncheon. We had the ground to ourselves and I enjoyed the afternoon greatly. My instructor, Claud Anstey, was aged twenty-two, and he told me that being a professional rifle shot, Buffalo Bill, contemplating a visit to England, had invited him to join his party, saying he wanted no rifle shots, as anyone could do that, but an expert pistol shot. My man, a very pleasant person, told Buffalo Bill he knew nothing about pistol shooting, to which Bill replied that he could learn, and he would give him six months in which to perfect himself. It was so arranged, and since his engagement with Bill expired he had been giving exhibitions on his own account, last of all in Paris. He had brought to the ground three Smith & Wesson revolvers : 'a pair of light calibre, which he used at his exhibitions, and a heavier weapon carrying a bullet of deadly weight. All the guns had long barrels and hair triggers. He showed me a cardboard target, the size of a sheet of notepaper, with a bull's-

eye as big as a half-crown, and he told me that recently, for a wager, he had hit the bull's-eye a hundred times running at twenty metres distance. Then he showed me how to stand, and specially how to present the revolver, making shots to illustrate his method. He produced an ace of hearts, about half as big again as an ordinary playing card, and asked me to hold it at arm's length. He stepped away twenty yards and the barrel of his revolver seemed to be pointing at me, but the shot pierced the heart on the card. He told me that every cartridge he used for exhibition shooting was loaded by himself, and he made every bullet ; as it was of the greatest importance that, to secure accuracy, the quantity of powder and weight of bullet should be measured to give the desired result, and should always be exactly the same. Then he said that, while in Paris, one of the Rothschild family had invited him to his country house and asked him to shoot a 100-franc gold piece thrown into the air. This was done on the lawn in front of the house, but after a shot there was no sign of the gold piece. So the experiment was repeated, with the same result ; and only after five or six gold pieces had disappeared was one recovered. He left the household searching the surrounding *terrain*.

I was very anxious to see this exciting experiment repeated, so we chose a suitable spot where the grass was short, and not being a Rothschild, I threw into the air a succession of pennies, all of which disappeared, one after the other, as the expert fired. He seemed to me to get them just as they reached the turning point of their high flight. Then, greatly daring, I threw into the air a sixpence. There was a bang and I thought I saw something fall within ten yards. It was the sixpence, hit on the edge ! That was why it had not travelled far. I have it still.

I was so impressed that I asked the wizard if he would part with one of his guns. Not the lighter ones, he said, but the other, yes, and I bought it. By this time he knew that I had lived in a tiger country, and he told me it had been his ambition to try this revolver on a tiger ; but he saw no chance of getting to the East, so reluctantly he let me have it. I never tried it on a tiger, but I took it back to Malaya and, mindful of my lesson, I found it shot remarkably straight. To try it, I shot a yellow woodpecker, quite a small bird, as he was climbing the upper branches of a tree ; and one morning, coming into a rather lofty room in a Residency, I saw three bats hanging near to each other on a beam in the ceiling. I fetched the revolver and shot the outside bat, which fell. The others did not move. I shot the second bat, and the third flew away. It was the accuracy of the pistol, the hair trigger and a very slight pull, that did it.

Only a year later I read that the attractive American expert, then in Belgium, caught a cold which developed into pneumonia, and in a few days he died.

Hair triggers on firearms need careful watching. The officer in command of a regiment of Indian soldiers invited me and others to join him for revolver practice at a rifle range. I went, and after some

practice this officer asked me to let him try my revolver. I hesitated, and began to explain that it had a hair trigger and needed very careful handling. He was outraged and said : "Don't you suppose I understand firearms ?" I replied that I was sure he did, but I wanted to warn him. He was in front of the target and I took care to get behind him as I handed the revolver. He had hardly taken it into his hands when there was a loud explosion which greatly astonished the commander, and I recovered my gun.

That reminds me that one day Speedy and I and another were in the village of Kota Lama with many houses, a crowd of sullen Malays, and a great number of coco-nut trees heavy with fruit. We asked for some young coco-nuts, for we were tired and thirsty ; but the villagers said they had no means of gathering the nuts, which was of course untrue. Asked whether we might gather them ourselves, they agreed, and collected in a wide circle to see how it was done. We were armed, and the only way for us was to cut, with a bullet, the very tough string by which the nut hangs from a branch about fifty feet overhead. It is not an easy job, for even if the string is hit it may not be severed and the nut remains in the air. Our rifles differed in make and some-one carried a weapon of foreign make—Swiss, I think—which had a hair trigger. Speedy asked the owner to let him have a shot with this gun, and while he was holding it almost horizontal and examining the lock, it went off. By a miracle none of those standing round was hit, and the houses also escaped. The rifle, a single barrel, had two triggers, one behind the other ; the first trigger fired the gun when at full cock under ordinary conditions, but if, when the gun was at full cock, the second trigger was pulled that put on the hair trigger. Speedy explained that, never having handled a rifle of that make before, he pushed the second trigger forward instead of pulling it, and that action brought down the hammer and discharged the gun. We abandoned the attempt to supply ourselves with young coconuts by rifle fire.

It was June, 1896, when I resumed my office as Resident General in Kuala Lumpur where, more than twelve months earlier, I had established myself in temporary quarters overlooking the grounds of the Lake Club. Apart from the great interest of my job, I had stipulated to be allowed to occupy the Residency at Kuala Kangsar in Pêrak, and also the cottage at 4500 feet on the Lârut hills, so that I might be able to visit the most important of the States without trespassing on the hospitality of others. It was during a stay at Kuala Kangsar that I had the good fortune to shoot a Malay *sladang*, or bison, the king of Malay big game. I had hunted the *sladang* unsuccessfully, times without number, and always on foot. I had tracked two or three head for hours ; got within a hundred yards or less, and then—a rustle of leaves—a faint sound of feet shuffling—and in a moment galloping into distance without ever a sight of the quarry. One bison seemed to be always on the alert while the others were feeding, and on the scent of danger the beasts vanished. The only



ADMIRAL SIR HARRY KEPPEL LEAVING SINGAPORE.



H.H. ALANG ISKANDAR SHAH, G.C.M.G.
Sultan of Pêrak

satisfactory circumstance in these fruitless hunts was that they were made on hills, where the jungle undergrowth is passable for stalkers.

Early one morning the Sultan's son, Râja Abduljalil, came to tell me that there was news of bison on the hills not far from Kuala Kangsar, and he added that he had elephants ready if I would start at once. My Malay friends said there was much better chance of getting a shot if I went on an elephant, whose scent would not disturb the bison, and would neutralize that of the riders. Of course, I started at once, with Râja Jusuf—the controller of elephants, a very expert driver—as my mahout, while Râja Abduljalil rode a second elephant. We got into the jungle at once, and after travelling a few miles up and down a succession of forest-covered hills, following the recent tracks of a single bison, we climbed to higher ground, on the top of which was a bison watching the slowly approaching elephants without moving. When about thirty yards distant I fired one shot from a double twelve-bore rifle, hitting the beast behind the shoulder and it fell. Râja Jusuf instantly slid off the elephant's neck, ran to the fallen bison and put a knife into its throat, in order to make the flesh *halal*, i.e. eatable for Muhammedans. Then followed great rejoicings, for bison flesh is much fancied by Malays, and after removing the head, the carcass was cut up and as much as could be carried was loaded on the second elephant; Râja Abduljalil joining me for the return journey. I was home again before 2 p.m. The rest of the party were loud in their praise of Râja Jusuf for rushing straight to the fallen beast with only a knife, when he could not know that it had not life enough to kill him. A year later Mr. H. C. Syers, head of the police, and the most daring and successful big game hunter in Malaya, was killed by a bison in Pâhang after Syers had put a number of bullets into it. When his body was recovered the bison was found dead close by.

I had a much more unusual stroke of luck when staying at the cottage on the Lârut Hills, for there I shot a *Kambing grun*, a Malay serau; the only instance, I believe, in which this type of antelope has been shot. Once, years earlier, I had seen one of these rare and very shy beasts standing against the sky on a limestone cliff a thousand feet above me, and it never occurred to me that I should ever see another nearer than that. I was living in the cottage, a house 4500 feet above the sea, and the nearest dwelling was four miles away, much lower down the mountain range. A friend living there asked me to photograph the house, and I started one morning from the cottage intent on that job. I had a couple of Indian servants with me, one of whom carried the camera on a tripod stand with a black cloth enveloping the camera. There was only a bridle road from the cottage, and after going a hundred yards along it, a landslip falling from above down the face of the hill had carried away the path and swept down the jungle below it in an avalanche of earth and trees about forty feet wide. The path had been recut across the landslip and a high fence built on the down side. The man with the camera was ahead of me;

walking on the edge of the path, he stopped and looked intently down the slide. In a few strides I reached him and, following his eyes, I saw a Serau standing in a patch of grass, near the end of the landslip, and gazing fascinated at the camera, held high in its black covering. When my attention was thus called to it, the black object did seem a strange and fearful thing. The Serau stared at this strange apparition without the least movement, his large ears never even twitched. As the creature remained stock still, I moved very slowly back from the fence, telling the cameraman not to stir. I told the other man to run back to the cottage and ask the caretaker to bring quickly an old Snider rifle which he kept for protection, and a couple of cartridges. Sam, the caretaker, appeared almost at once with the rifle, and handed it to me out of sight of the Serau, which was still standing fascinated by the black spectre. I was very doubtful of my weapon, but going down on one knee I took a steady aim and fired. The Serau, which was almost straight below me and distant about sixty yards, fell, and before I could say anything, the camera holder and the other man were sliding down the very steep slope. They found the Serau dead, shot through the spine, and it was quite a business to get the beast up to the path, for he was large and heavy. I sent the kill to the Museum, where it was very well set up and where it remains. The circumstances under which this Serau was shot were so peculiar that, the next day, I reconstructed them on the spot and made a photograph. Scientists decided that this specimen differed in some respects from the Serau hitherto known.

Some distance north of Kuala Kangsar there is a remote jungle district which the Sultan decided to retain as a game reserve for his own pleasure. It was said to be the resort of elephant and other big game, and when His Highness invited me to try my luck there I was only too glad to seize the opportunity. I asked Mr. C. Spooner, the Director of Railways, a very keen sportsman, to join me, and starting early one morning we were poled some miles first up the Pêrak River and then up a tributary till we reached the ground, a spot in the depths of the jungle far from any habitation. A short walk took us from our camp to two great trees, selected by the trackers as being conveniently placed to overlook a stream with a high bank on our side and a low approach from the other, where many tracks showed that big game came to drink. High up in the trees, which were a short distance apart but each looking on the stream, had been built a covered platform large enough to accommodate two or three persons, who could watch and sleep in turns. In the bed of the stream there were stretches of black sulphurous mud, and beyond them pools deep enough for elephants to bathe in. The moon was full, and about eight o'clock we climbed to our shelters and began to watch, Spooner in one tree and I in the other.

I found the mosquitoes a nuisance—though I was prepared for them—but the attraction of the scene was sufficient to keep me on the alert for hours. I looked down on a width of water clear of trees

making an open avenue in the forest through which the moonlight streamed, shedding a flood of light on spaces of sand and ripple, while overhanging branches cast dark shadows across the deep pools. The surroundings were singularly lovely ; the quiet murmur of the stream, the warm Eastern night, the chequered moonlight with its silver sheen, the strange jungle noises with intervals of almost profound silence, were deeply impressive. After a time the excitement of watching and expectation waned, and I was beginning to wonder whether this experience would only prove another disappointment, when I heard some heavy-footed beast making his slow approach, while feeding leisurely on the luxuriant vegetation as he forced his way to the stream. Then followed the sound of gentle splashing and I saw, indistinctly, several huge bodies swaying in a deep pool, dipping and rising, enjoying their sedate sport in the cool water. Without realizing just how it happened, I became conscious that the faint noise of splashing had ceased ; the game had gone as silently as it came, and the rhythmic ripple of shallow water over stones was the only sound to break the stillness of the night.

It was clear that, if I were to shoot, I must not be distracted by the beauty of the surroundings, and I must not wait for very favourable conditions which might never arise. Whilst thus cogitating I fell asleep, and was awakened by the watcher with me who pointed to the stream. The moon was setting and threw a brilliant bluish light on the stretch of sand against the mudlick. There was a slight rustle of leaves, a cracking of twigs, and a huge body emerged out of the misty cover into the open stream space. I had just time to see the glint of a white tusk as the elephant turned up stream, and after walking a few yards found deeper water, where he drank and rolled about enjoying his bath. Rising slowly from the stream, he walked facing me into shallow water and I fired. He was evidently hit, but in that light and shooting from that elevation I think now I should not have fired. There was great commotion in the stream, followed by the stampede of several elephants, and then silence. As the first sign of dawn appeared I heard Spooner's rifle, and when we met on the ground we found a large tapir which had fallen to his shot. With daylight we started to track the wounded elephant and there was plenty of evidence to show that he was hit. We followed until the late afternoon without success, and then returned to our camp, having seen the tracks of a large solitary beast which we decided to follow the next day. This we did, and after hours of walking we realized that he must be very near. We agreed that, if we were successful, the elephant should belong to whoever fired the fatal shot and I insisted that Spooner should open the attack. It was afternoon when, quite suddenly, we saw our quarry standing in an open space a few yards from a jungle path. He let us walk round in front of him about twenty yards apart ; Spooner and his Malay tracker—with a second rifle—facing the beast, while I was slightly on their left. We walked slowly towards the elephant and at about twenty yards he put up his trunk

and started to charge. Spooner fired and hit him on the forehead above his eyes, too high to be fatal but enough to make the elephant swing my way. As he turned I fired at the ear, but the shot was two or three inches too low to kill him then, though it proved fatal and he was found dead by Malay trackers who were sent after him. He was the largest Malay elephant I ever saw, though his tusks were only a moderate size. After being hit the beast made off at a surprising pace. We followed for some distance and he had knocked down young trees and crossed streams in his headlong flight. We were obliged to return to Kuala Kangsar the next morning so were unable ourselves to follow the wounded tusker, which travelled a long way before he was found.

Whilst on the subject of elephants it is worth recording that a year earlier, just as night was falling, a large tusker charged the locomotive of a passenger train as it was approaching, and was a mile away from Teluk Ausen, the port and principal town in Lower Pêrak. Apparently the elephant came out of the jungle which bordered the line on both sides, climbed on to a bank which carried the permanent way at that spot and was standing—or walking—when he saw the train approaching. Full of courage and bent on mischief—as is usual with solitary males—the advancing locomotive was an enemy to be destroyed. The elephant charged, with the result that the locomotive and tender were thrown off the line and down the bank, while the courageous but misguided beast was also hurled backwards and killed. The driver and stoker were thrown clear, suffering no damage. The coaches of the train remained standing, the passengers got out, and after a look at the tusker, walked to Teluk Ausen and went home. The body of the elephant was buried where it lay, and Mr. James Miller, of Singapore, whose clever sketches had for years been the main feature of an amateur annual called *Straits Produce*, made a sketch of the incident which appeared in the next issue of the periodical.

CHAPTER XVII

A NOTABLE ASSEMBLY—MALAY ARTISTRY

BEING NOW RESPONSIBLE TO THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE UNIFORM administration of the four States in the Federation, and having arranged for the appointment of officers and their various duties in accordance with the scheme I had prepared and which had been approved, much labour was given to drafting the legislation required to give effect to the new organization in all the States. The rest of my time was fully occupied in travelling all over the country to keep in touch with the Rulers and their Residents, and in paying frequent visits to the High Commissioner to report progress, to obtain his sanction to new proposals, and to lay before him and seek his approval of the Annual Estimates of Revenue and Expenditure for each State and on

Federal account. By this time the revenues of Pêrak and Selangor had increased to such figures that it was possible to undertake great and expensive works without any risk as regards ability to pay for them, and my main endeavour was to construct a line of railway from Province Wellesley to Singapore, passing through the best mining country and the principal towns of Pêrak, Selangor, the Negri Sembilan and Johore. Some sections of the scheme were already completed; others were under construction, and I have already mentioned the building and opening of the line from Taiping, the principal town of Lârut in Pêrak, to the Prai River in Province Wellesley, whence a steamboat service to Penang town completed this connection.

From Lârut to the Pêrak River and onwards through the mining districts of Kinta, Bâtang Pâdang and Ulu Bernam—where the Pêrak main line met that of Selangor—extension was soon under way, and Mr. Spooner's skill and energy, aided by the experience of Mr. Fryer, Mr. Hanson and a capable staff, pushed on the work rapidly. In 1902, as High Commissioner, I was able to arrange with the Sultan of Johore that the Federated States should build the 120 miles of railway from Kuala Pilah in the Negri Sembilan to Johore Bhâru, and so complete the railway connection between Penang and Singapore. Malacca was also brought into the scheme by a branch line from Negri Sembilan to the town and port of Malacca. The Johore extension was finished before 1910. The most considerable work on the Federated Malay States Railways was a long bridge across the Pêrak River, a few miles north of Kuala Kangsar. It was begun in December, 1897, and opened in March, 1900, and is named the Victoria Bridge, in memory of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. A stone causeway has now been built across the stretch of water known as the Johore Straits to join the Singapore and Johore Railways, and the Province Wellesley line has been extended northwards into Kêdah.

I knew the Sultan of Kêdah and had already visited him more than once. As the interior of his State joined the northern borders of Pêrak near the small State of Remân, I went again to Kêdah—with the sanction of the High Commissioner—and stayed a couple of days as the Sultan's guest at his country house, Anak Bukit, near the Kêdah Caves. These caves are in a limestone hill, similar to those found in the interior of Pêrak and Selangor. The hills are so precipitous that no human being has ever climbed to the top of any of them, but in Pêrak they are the home of the Serau. Anak Bukit was on a hill with terraces, in one of which was a large and fascinating stone pond full of lotus lilies in every stage from buds to full blooms, while the round flat leaves with crinkled edges upturned floated on the water, carrying great fat drops of dew, a lovely sight. Kêdah is an agricultural State with thousands of acres of wet rice fields dotted with islands of palms and fruit trees, beneath which are nestled the cottages of the rice growers. Kêdah is the State from which the old East India Company obtained the Island of Penang and the Province

of Wellesley, in return for a promise of protection which the Company made no effort to keep, and the payment annually of a sum of money which is still paid. The story is not a pleasant one but, at long last, after the lapse of one hundred and twenty years, the British Government has, by Treaty with Siam, freed Kédah from the overlordship of that kingdom.

I mentioned that my craze for collecting sent me early in search of Japanese artistry, and I was also attracted by Malay weapons and the wonderful powers ascribed to them. I made a fair collection of weapons, and only gave it up when I found I had to employ a man to keep them in order. Good specimens were always difficult to secure, but in those days Râjas on the east coast—in Pâhang, Trěnggânu and Kêlantan—ordered very ornate daggers, of high quality in the eyes of the uninitiated, with sheaths of rare wood covered wholly or partly in a casing of fine hammered gold. The blades of these weapons were of small account, though they looked attractive; they were usually intended for presentation and the red gold mountings were highly suggestive of the "gorgeous East."

The East Coast States, especially Trěnggânu, produced something better than decorative crises and that was the Malay garment called a *sâ ong*, woven on cottage looms, where different coloured silk and gold threads are combined to form a texture of striking loveliness. The best of these fabrics are woven by the ladies of the Ruler's household, and I cannot say whether they are produced now (1941), but I think not. There is another type of *sârông* which I have seen only in Pêrak, and there it is made only in the Sultan's house. In Java they weave a cotton *sâ ong* which is called *Kain Bâtek*—Bâtek cloth—because it comes from the Bâtek district. When woven, the cloth is covered with a thin layer of wax on which a pattern is drawn with a tool which removes the wax. The cloth is then dipped in a fast dye which colours the cloth where the wax has been removed. This may be done several times in order to get other colours on to parts of the cloth from which the wax has been cleared, while covering again with wax the parts already coloured. It is an elaborate process which produces attractive colour schemes in bold design. Having acquired a *Sârông Bâtek* which appeals to the taste of the buyer, the Pêrak Râja hands it over to his ladies and they do the rest. Compared with the brilliant colours of silk, or silk and gold thread textures, the *Kain Bâtek* is rather dull, so it is treated with gold leaf in a way that makes it dazzling. Ladies of rank who engage in this fascinating work possess a number of wooden stamps deeply carved with various patterns for use in this special craft. The procedure is simple enough, but needs deft handling and taste. The worker, having studied the *Kain Bâtek* and stretched it on a frame or cushion, selects the stamp which she thinks suitable, and having covered it with a sort of glue, she stamps the cloth wherever she thinks the overlaid gold design will enhance the colours and design of the original *Kain Bâtek* and overlays the glue with gold leaf. Almost invariably she stamps the edges of the

sârong with a continuous border of gold, something resembling the widely spaced teeth of a comb. The glue is a speciality in this process. It is not sticky, but it makes the gold leaf adhere to the cloth and keeps it there during a good deal of wear. The Sultan of Pêrak told me that only the Sakai—the aborigines—know how to make it, and to get the stuff is by no means easy. Malays say that if put on the skin and allowed to dry you will be able to remove the glue, but the glue will carry the hairs of the skin with it. It was a sâ ong of this description which excited the admiration of the late Lord Leighton. Of course the drawback is that the gold wears off in time if the sârong is worn, but with care it lasts quite a long while.

I kept my Malay fabrics ; but I abandoned the weapons, and the Japanese porcelain, lacquer, and bronze, when I realized how infinitely superior are the products of China—at any rate, up to the XVIIIth century—in all those materials. So now for many years I have ceased to collect Japanese or Indian Art, and all my interest is devoted to Chinese antiques and illustrated French books of the XVIIIth century and their splendid bindings when—as seldom happens—that luxury can be afforded.

From early days in my connection with the Malay States, I had been a persistent collector of Malay silver vessels, and very occasionally, when it could be found, of Malay art work in gold, in *śudsa*—mixed gold and copper—and in what is called *chutam*, a hammered silver object overlaid with a thin sheet of gold, and then enamelled and engraved after the fashion which was common in Russia in the XIXth century, only that in the Russian niello gold is never found. This work is exceedingly beautiful in the eyes of its admirers, and its history is interesting. The Malay theory is that boxes, bowls, water pots, and numerous other vessels were originally designed and made in the Malay Province of Ligor, which was seized by the Siamese more than a hundred years ago and incorporated in the Kingdom of Siam ; since when the Siamese nobility have contracted a great liking for vessels of this material, and to supply the demand Siamese silversmiths have endeavoured to produce copies of the original Malay design. The Siamese version is that *chutam*—or *jadam* as it is sometimes called—is a Siamese product, and they ignore the claim to a Malay origin. Because of my special opportunities in travelling through the Malay States before other Europeans, I was able to collect Malay silver while there was still a fair quantity of good specimens of early work in existence. *Chutam* products of the XVIIth century were, of course, rare in the Malay States ; but a Siamese Prince who, for his own safety, left Siam and came to Pêrak while I was the British Resident there, brought a collection of objects of this material and was glad to dispose of them.

King Chulalongkorn, with a large following, visited Singapore twice while I was Governor, and I entertained him on various occasions at Government House. At a dinner there the table was decorated with *chutam* vessels, and when His Majesty left he said to me : “I

noted that to do me honour you had decorated your table with Siamese vessels. I know that as a Government officer I cannot make you a present, but as a Collector I hope I may be allowed to add to your collection. When I return to Bangkok I shall send you a piece of *chutam* from my own collection." In due time the King's "addition" arrived in the form of a *chutam* luncheon box, and I reported the matter to the Colonial Office and asked what should be done with the gift. I was told to keep it, and it has added to my collection.

Malay silver is to me very interesting, and always attractive both in form and workmanship. It is made of pure silver which usually bears a hammered—sometimes an incised—design of foliage, flowers, and diaper, the creation of Malay taste, not a copy of the art of other peoples. Silver boxes are often decorated with gold plaques screwed on to lids and sides, and these sometimes serve as mounts for rubies or rose diamonds. Vessels made of mixed gold and copper, one-third gold and two-thirds copper, called *suāsa*, are rare and much prized. Long ago, one occasionally met with objects of pure gold, such as the four containers of material used when chewing betel nut, namely, betel, gambir, slaked lime and tobacco, with a separate container for the *sīreh* leaf; but the habit of betel chewing—which blackened the teeth—has gone out since the introduction of cigarette smoking became common. There is one other gold casket which it would be almost impossible to find now, and that is a trinket in the form of a pomegranate to carry scent. Fastened to a gold chain, it would be carried on the shoulder of a girl in attendance on a Rāja lady. Long gold chains of very distinctive design are also proof of the Malay goldsmiths' artistic taste and craft.

Living, not generally, but often, at Kuala Kangsar, I was able to arrange with Sultan Idris for a meeting of the Rulers of the four Federated States and their Chiefs at Kuala Kangsar. The High Commissioner blessed the proposal and undertook to attend the meeting, invitations to which were accepted by all the Rulers. That sounds simple, but such a meeting had never been known in the history of Malaya, where each Ruler was too much on his dignity or too unfriendly to think of visiting a neighbour. Then the Sultan of Selangor was a very old man, and could hardly be expected to move from his garden and undertake a tiresome journey to the State of a much younger Sultan with a far finer *astāna* (palace) than he possessed in the City of Misery—miscalled Festivals. The Sultan of Pāhang, on the other side of the Peninsula, was both proud and remote; he was also poor, and would not relish joining in a meeting where he and his Chiefs would not shine to advantage. The fourth Ruler, the Yangdi Pertuan of Sri Mēnanti, was easier to deal with, and might even be flattered by an invitation to a State beyond his ken where, at any rate, his experience would be novel.

All the invited guests came to the meeting, and the Sultan of Pērak and his people—who regarded themselves as hosts—made themselves so pleasant that, after a week's work in the Council Chamber

and seven nights' play in Sultan Idris's *astána*, the guests returned to their respective States professing that they had thoroughly enjoyed their visit. Sir Charles Mitchell was able to make a satisfactory report to the Secretary of State, who expressed his congratulations, and this first assembly of Malay Rulers and Chiefs ended happily for all concerned.

CHAPTER XVIII

WEI-HAI-WEI—HONOLULU—
SAN FRANCISCO

TOWARDS THE END OF THE YEAR 1897 I PAID ANOTHER SHORT VISIT to London. I tried always to arrange that I should get cold weather and hunting, and again I stayed with a friend near Weedon and had a delightful holiday with the Pytchley and neighbouring packs. Frank Kewley was there when first I arrived, and I showed him a trick which, years before, I had played on a race-riding officer in a regiment quartered in Singapore. It was to offer to take the horse-man on your back, on the understanding that you would try to throw him. The rider who fancies himself accepts that offer at once, and the consequences may be very unpleasant, as I demonstrated to Kewley without damage to him. I had to leave for a week, and when I returned I found my host had arrived from a far country, and carried on his face a long disfiguring red and purple bruise under one eye which he explained to me was the result of a fall in the hunting-field. In private, Kewley revealed that the accident had occurred indoors, when he experimented on our host without passing on the knowledge he had gained from the slow-motion demonstration.

My visit to the shires over, I spent the rest of my holiday in London, and while there I invited a friend and her daughter to dine with me at a club and go on to a play. During the dinner the conversation turned to the attractive subject of losing and finding money and valuables, and the fact that we were going to a theatre reminded me to tell my guests of two occasions when I had picked up money without any gain to me. The first was, I think, at Covent Garden when, standing in a great crowd of people waiting for their carriages to take them home, I saw a sovereign on the floor and picked it up. A few yards away there was an attendant in magnificent uniform to whom I mentioned my find, and asked him what should be done with it. "Give it to me, sir," he said, "the owner is sure to come to me to tell me of his loss." I gave it, and I don't suppose it went any further.

On the second occasion I had a seat in the second or third row of the stalls, and when I had arranged myself comfortably, with a man in the seat in front of me and a woman on his right, I happened to look down and saw a five-pound note lying on the floor, close to me but rather between the backs of their two seats. I picked up the note, poked the man in front, and said, "Pardon me, but have you lost a

five?" The man looked vacantly at me and in an instant the woman said: "Of course you have. How stupid you are," and then turning to me she said: "Thank you so much," and I realized that the note was no longer in my hand but in hers. I concluded by agreeing that my conduct had been culpable, and I was determined that, if ever again I was lucky enough to pick up money on the floor, I would make a better use of it than offering it to the first comer. In the short talk which followed, my principal guest admitted that once she had found a penny, and I did not feel sure that she accepted my story as strictly accurate. Then we drove to the theatre, found our seats in the stalls, and sat down. Before the play began I discovered a sovereign on the floor close to my chair. I pointed it out to my guests, picked it up and spent it at the Savoy where we had supper. Since then I have found nothing of any value, but I have lost many things I prized.

I have related this incident because it seemed curious to me that I should have made the last find immediately after telling my friends of the other two, which had occurred long before.

Through John Lane, the publisher, I made the acquaintance of Henry Harland and his wife, of Kenneth Grahame, and a host of other literary people whom I used to meet regularly at the Harlands' house, where contributors to the *Yellow Book* found a pleasant place to gather and discuss books and literature. I made friends with Harland and Kenneth Grahame, both most charming and interesting companions. The last time I saw Harland was again in London, when he seemed far from well, and told me that Joseph Conrad had asked him to journey to the country to see him; but Harland said it would be so depressing he could not face the ordeal.

On one of my visits to see the High Commissioner in Singapore, I met Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, who were making a long travel in search of better health for him. They left Singapore with India as their objective, and I travelled with them on a British-India steamer as far as Penang, where I took ship for Perak. There were few passengers and I spent a delightful day in the society of one of the most attractive women of her time. I met Lady Randolph again—with her sister Lady Leslie—on my way through Paris, and because of my interest in letters, in the *Yellow Book*, and later in the *English Magazine*, I saw a good deal of Lady Randolph and valued greatly her friendship and unvarying kindness. It was to Lady Randolph that I owed my introduction to her sister, Mrs. Frewen, to Moreton Frewen and to all their engaging family. Some years later Mrs. Frewen and her daughter—afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, the author and sculptress—drove me to dine with Lady Randolph, who had then become Mrs. George Cornwallis West, and was living at the historic house where the first Duke of St. Albans was born. It was a fine evening in summer, but as we had to drive back to London we said good night and left at ten o'clock. Directly we were outside the door we realized that there was a dense white fog, and when the car reached the high road it was impossible to see more than a yard in any direc-

tion. Moving at snail's pace, we crawled along for a mile or two, and then I got out and, taking one of the car lamps, walked ahead, giving the chauffeur a lead. In this way we struggled along until past midnight. Fortunately there seemed to be no wheeled traffic on the road and very few pedestrians. It was close on 1 a.m. when we reached Barnet, and seeing a policeman we asked if he knew what the weather was like between Barnet and London, and he assured us that it was, if possible, worse than where we were. We then asked if there was an inn where we could find accommodation for the rest of the night, and he led us to a square roadside building in what seemed to be the middle of the town. After much ringing and knocking, the door was opened by an enraged female, with hair in curl papers, who, not willingly but by reason of our insistence, consented to let us in, and showed us to damp and desolate-looking bedrooms. We had asked for food and were told it was an unreasonable request at such an hour, and that nothing could be had. Our unwilling hostess then left us to our own devices. It was cold, and there were, of course, no fires. We were miserable and tired, and for some time we sat on a bed in one of the rooms, smoked cigarettes and pitied our sorry plight until we grew sleepy and tried to court rest in the solitude of our uninviting rooms. In the morning the inn authorities managed to supply us with breakfast, but when we got into the car the fog seemed as thick as ever and continued until we reached Regent's Park. Then it cleared and allowed us to get home.

I joined a country house party for shooting and a Hunt dance, held in the hall of a rather distant town, to which we drove through a good deal of snow one night after dinner. We made a party of about a dozen, which included two Americans, Colonel Ochiltree—a well-known raconteur—and Mr. Arthur, the son of a former President of the United States. We started rather late, the drive was cold and wearisome, and when supper-time came our hostess suggested that we should be more comfortable and do better at home. The guests agreed very cordially, so we drove back to find an excellent supper awaiting us. We sat over it well into the next day, amused and entertained by Colonel Ochiltree's stories, most of them related as personal adventures, but I had the impression that I had read some of them in out-of-the-way American literature. That, however, did not detract from the obvious fact that they were highly entertaining. When, at last, he paused for refreshment, Arthur said very slowly and in a very solemn voice: "When my father was President of the United States, he said there were three liars in America; Josh Billings was one, and Colonel Ochiltree the other two." My memory may be at fault as regards the name of the first liar, but I am quite sure about the other two. Arthur's reminiscence broke up the party and sent us off to bed. Someone said that King Edward the Seventh enjoyed the society of Colonel Ochiltree, and that is not unlikely, for he was highly entertaining and told his stories well.

When the winter was over I went with some friends to Ostend and

thence to Trouville, where I spent a delightful month riding and bathing and watching the racing in Deauville. One of the party of four had taken a string of hunters, to keep them in exercise, and we rode sometimes on the beach, but more often on the admirable roads of that part of France. Then we moved to Paris for a short stay, and had more riding in the Bois and out to Auteuil, until it was time for me to get back. I returned by Jersey, and after a few days there, made my way to London and so back to the East.

Early in 1898 I resumed my work in Kuala Lumpur, occupying a new and comfortable house which I called Carcosa, on a hill above the grounds of the Lake Club, and that was my headquarters till I moved to Singapore in February, 1901. The intervening three years were occupied in the ceaseless work of construction and administration in the four States of the Federation, three of them advancing with great rapidity in prosperity, wealth and population, while the fourth, Páhang, the largest, the most backward, and the State in which British influence had only recently been accepted, developed much more slowly. Taken as a whole, the progress of the Federation was phenomenal, as the following figures show. In round numbers the Revenue for 1890 was under \$5,000,000, while for 1895—the year of federation—it was nearly \$8,500,000, and for 1900 over \$15,000,000. During the same three periods the value of trade, *i.e.*, combined imports and exports, amounted to \$33,000,000 in 1890, \$54,000,000 in 1895, and nearly \$99,000,000 in 1900. These figures can be better appreciated by comparison with similar returns in the neighbouring Straits Settlements, which is recognized as one of the most prosperous of British Colonies. In 1890 the Colony's Revenue was just over \$4,250,000, in 1895 it was under \$4,050,000, and in 1900 it had risen to nearly \$5,400,000, that increase being due largely to the advancing prosperity of the neighbouring Malay States. The Colony's trade returns are very large, but are useless for purposes of comparison here, because it is mainly a passing trade as regards both exports and imports.

In considering the Malay States figures it must always be remembered that in 1875—the first year of which we have any definite record—the Revenue was just over \$400,000, the equivalent then of less than £100,000, while at the same date the Colony's Revenue was about £350,000.

In October, 1900, I was instructed to visit and report upon the then newly acquired Naval Station at Wei-Hai-Wei, the British Parliament having voted £4,000,000 to fortify the place. Just when I was due to leave Singapore, Captain Percy Scott arrived from South Africa in the cruiser *Terrible*, and he very kindly offered to take me to Hong Kong, an invitation which I accepted very gratefully. While at the Cape, Captain Scott had distinguished himself by fitting two or more naval guns with land carriages for the defence of Ladysmith, and on our pleasant journey to Hong Kong he showed me his very clever invention by which naval gunners could be trained to the

accurate use of big guns without firing the service charge, though the drill was in all other respects identical with using the costly shell. He told me that having been given command of a ship with the worst shooting record in the Mediterranean Fleet he had, by this device, trained the gunners to such accuracy that from the bottom of the list they advanced their ship's shooting record to the top. He also showed me an ingenious arrangement for night signalling by means of lanterns. When I arrived at Wei-Hai-Wei and mentioned what I had seen on the *Terrible* to other members of the Service, the impression I gathered was that Percy Scott's genius as an inventor was not appreciated at its true value.

It happened that Mr. Hare, Protector of Chinese in the Malay States, whom I have already mentioned as a man of remarkable influence with Chinese, was going on leave to China when this mission was given to me ; so I arranged that he should join me in Hong Kong or Shanghai and accompany me to Wei-Hai-Wei where he would be of great use in pursuing the necessary enquiries. We reached Wei-Hai-Wei together, put up in a sort of Rest House on shore, and started work. Admiral Seymour, in command of the China Squadron, was there on his flagship, also Rear Admiral James Bruce, Captain Warrender, Commander Kit Craddock, and many other naval men, including David Beatty, whom I then met for the first time and came to know very well after I had left the East.

After a few days on shore I had such a severe attack of malaria that I was moved to Admiral Bruce's ship in order that I might have the attention of the ship's surgeon, to whose care and skill I owed my recovery from a trying illness.

Whilst I lay ill, Hare carried on the enquiries for me, travelling about the Territory and getting all the information I needed. With returning health I made enquiries about Port Arthur, but I found that none of H.M.'s ships had visited that port for a long time, so I determined that, if possible, I would go there and see what the Russians were doing. Hare was still away when I recovered sufficiently to make my way to Chefoo, where I shipped on a tiny cargo boat, and after a very rough and uncomfortable night's journey reached Port Arthur early in the morning. I spent the day wandering about the docks, and wherever else I could go and there was anything to see, and at lunch-time I found a Japanese restaurant which was crowded with Russian officers. Trying to make myself understood, a Japanese lady appeared, the wife of the proprietor, to whom I said something in Malay and was not much surprised to find that she understood and replied easily in that language. She had travelled. The proprietor then appeared, and they took me into a small room of their own where they served my luncheon and discussed the Russo-Japanese situation in Malay. The proprietor was very anti-Russian, and when I suggested it might be well not to shout so loudly with fifty Russians in the next room, he continued to speak of them and their works with great contempt and no sign of apprehension. Strolling round the

wharves, I noticed that the accommodation for vessels of any size was extremely limited, and exposed to a dropping shell fired from the sea. I tried to buy some photographs of Port Arthur, but was told by the shop people that they were not allowed to sell photographs of the place. In the evening I returned to Chefoo by the boat which had brought me, and the passage was slightly less disagreeable than that of the previous night when there had been one other occupant of the small deck house, a very dark person, whose only remark was, "I think I am going to vomit," to which I replied that he must go outside before that happened. All I knew of Chefoo was that I had read in a Consular report that in a recent year, owing to famine and flood, the poorer Chinese had been selling their children "at unprecedentedly low prices." I had some hours there and I spent the time looking for a photographer. I found one, a Chinese, in a back street, and, in reply to my enquiries, he produced a number of large and very interesting photographs of the docks at Port Arthur. He said they were made for a German who had been employed in the construction of the docks. I bought a set of the pictures and handed them to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, and he passed them on to the Admiralty.

When I got back to Wei-Hai-Wei I was joined by Hare, and as I was very anxious to go to Peking, Admiral Seymour very kindly sent us in his despatch vessel, the *Alacrity*, where Commander Craddock made us most comfortable, and as he came from the Zetland country we found plenty to talk about. On reaching Taku we landed and took the train to Tientsin, where we found quarters in an hotel and were surprised, on going in to dinner, to find a large party of men sitting at a long table and against each man's chair was leaning his rifle. The Boxer trouble had begun, and the atmosphere of Tientsin was thick with rumours of the most alarming kind. I had been asked to take charge of a sack of correspondence for the British Embassy at Peking, and the next day I called on the British Consul and told him what we proposed to do. When I mentioned that we were then on our way for a walk through the native city of Tientsin, the Consul said that it was not safe to go there and he must insist on our giving up that project. We took leave of him, and as we agreed there was no real reason for changing our plan, we went into the Chinese city and spent a long time walking about it, while Hare talked to many of the shopkeepers and to others whom we met in the streets. So far from being molested in any way, we agreed that the street crowds were rather unusually friendly.

The next day we went to the station, took our tickets for Peking, and put our luggage in the train, found our places, and waited for the train to start. It did not move; and after a very long delay we found the station master who told us that the Boxers had blown up two bridges on the line and that there was no likelihood of further communication with Peking. We collected our belongings, dropped the Embassy mail bag at the British Consulate, and returned to our hotel

where we found that if we started the next day we could catch a steamer that would take us to Chefoo. We decided to do this and trust the rest to Providence. In order to catch the American steamer from Tokyo to San Francisco I found that the only means was to pick up a Japanese boat, about midnight, out at sea, a good many miles from Chefoo. Therefore, on arrival at that port, I telegraphed to Wei Hai-Wei and explained my predicament and received at once an assurance that a boat would be sent to take me to sea and pick up the passing steamer. It sounds a nightmare journey now, but it came off all right. I said good-bye to Hare, who was returning to Malaya, and after dinner I got my things into a strongly manned pinnace and the blue-jackets pulled out into the night. Fortunately the weather was fine, the sea calm, and about midnight we saw the lights of an approaching steamer whose master had been warned by his Agents to look out for me. He stopped to let me climb up a rope ladder, but he would not lower a gangway and my luggage was raised with difficulty. When I saw the master, it was obvious that he was annoyed at having to pick me up, and my efforts to propitiate him met with little success. However, I caught the American liner and in due time reached Honolulu.

I spent twenty-four hours in Honolulu and noticed that on the low ground the mosquitoes were numerous and singularly bloodthirsty, but from the top of a low hill on the outskirts of the town one looked over the shore and out to sea beyond the surf of breaking waves. Only in the sea round the shores of Mauritius have I seen such marvellous colouring as in the waters which bathe the feet of Honolulu. It was a marvellous sight ; I revelled in it, and recalled to mind the entry of the Hawaiian Queen and her lady-in-waiting at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the service to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. That incident created a moment's confusion because the Queen of Hawaii was not immediately recognized by those whose business it was to show the many Royalties to their appointed seats, but the Lord Chamberlain saved the situation and, walking backwards, bowed Her Majesty of Hawaii to her seat.

We took a number of new passengers on board in Honolulu, amongst them Captain Field of the American Navy, a very pleasant companion who, I think, became Admiral Field and commanded the American Fleet which later demonstrated in the Pacific. The passengers were constantly called to boat and other drills, and Captain Field was so impressed by the organization on board that he said to me that if there were an accident he would feel no anxiety. On the next of the following voyage the ship went down after striking a rock outside San Francisco and very few of those on board were saved. The officers and quartermasters were Americans but the crew were Chinese. The accident occurred at night and the ship went down very quickly, carrying the master with it. Getting through the Customs House at San Francisco was a singularly irritating business. While still on board the ship I was asked to sign a paper saying I had nothing to declare. I had nothing dutiable and signed the paper, but when I

got to the Customs House I was told to collect all my luggage—there were no porters in the room—and to open everything. The examiner then ransacked every package, throwing most of the contents on the floor, and left me to repack as best I could. I asked why I had been called upon to make a declaration which was ignored, and was told that was the usual practice. Probably the practice has been altered by now.

As the result of reading Gertrude Atherton's books I was very anxious to see San Francisco, but I was disappointed. I spent three days at an hotel in the city and wandered as far as the famous seaside bathing-place, and was still unimpressed. As I had come straight from Tientsin and there were rumours of tragedy in Peking, I was interviewed by a number of Press men, but what I told them was not what they wanted to hear ; so they did not waste time.

Amongst the passengers from Honolulu were an American lady and her Hawaiian husband, two Honolulu girls, and a number of other people, all of whom had rooms in the hotel where I was staying. The American lady told me she was giving an evening party in the hotel, to which she was kind enough to invite me, saying she had arranged to have a band of Hawaiian musicians and there would be native music and dancing. The party was held in a large room, and when I arrived, about 10 p.m., I found a company of guests—mainly rather ancient Honolulu people of both sexes—seated in chairs all round the room with their backs to the wall. The rest of the floor was empty, except for the band which was placed at one end of the room and played Honolulu melodies on strange instruments while some of the members sang. In the intervals native servants walked round the ring of guests serving enormous dishes of oysters and endless glasses of champagne. That influence and the persuasion of the hostess induced two members of the band to dance, and eventually one of the Honolulu girl-passengers consented to dance opposite one of the men and to give, I suppose, a suggestion of the dance as done in Hawaii. Both the performers had aprons of long strings of beads tied round their waists, with additions which could not claim to be adornments. It would be difficult to describe the dance, I had never seen anything to approach it, and the music supplied by the band was both instrumental and vocal. What struck me specially was the striking contrast between the performance and the solemn expression on the dark faces of the circle of spectators, which seemed to suggest that they had seen it all before, better done under other and more primitive conditions.

For the train journey to New York I was lucky enough to meet a fellow-countyman with whom I shared what was called a "drawing-room" car and that made the long and very hot journey bearable. After two or three days in New York I crossed the Atlantic in an American liner and so reached England. During the many hours spent at sea I had time to write two reports on my mission to Wei-Hai-Wei, one of which was confidential and dealt with British interests



KOTA BHĀRU, KĒLANTAN

The landing stage on the river. Waiting to receive a distinguished visitor.



SPORT AT KOTA BHĀRU, KĒLANTAN
Bull fighting. Ram fighting. Cock fighting.

in China. I sent both to the Colonial Office on the evening of my arrival in London, and the next day Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary for the Colonies, sent for me and questioned me in regard to the reports. The interview lasted about half an hour, and then Mr. Chamberlain said: "I shall take you to see the Prime Minister and he should hear what you have told me." We went over to the House of Commons and saw Mr. Balfour in his room there. Mr. Chamberlain then repeated what I had just told him, and I was surprised because he seemed preoccupied whilst I was speaking. When he had finished, Mr. Balfour turned to me and asked, "Is that what you said?" and I replied: "Practically word for word," but I confess I resented the question, and when he had left the room I said so to Mr. Chamberlain, who only remarked: "He always treats me like that." Before our leave-taking, the Prime Minister asked me a number of questions about Shanghai and the possibility of sending troops there, and I understood there had been considerable anxiety about the safety of British subjects, mainly owing to an alarming telegram which had been received from Sir Robert Hart. When we returned to the Colonial Office Mr. Chamberlain said that he had always held the view that it was more important for British interests to cultivate good relations with China and its 450 million people than to try to secure the friendship of certain European powers, but that other members of the Cabinet did not agree with him. I told him that I had spoken to many leading members of the British Community in China and they all agreed that what was wanted was a definite British policy for which they might work, but so far they had no idea what their Government's aims were. Their own view was that the object should be to increase our influence in the Yangtse Valley by cordial co-operation with the Chinese Government.

CHAPTER XIX

A ROYAL VISIT—ATTEMPT TO CORNER MALAY TIN—DOCK COMPANY EXPROPRIATED

MR. CHAMBERLAIN SENT FOR ME AGAIN TO TELL ME THAT WHEN MY leave was over, as it would be in February, 1901, I was to become High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States and Governor of the Straits Colony.

Sir Andrew Clarke was then in London as Agent-General for the Colony of Victoria, and he sent me this letter:

Victoria Office,
15 Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.
3rd October.

MY DEAR SWETTENHAM,

A line to say how glad and how proud I was to see your name in Tuesday's *Gazette*. It brought back to me keen recollection of the night

of doubt and anxiety I spent on Penang Hill when Braddell brought up to me the rumour of your having been murdered. Well, if we had not taken risks in those days there would have been no Federated Malaya now, and you might have been slaving away as Chief Secretary of the Straits Settlements.

Yours ever,

(Signed) ANDREW CLARKE.

I had had my half season's hunting in the Shires from the house of a friend who said : "I shall be away, but bring your horses and use my house so long as you don't invite into it anyone who lives within twenty miles." I observed the conditions, and renewed my acquaintance with friends who greeted me as though we had parted a week ago, and had a very good time in what is to me the best of sports.

Nearly ten years earlier, amongst the strangers who had visited Malaya and remained there, was Jean de la Croix, a French mining engineer—the very capable son of a French father and English mother—who seemed to have a roving commission from his Government to travel to distant countries and report on their mining and other resources. He spoke French and English equally well, he was highly intelligent, and he was followed by other Frenchmen who opened and worked tin mines in the Malay States. Later he married a beautiful and charming wife and they settled in Pêrak, but she lived only a few years ; then de la Croix settled in Paris and I often stayed with him on my way through, going West or returning East. De la Croix had many artistic and otherwise well-known friends, and it was through him that I became acquainted with Degas, Rodin, Bartholomé, and others, a very amusing society whose main diversions seemed to be to poke fun at each other and make *bons mots*. De la Croix lived across the Seine and we and our friends used to meet at a café on the boulevards, and then dine together at a restaurant, on the sensible understanding that the bill was shared equally by all the diners. Degas was supposed to hate strangers and especially Englishmen, so, to pull my leg, the others told me to call upon him in his studio and ask to see his work. I did so ; it was in a remote back street and the door was locked. He was drawing from a model, but he opened the door, dismissed the lady, and was perfectly charming, showing me a number of his pictures ; so what was intended to be a practical joke at my expense was a failure. They hoped that at least he would throw me downstairs.

It was the middle of February, 1901, when I reached Singapore and took over the Government from my brother Alexander, who had been Administrator since the lamented death of Sir Charles Mitchell. I had been warned that T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York would visit Singapore with a large party in H.M.S. *Ophir*, and there was little enough time to make the necessary arrangements for their reception and entertainment before they arrived in April. Besides Their Royal Highnesses, and Captain Winsloe and officers of the *Ophir*, there were nineteen members of the Royal party, which

included H.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, and it was impossible to accommodate all of them in Government House. We made the most of the space available, but had to arrange that about six of the guests, and practically all their servants, were housed elsewhere; the guests with members of the community, and the servants in hotels. For such a memorable occasion the Rulers of the Federated Malay States were invited to meet Their Royal Highnesses, and with their ladies and numerous followers were lodged in furnished houses prepared for their accommodation. The Sultan of Pêrak brought his mounted Sikh escort and his State carriage, and the latter—drawn by four horses with English postilions—served to carry the Duke and Duchess on arrival, departure, and other formal occasions. I was given to understand that the travellers preferred rest to efforts made with the best intentions for their entertainment. So beyond the reception on landing at Johnston's Pier, where Their Royal Highnesses were received with a Guard of Honour, a Salute, and the cordial welcome of all classes of the community, the only demonstrations were a large dinner party at Government House, and a Torchlight Procession organized by the Chinese to march through the grounds and past Government House from which the Royal Party had a close-up view of a remarkable display.

There was one other formal assembly when, at the Town Hall, the Duke decorated the Sultan of Pêrak with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, conferred upon him by the King, and immediately afterwards presented to Mr. J. B. Vermont, a Member of the Legislative Council of the Colony, the ribbon and badge of a Companion of the same Order. There was one little incident which would have disappointed me had not the Duchess saved the situation. I wanted to show Her Royal Highness something distinctive of Malaya, so I sent to Malacca to secure the attendance of the cleverest coco-nut gathering monkey in that Settlement and of his owner. When they arrived, I arranged for a demonstration in a suitable grove of palms on a picturesque road, and drove the Duchess and her ladies to see the monkey do his turn. On the way I explained that the monkey would climb the tree and throw down any nut selected by the spectators. I had seen it done a hundred times without failure, but I must add that, on those occasions, what was always wanted was a young nut full of cool, delicious milk. When we reached the grove the monkey and his master were already there, only waiting for the order to open the proceedings. A palm was selected and the monkey—with a long cord round his waist and the slack in his master's hand—was told to climb. He did so with remarkable agility and when he reached the fronds and the nuts he looked down for orders. These were shouted to him and with a little string-pulling he was soon above the chosen nut with his hand upon it. Then the order was given to throw the nut down; but the monkey looked bewildered and began to move away, neither threats nor cajolery having the smallest effect on him. Another nut, rather

higher up, was then picked out, and the monkey led to it by the same means with the same result. I felt like the conjurer whose trick has been a complete failure, and I was very annoyed with the owner of "the cleverest monkey nut-gatherer in Malacca." The monkey had now returned to earth and was sitting behind his master, who looked very glum. I said: "I asked for the best monkey in Malacca and he can do nothing. What was the use of bringing him here to show Her Royal Highness his skill?" To which the owner replied: "He is the cleverest monkey in Malacca; he can collect three hundred nuts in a day. But he is trained to collect ripe nuts, not green ones. All those selected were green and he knows better than to gather them."

When the position was explained to the Duchess, H.R.H. said she thought it was much cleverer of the monkey to be able to discriminate between green and ripe nuts than just to twist off the chosen nut to which he was led by voice and by pulling the string. So everyone was happy and the monkey and his owner returned triumphant to Malacca, having upheld the honour of that ancient Settlement.

Before leaving Singapore, Sir Arthur Bigge, afterwards Lord Stamfordham and my greatly valued friend, sent me the following letter which was published and gave deep satisfaction to all classes in Singapore.

H.M.S. *Ophir*,
23rd April, 1901.

Sir,

Before leaving the Colony the Duke of Cornwall and York desires to express to the people of the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States and especially to the inhabitants of Singapore Their Royal Highnesses' heartfelt thanks for the cordiality and good will that has been evinced towards them by all classes of the Community. His Royal Highness has also received with true satisfaction their assurances of loyalty and devotion to the Throne and Person of the King and of loving affection for the memory of our late beloved and deeply mourned Sovereign.

His Royal Highness feels that such an attitude on the part of the population is a pleasing testimony to the happiness and contentment in which the various races have grown up together under the beneficent Rule of the late glorious Reign which Rule they will continue to enjoy under His Majesty the King Emperor.

The Duke and Duchess were particularly gratified by the evident pains and skill with which the Chinese so effectively illuminated their Quarter of the Town on the evening of the 21st and by the combined efforts of all the different races to produce the gorgeous and characteristic display of last night's most interesting procession.

Their Royal Highnesses are anxious to take this opportunity of saying how charmed they are with the Caskets and Cases—exquisite in design and workmanship—which enclosed the addresses presented to them yesterday. These beautiful offerings will ever remain as precious and historic souvenirs of this memorable visit.

In conclusion Their Royal Highnesses warmly thank Your Excellency for the kind thought with which all your excellent arrangements

have been made and carried out during their very pleasant stay at Government House.

The Duke asks that Your Excellency may convey to all Officials and others who have assisted you the expression of his gratitude. His Royal Highness feels that much praise is due to Mr. Cuscaden, the Chief of the Police, and those who under him were responsible for the order and regulation of the crowded streets and thoroughfares.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Excellency's Obedient Servant,

(Signed) ARTHUR BIGGE.

His Excellency

The Governor of the Straits Settlements.

Singapore is not a place which produces or consumes large quantities of raw materials ; it is a great port of call with extensive docks, coaling and refitting facilities, and is first and last a market and distributing station. Its main industry is in the Tanjong Pagar Docks, with their extensive sheds for the storage of goods, their reserves of coal, and their appliances for the repair and even for the building of ships. The only other considerable industry is centred in the great Tin Smelting Works, owned by the Straits Trading Company and situated on an island close by the docks. In the general increase of trade with surrounding countries, with the Netherlands East Indies, with Siam, with the Philippines, and especially because of the rapid development of the Malay States, the need for a protected harbour at Singapore was now forced on attention and had to be dealt with. The first thing, of course, was to get the best expert advice, and when that had been done and a comprehensive scheme for the construction of the necessary works was prepared, it was laid before the Legislative Council, and on my strong advice was agreed to.

The work was begun, but later—after I had left the Colony—the original design was cut down on the ground that it was too costly, and the benefits to the Port were, of course, curtailed. It was a pity ; for the Colony could well have afforded the full scheme. In Penang, which possessed no wharves where vessels of any size could land or ship passengers and cargo, an iron pier was constructed with goods sheds and other conveniences.

For thirty years there had been talk of constructing a railway across the Island of Singapore from the town to a point on the Johore Strait opposite Johore Bhâru, the chief town of Johore and the residence of the Sultan of that State ; but nothing had been done. Having arranged with the Sultan that the Federated States should continue their main line from Kuala Pilah in Negri Sembilan to Johore Bhâru—a distance of 120 miles—the short Singapore section was built and opened in 1903, while an extension, from Singapore Town to the great line of docks and wharves at Tanjong Pagar, was provided for and subsequently completed.

There was another and very important incident which should be recorded, for though the facts are well known to those nearly interested

in the tin industry in Malaya, and especially to those connected with the Straits Trading Company in Singapore and London, they have not interested others or invited general attention. I was informed privately that some enterprising and wealthy people in the U.S.A. intended to gain control of the tin produced in the Malay States by a simple method. I have said earlier in this book that Malaya was producing more than half the world's supply of tin, and that originally the ore was smelted by the Chinese miners by very primitive methods, but that since the building of the Straits Trading Company's great Smelting Works on an island in Keppel Harbour, Singapore, the smelting had been done, almost wholly, by that Company; the ore being transported to the Works and paid for on terms satisfactory to the Miners and to the Smelting Company. When smelted into bars of tin the metal was sold by auction in the open market in Singapore. I was given to understand that it was now intended by certain interests in the U.S.A. to purchase the ore from the miners—if necessary at a high price until control was secured—to ship it to a port in America where smelting works would be provided, and then to impose a duty on imported smelted tin as a manufactured article of commerce. If this plan were carried out, it would mean the closing of the Singapore Smelting Works, and of the Singapore free market for tin—a much more serious matter. But, of course, the greatest danger would be that, having obtained control by purchasing the ore at high prices, and having thereby compelled the Singapore Smelting Works to close, the American buyers would be able to reduce their prices for ore to such a figure that the miners would be faced with the alternative of accepting the prices offered, or of going back to their old wasteful and primitive methods of smelting and have no free market for their tin in Singapore.

A few days later I received a call from someone who explained that he represented a powerful syndicate of tin dealers, coal-owners, and railway directors in the U.S.A., who proposed to erect smelting works at or near an American port within easy reach of coal mines, and that they proposed to buy tin ore from miners in Malaya, carry it in American ships, and smelt it in America. He concluded by saying he felt sure I should welcome the scheme. I told him that, as far as I understood his proposal, it would put an end to the free sale of tin in the Singapore market, which would be a disaster for all concerned in dealing with the metal, and that if his friends succeeded in buying up the ore produced in the Malay States and the mines in Netherlands India, it would mean the closing of the Singapore Smelting Works, the principal industry in the Settlement. "But," he said, "the Singapore Smelting Works have a monopoly of the business, and I am led to believe that the British Government does not favour monopolies." I replied: "Are you not asking me to favour a monopoly?" to which he said: "I am suggesting a scheme which would result in competition, and I expected that you would encourage such a proposal." I pointed out that the U.S.A. were probably the largest buyers of

smelted tin ; that Malaya was the largest producer ; that the smelting works in Singapore were not only of importance to the place, but they satisfied the miners and had done so for years ; while the export of the ore to a foreign country would almost certainly destroy existing arrangements and would result in closing the free Singapore market for the sale of tin. Under the circumstances I could not regard his proposal as likely to benefit any of those with whose interests I was concerned.

He exclaimed : "But my friends have already spent £30,000 in building smelting works in America. Unless we obtain the ore this will be lost." I expressed my regret that those he represented had not made enquiries before erecting their works, and I added : "Speaking generally, I am in favour of fair competition, and I see no objection to your friends putting up smelting works in Singapore, provided there is no interference with the free market for smelted tin." My visitor was obviously disappointed ; and realizing that further discussion would not alter the facts, he left. To make the position safe, I communicated with the Resident General of the Federated Malay States and legislation was introduced there putting a prohibitive duty on the export of tin ore to any place outside the Straits Colony or other British Possession. The result of this action was that certain diplomats made a fuss in London and I was called upon for an explanation. When I gave it, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, approved what had been done, and wrote to me a personal letter, saying "Quite right." More than a year after my retirement a member of the London Board of the Straits Trading Company called on me and asked for my help in what he said was a very serious matter for his Company and for the tin industry in Malaya. He explained that certain powerful interests in the U.S.A. had never given up their hope of obtaining control of Malay tin production and they were now offering to buy up the Singapore Smelting Works for such a high price that the shareholders would be almost certain to accept it. He added that he and the other directors of the Company were convinced that if the smelting works passed into the hands of foreigners it would be a disaster for the Colony and the Malay States, and a serious blow to British interests. He told me they had hitherto resisted all offers to buy them out, but the matter had reached a critical stage and they could only maintain their position if they were assured of Government support.

I asked what form of support he had in mind, and he explained that, if the existing legislation were strengthened by a very short Enactment, passed in the Federated States, providing that the Warden of Mines should have power to issue licences for the export of tin ore to be smelted only within the Colony, that would meet the case. If they had that assurance and safeguard, he said, they would refuse all offers for sale of the Singapore Smelting Works, and he begged me earnestly to go to the Colonial Office and ask that instructions to that effect be sent to the Governor. I agreed, asked for an interview, and

on arrival in Downing Street was taken to see Mr. Winston Churchill, then Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. When I stated the object of my visit, I cannot say that my proposal was received with enthusiasm, and as I gave the reasons why I had ventured to trouble the Under-Secretary, he was a little impatient, as one would be with a man trying to state a case the details of which one knows better than he does. He asked how I could expect him to take the course suggested, and I said because it was so important, and after all was only to support a policy already approved by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Churchill made no promises, and gave me no indication of his intentions; but afterwards I heard that steps had been taken in the East to give effect to the suggested measures for maintaining the free block-tin market within the Colony; and miners in Malaya and all others concerned recognize that they are indebted to Mr. Churchill for his support in keeping this valuable industry in British hands.

The International Expedition for the relief of the besieged Embassies in Peking was by this time in full swing, and brought to Singapore large numbers of naval and military leaders from Britain, Germany, the United States and Italy. Their visits were fleeting but frequent, for they called at Singapore both going to China and returning, and it was necessary to do something for all of them. Another guest whom I delighted to welcome and to honour was Sir Harry Keppel, after whom is named Keppel Harbour, a stretch in the narrow waters of the approach to Singapore Dockland, through which Sir Harry was the first commander of a vessel of any size to navigate his ship. He stayed some time in Singapore, when I think he was over ninety, and I remember that one night, when he was dining at Government House, someone told a story which was received with much laughter. As that died down, Sir Harry exclaimed: "Capital story! Capital, I'm sure! But I didn't hear a word of it."

Whilst I was absent in Penang, a Russian war vessel put into Singapore Roads. The Captain had recently died at sea, and the cruiser was under the command of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Cyril, who ranked as a Commander in the Russian Navy. My A.D.C., following the rules in such cases, called upon the Acting Captain and explained that I was away. When I returned to Singapore I expected that as the Grand Duke was on service he would call at Government House, but he did not do so. I told the Russian Consul that I wished to invite His Imperial Highness to stay at Government House if, in accordance with practice, he would call on me. Then the Russian Consul came to see me and said the Grand Duke wished to stay with me, but he thought that I should call on him first. I pointed out that His Imperial Highness had arrived as the acting captain of his vessel, and as such the rule about calling was quite definite, to which his Consul replied: "Yes, but after all, he is a Grand Duke." I said that sooner than make a difficulty over such a trifle I would pay the first call, which I did, and the Grand Duke returned it immediately, and then came to dinner. About the same time the Grand Duke Boris also visited

Singapore, but as he was not on service there was no trouble. I took him to a famous green pigeon shoot, at an island off the East Coast of Johore, where the pigeons fly from mainland to island every evening between 5 and 6.30 p.m., and give capital sport to guns stationed in boats off the island. The pigeons pass the day on the mainland, where they feed on fruit they gather from jungle trees, and, according to Malays, the reason why they fly to the island to roost is because the island has no monkeys. The jungle has many, and they are said to catch the sleeping birds. I don't think the Grand Duke enjoyed the shooting party. He was wearing a new sun hat, and the steam launch which carried him belched drops of oil, mingled with the smoke from its funnel, and spattered the hat, so that his attention was divided between shooting pigeons overhead and attending to his hat.

A very pleasant visitor was Admiral Evans of the United States Navy—Fighting Jack Evans—as I think he was known. He stayed some time with me and was excellent company. I noticed that he was very lame, and in reply to my sympathetic enquiry he told me that in early life he had been a horse-soldier, and in a scrap with Red Indians in a cañon, he was wounded by an arrow which passed through his leg near the knee and then penetrated the side of his mount. That made him too lame for soldiering and he became a sailor. He also told me that when Prince Henry of Prussia—also a sailor—visited the United States in a German warship he, Evans, was put in attendance on His Royal Highness, who was given a great welcome and entertained lavishly. In return Prince Henry gave a dance on board his ship, to which he invited all the notabilities he could accommodate, and he gave up his own cabin for the accommodation of his lady guests. Set out in this cabin were all his own brushes, combs and all the rest of the paraphernalia likely to be needed by a man of Prince Henry's rank and importance. When the dance was over and the last guest had departed, Prince Henry sought his cabin and found it empty of everything portable. The lady guests had removed everything they could find and carry as souvenirs of a memorable occasion.

Providence, in the shape of George Curzon—then Viceroy of India—sent Lord and Lady Lonsdale to be my welcome and greatly appreciated guests for a while. I could offer no amusement or excitement, but they were kind enough to overlook all that and just rest and look about for anything worth seeing. They were perfectly delightful and carried with them an atmosphere of the best English life, which went with them when I had to say good-bye, and they left to continue their journey to China and then on to the U.S.A. and home.

To my surprise, Miss Gertrude Bell and her brother appeared one day at Government House and stayed a few days before they also left for Hong Kong. They were travelling in search of better health for him, and it was disappointing for me that their visit was so short. To those who had the good-fortune to know Miss Bell it is needless to say anything of her, for she occupied amongst her friends an unchallenged position. Besides her charm, her all-round knowledge and

her wise views on all the questions which were interesting the world from day to day, she was an exhilarating companion whose own gifts brought out the best in others. When I left the East, I saw as much as I could of her, and was proud to be numbered amongst her friends and to meet in the house of Sir Hugh and Lady Bell so many people of note in literature, in art, in politics and in good conversation. And that was not all for, going north and having a few days with the Hurworth, I saw that Miss Gertrude Bell was as keen and accomplished a rider to hounds as she was successful at whatever else she undertook.

I was amused when one day Lord Inchcape—then Sir James Mackay—and the British Admiral of the China Squadron landed from a P. & O. steamer and came to Government House, where they told me that on the previous day they had gone down to the saloon of their ship and asked for tea. The steward said: "It is past five o'clock, and tea is over." "Yes," they said, "it is a few minutes past five o'clock, but bring us some tea." The steward told them the rule was that tea was not served after five, and they were too late, and they added: "We did not get it."

The Colony had considerable invested funds and I knew that a large sum had been lost by investing part of the money in Rupee Securities, the value of which had depreciated owing to vicissitudes in exchange. Therefore, as the shares of the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company had for years paid dividend of 12 per cent, and I knew that Company to be in a very prosperous position, I gave orders for a broker to buy on behalf of the Federated Malay States as many shares as he could get at any price between \$350 and \$450 a share. Some 3,000 shares were secured at prices varying from \$315 to \$350 a share, which then represented about £33. After I had resigned my office and left the East, the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company was expropriated, and as the Government offered the Company \$250 a share when for years they had been sold on the market at \$350 or more, and arbitration failed, an Umpire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, was appointed to decide the question. Before he issued his award the Straits Government introduced a new currency with a Straits dollar of the value of 2s. 4d., ousting the Mexican dollar, the old currency, which for long had fluctuated round a value of 2s. The Umpire awarded the Dock Company a price of \$800 per share, so with the enhanced value of the new dollar that was equivalent to \$880 per share, and the 3,000 shares bought for the Federated Malay States made a profit of over £100,000, which I felt would more than repay the cost of any pension to which I might be entitled on retirement. The question of the expropriation of the Dock Company arose directly after I had resigned my office, and I was invited to attend a meeting at the Colonial Office between officials of that Office and the Chairman and another member of the Board of the Dock Company in London. At this meeting the Dock representatives said that if the Government would agree to the payment of a dividend of 12% on the shares—and that dividend had been earned and paid for many years—they would hand over the Docks,

land, works and buildings to the Colony. The meeting broke up without arriving at any decision, and when the Dock representatives had left the room I said to Sir Charles Lucas, the Under-Secretary, that if I had been in a position to deal with the Chairman of the Dock Company, Mr. Gulland, I would not have let him leave the room until he had put his proposal in writing, and I would have accepted his offer. Mr. Gulland had also said that if the Government wished to have the question settled by arbitration, the Dock Company was willing to accept me as the arbitrator. The Colonial Office experts present at the meeting said that 12% was a ridiculous dividend to pay on the \$100 shares which they valued at \$250 each. As regards an arbitrator, Sir Charles Lucas said that question might arise if they could not come to terms; but at present it was not on the carpet! I ventured to offer the opinion that a great opportunity had been lost and took my leave. That was all I heard of the matter until long afterwards; an Umpire was appointed, went out to Singapore, held an enquiry and gave the award I have mentioned, which cost the Colony £3,319,000 in payment to the Dock Company, and a bill of about £50,000 for the expenses of the Umpire and his enquiry.

In October, 1903, I was granted three months' vacation, and the people of Singapore—who did not feel sure that I should return—entertained me at a dinner in the Town Hall where my hosts made many too flattering speeches. Though I had served only half a Governor's usual term of office I had practically decided to resign after a rather strenuous service of over thirty years in an enervating climate; but I had not disclosed my intentions. The people of Singapore had always shown me the greatest kindness, overlooking my shortcomings and helping me loyally in every difficult task. My regard for them was very real, and in the days and years that followed I could hardly count the times when I wished myself back again in the warmth of the Singapore sun and the friendship of its people.

My friends the Malay Rulers had also gathered in Singapore to say good-bye and they and their ladies came to an evening party at Government House, where I had the pleasure of hearing and saying those last words which remain as a precious memory of good fellowship and mutual regard.

Then there was a parting on the wharf at Tanjong Pagar, and with Captain Barry and G. A. V. Bosanquet—my A.D.C. and Private Secretary—who went with me, we watched from the deck the gradually disappearing crowd of friends as the Messageries steamer pushed her way through the narrows of the winding passage to the open sea; that was farewell to Malaya.

* * * * *

In recording facts within my personal knowledge concerning the introduction of active British influence into the affairs of certain Malay States, my object was to show that while that influence has brought peace, prosperity and innumerable benefits to Malaya and

its people, it has also resulted in developments of very great importance to the British Empire and British subjects. Just as a series of pictures will tell a story far more quickly and convincingly than a long statement in words, so a series of figures over a period of years shows in a page the economic progress of the Federated States from 1875 to 1940 ; that is from lethargy and an almost complete absence of production, to the striking prosperity of to-day. The progress which lies behind those figures, and the ever-increasing betterment in all life conditions to make those figures possible, will be understood by anyone interested in administration. It is, however, obvious to me that if those on the spot—in 1874 and later years—had not been alive to the position and pressed the facts on Whitehall, and had the British Government still refused to intervene, Siam would have extended an influence to which the Malays could have made no adequate resistance, and to-day Thailand might be claiming suzerainty over the greater part of the Peninsula. Had that happened, we can realize now the dangerous position in which British possessions in the Straits would have been placed, to say nothing of the fate of the Malay people and the strategic and economic loss to Britain and the Empire.

FEDERATED MALAY STATES

Year	Revenue	Expenditure	Imports	Exports	
1875	\$409,394	\$436,872	—	—	In dollars varying in value from about 4/- to 2/-
1885	\$2,208,709	\$2,261,954	\$8,667,425	\$9,691,786	
1895	\$8,481,007	\$7,582,553	\$22,653,272	\$31,622,805	
1905	\$23,964,593	\$20,750,395	\$50,575,455	\$80,057,654	
1925	£10,099,166	£8,114,212	Total Trade	£64,049,395	
1940	£11,493,059	£9,166,303	„	£67,239,544	In sterling.

Population 1905 estimated 860,000. 1921 Census—1,324,890.

Year	Duty on Tin In dollars	Duty on Rubber In dollars	Land Revenue In dollars	Post and Telegraph In dollars	Railway Receipts In dollars	Rubber Export In tons
1875	Unknown	—	866	104	—	—
1885	831,294	—	91,517	4,932	23,873	—
1895	3,379,813	—	468,239	110,793	1,294,390	—
1905	9,249,627	—	887,593	296,323	3,940,599	104
1925	14,000,633	8,667,274	3,933,622	Unknown	18,743,352	118,590
1940	23,317,513	7,349,051	7,007,775	4,893,057	—	282,977 ¹

Note. Voluntary gifts of Malaya to the British Government in support of the War effort are stated to amount to \$150,000,000, or over £17,500,000.

Besides tin and iron ores, the Malay States produce gold, lead, and other valuable minerals. Coal is being worked, and it would not be surprising to find oil.

¹ Adding the rubber production for 1940 of only two of the Unfederated States, Johore and Kedah, the total is 490,450 tons, worth over £50,000,000.

CHAPTER XX

A ROYAL COMMISSION TO MAURITIUS

I HAD AN IMMENSE ADMIRATION FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN WHOSE CHARACTER and ability had put the Colonial Office in the front rank of Government Departments. The retirement from office of a statesman of Mr. Chamberlain's capacity could only be regarded as a calamity, and I wrote to express my personal regret that he should have felt it necessary to resign his post. I received the following reply, and later spent some days at Highbury when he told me the reasons which had induced him to leave the Government.

Highbury,
Moor Green,
Birmingham.

24th October, 1903.

DEAR SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM,

Many thanks for your kind letter of 20th September. It is pleasant to me to think that I shall be kindly remembered by my old colleagues in the Colonial Service.

I believe that the course I have taken is likely to advance the cause. I have so deeply at heart, but it has been with considerable pain that I have severed myself from the most interesting work of my life.

I cordially reciprocate your kind expressions to myself, and recognise how much I am indebted to you for the admirable work you have done, and the advice and assistance you have so loyally given to me.

I am,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) J. CHAMBERLAIN.

When I reached England the controversy over Free Trade was at its height. Mr. Chamberlain had left the Government and Mr. Alfred Lyttleton was Secretary of State for the Colonies. I received a Command to go to the Palace, where King Edward received me and I had a long talk with His Majesty, who was very gracious and asked many questions about Malaya and the Far East. Later I had the honour of dining at the Palace. It was a large dinner and the King appeared to say something pleasant to all his guests. The Straits Association in London invited me to their annual dinner and the members expressed their wish to have my portrait painted by any artist I chose, with the intention of presenting it to the Colony and getting it hung in the Victoria Hall at Singapore, which contained the pictures of a number of my predecessors in the Office of Governor of the Straits. That is how I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Sargent, R.A., and became his firm friend and admirer. I sat for him about a dozen times, and as he liked talking whilst he painted, I passed many pleasant hours in his studio. He happened to be painting the portraits of a number of my friends, and it was interesting to watch these pictures grow day by day

to completion, and to hear the discerning comments of the artist on the frames of mind in which his sitters presented themselves to a man whose brush recorded characters as well as features. Sargent knew that I had been to Birmingham to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, and when I returned he spoke of the portrait he had painted of Mr. Chamberlain, and the great difficulty he had had in getting his subject to sit for him. Sargent said that he had stayed at Highbury to save Mr. Chamberlain trouble ; but the Minister was so constantly engaged that he could not get him to sit, and on the few occasions that he did, he was so weary that he lay on a sofa to pose for an erect portrait ! At last Mr. Chamberlain told Sargent that it was impossible for him to pose again, but he said : "My butler is about my height, and I will tell him to wear my coat, and you must do the best you can with him." The butler presented himself in his master's coat, and when Sargent had done with him the butler asked if he might look at the picture. Sargent made no difficulty, and when the butler had gazed long and carefully at the portrait Sargent asked him what he thought of it, and he replied : "Well, Sir, I think my master's lips are more bevelled than you have made them."

It was in Sargent's studio that I first met Mrs. Charles Hunter, from whom and her husband I received infinite kindness in London and at Hill Hall. Their house was constantly filled with interesting people and their endless parties gave pleasure to a host of people. In the autumn of 1904 I felt highly honoured by an invitation from Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge to be the single guest of the Royal Naval Club of 1765 at their Annual Dinner in celebration of Trafalgar Day. Sir Cyprian had succeeded Admiral Seymour in command of the China Squadron, and the dinner gave me the opportunity of meeting many naval friends.

I had seen Mr. Lyttleton several times and secured his permission to be allowed to resign my post at Singapore ; though he had very kindly pressed me not to do so, and had offered me various inducements to stay for at any rate the usual term of office. My service had been exceptionally trying, and I had decided that it was better to go whilst I was still in possession of my faculties rather than outstay my welcome ; so I adhered to my resignation. Mr. Lyttleton then asked me to go to Kenya, which happened to be in want of a Governor, but having just given up what I regarded as the most attractive and important of Crown Colony Governorships, there seemed no strong inducement to go to Kenya, unless it was the opportunity of shooting lions for which the Governor might have no time. I asked Mr. Lyttleton, however, whether the Colony had any money to pay for development, and when he replied that he was afraid there was none, but perhaps some might be found, I said that after my Malay experience I could not go to a country crying for development and have to sit still and do nothing. I happened to tell a friend of the offer that had been made to me and he said : "But you must accept. It is a great opportunity, and just what I wanted. Please tell Mr. Lyttleton at once that you will go."

I was rather surprised and said : "Why should I accept, and why does it interest you ?" "It is just what I want," he replied. "You know there are many rich Chinese in the U.S.A. ; so many that quite a large number die annually ; and they all want to be buried in China in sandalwood coffins, which are very expensive for sandalwood in any quantity is rare. I understand that there are some sandalwood forests in Kenya and, when you are Governor, you can give me a concession to work those forests and then my fortune is made. I shall set up a saw mill in Nairobi or somewhere, and make sandalwood coffins, which will be sent to San Francisco and sold at a high price. Every well-to-do Chinese will provide himself with one of my coffins and keep it till he is ready to use it. You must see that it is a splendid idea and will make my fortune."

Even with that inducement I did not change my mind ; but I rather wonder whether there are sandalwood forests in Kenya, or whether they were only in the mind of my friend who was full of brilliant ideas like this.

Colonel E. A. Herbert—stationed in Dublin and commanding the Inniskilling Dragoons—and his wife invited me to stay with them for a week or more of festivities, including some days' hunting with the Kildare, and I was delighted to take advantage of such an attractive offer. Lord Dudley was then the Viceroy, and the gaieties included an impressive Chapter of the Knights of St. Patrick, a dance at the Castle, and other entertainments. But the hunting was, of course, the *clou* of the proceedings and I enjoyed it immensely. It was my introduction to a country almost bare of the usual obstacles, but covered with deep double ditches which only a trained Irish hunter would understand and know how to negotiate. Riding hirelings is not as a rule much fun, but those which Herbert's knowledge had provided for me left nothing to be desired. They understood the game far better than I did, and I left it mainly to them. My friends warned me that everyone took a change of clothes as a precaution in case his horse got into a ditch instead of over it, for the ditches were not only very deep, they all carried water. Training out of Dublin to the meet, it was curious to see a large crowd in hunting kit—everyone carrying a suit-case of some sort containing the emergency change—making for a nearby pub, where the bags could be left in case of accidents. What struck me as most noticeable—after the nature of the country and its obstacles—were the keenness of the field and the smartness of their hunting clothes. There were a good many English visitors and I noticed several of them in difficulty, due no doubt to the fact that they were riding English horses, to which the double ditch was a surprise and a trap.

When the Duke of Cornwall and York visited Singapore, the leading member of his staff was Lord Wenlock, who when I returned to England was kind enough to seek me out and invite me to join his party for the annual shoot at Escrick ; where I spent a most enjoyable week of excellent sport and met a number of interesting men. I shot

with him every year till his death, and Lord Harewood and Captain Middleton—afterwards Lord Derwent—were always in the party. Wenlock was a notable example of the finest type of English country gentleman ; a man who won by his character the unswerving admiration of his friends and his people. When he was buried at Escrick and we stood by the grave, Harewood said : "We shall never meet here again," and he was right.

I knew de Lara well and saw him often. He was then at the height of his popularity as a singer and was much courted, but he was quite unaffected by admiration and flattery. His real name was Cohen, and he was an amusing companion with many stories against those of his own persuasion, or against himself.

A very famous violinist came to this country and de Lara told me that, having been invited to visit the distinguished man, he went to Paddington Station one afternoon and was standing on the platform when he noticed a very pretty girl walking with an elderly woman who he guessed might be her mother. The girl seemed to regard him with interest, and de Lara strolled down the platform to get a closer view of these ladies. He met them, and to his great surprise, the girl stopped, held out her hand and said : "I'm so glad to see you. Mother, this is Mr. de Lara." Rather taken aback, but appreciating his good fortune, de Lara made himself agreeable and explained what he was doing there, when the girl said : "When you return you must come and see us." De Lara said he would be delighted, and that he would be back in a couple of days. The girl said : "Will you come to tea on Thursday, it will be delightful if you can. Here is the address," and she handed him a card with her name and the number of the house in a fashionable Square. De Lara said he would make a point of calling on the day named, bid good-bye, and hurried away to his train feeling very elated. He told me he had never before seen the girl or her mother, and never heard their names.

On the Thursday, as agreed, de Lara called at the address given, and was shown into a long sitting-room, at one end of which he found the girl and a young man, whom she introduced as Jack somebody. De Lara was annoyed to find a rival in the field ; but they had tea, and the young man took little part in the conversation, while the girl gave all her attention to de Lara and made herself particularly seductive to him. They talked of music as well as other things until the right moment seemed to have arrived, when she begged de Lara to sing, and as he was used to such invitations and was not only ready but anxious to oblige, she took him to a grand piano near the other end of the room, and returned to her seat.

De Lara sang, no doubt passing well, as he could when there was a pretty girl to sing at, even though she was too far away to take the full stress of his passionate delivery, or at any rate for him to see the effect and take encouragement. At the end of the song the girl rushed to the piano, overwhelmed de Lara with thanks and appreciation, and begged him to sing again. He did so, several times, each new effort



TRÉNGGÁNU FROM NORTH SIDE OF RIVER MOUTH



PICTURE OF AUTHOR BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

followed by a new demonstration on the part of his hostess. The light was already fading—a condition which appealed to the singer and favoured his method—when de Lara thought he had done enough, got up and said he must go. The girl thanked him again, elaborately, and as de Lara was taking leave and they all stood together, she said : “I don’t know whether I told you that Jack and I are engaged, and we always said how lovely it would be if we could get you to come and sing your wonderful songs to us.” De Lara concluded his story by saying : “What a fool I was, and how well I deserved the douche, but going downstairs the water felt cold.”

I spent a week-end with Mr. Pendelli Ralli at his country house, and amongst the guests was an Under-Secretary in the Education Department who said to me : “I think you have been to Singapore.” I did not deny the charge and he continued : “There’s a school in Singapore, I cannot remember the name, but they sometimes ask us to find them a teacher. I thought if you know the place you could tell me the name of the school.”

“Was it the Raffles School ?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, “that’s right : now who was Raffles ?”

“The founder of Singapore,” I replied.

“Oh, really ; I didn’t know that.”

“Why should you ?” I said, “And he was the originator and first President of the Zoological Society in Regent’s Park.”

“Ah,” said the Under-Secretary, “I ought to have known that ; but I always thought Raffles was a man in a clock !”

Lady Randolph Churchill organized a Costume Ball to be held at the Albert Hall, and her friends responded with enthusiasm to make the dance a success. It was decided that leading members of Society should each form a party of four women and four men who would appear dressed as characters in one of Shakespeare’s plays, and on the night of the Ball would open the proceedings with a quadrille, each party dancing in a position assigned to it on the ball-room floor. King Edward and Queen Alexandra consented to occupy a box on the night of the dance, and for weeks a considerable number of people devoted afternoons to practising the quadrille in their private houses, and finally had a rehearsal in the Albert Hall under the direction of a Master of Ceremonies.

Lady Randolph had decided that her party should be dressed as characters in *Twelfth Night*, and she invited me to join as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, with the Duchess of Beaufort as my partner. We did most of our practising at the Beauforts’ house in Portman Square, and when the dance was only the memory of a very pleasant and successful evening I paid several visits to Badminton. One in particular impressed me, when Essex was also a guest, and all the talk was of the threat to the House of Lords if the members ventured—the next day—to refuse the Government’s proposal to deprive them of any voice in the discussion of money Bills. When the Duke returned from London, we heard that he and his friends had voted, not as they had intended,

but as they were urged to do, and felt that in loyalty they could not act otherwise.

At the instance of Sargent I was present at an Academy dinner when Rudyard Kipling made a witty speech on the evolution of the Tribe ; but when I read the report of the proceedings in the next morning's papers, I noticed that one sentence had been omitted. I was rather amused by Kipling's efforts to avoid being buttonholed by the many guests who sought speech with him, and his shyness came back to me at a later date. I had made friends with Percy Landon—then not long back from Lhasa—and we motored to "Bateman's" to spend the day with the Kiplings. A very happy day it was, and Kipling reminded me of how we spent it when—in 1923—I congratulated him on his inaugural speech to the students of St. Andrews University. We were enjoying ourselves thoroughly, playing with a fountain Kipling was trying to make in a pool of water in the garden, when a char-a-banc of trippers pulled up at the gate. The passengers tried to look over the high surrounding wall and completely upset Kipling, who said his life was made miserable by the way he was hunted and spied upon, even in such a remote place as Bateman's.

I stayed several times with Sir Bache and Lady Cunard at their house in the country, and on one of those visits found George Moore was the only other visitor, so we were thrown into each other's society, and I found him a very pleasant and amusing companion. On a Sunday when I went to a service in the church adjoining the grounds, I was surprised to hear George Moore read the lessons to a congregation which could not have exceeded a dozen people, including Lady Cunard and myself. My fellow-guest evidently enjoyed this duty, and I wondered whether any except those present had ever listened to George Moore reading the lessons in a Protestant—or indeed in any—church.

Early in 1909 the Marquis of Crewe, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, told me that the Government were sending a Royal Commission to Mauritius, to enquire into and report upon the financial position and prospects of that Colony, and he asked me if I would go as Chairman of the Commission. He added that Mauritius was threatened with insolvency, that the case was difficult, and that he was not sure that a satisfactory remedy could be found ; but that made the enquiry all the more interesting. I accepted the offer gladly, and found later that I was to have two colleagues, Sir Edward O'Malley, who had been a Judge of Consular Courts in the Near East, and Mr. Woodcock, a Barrister. Mr. Harding, of the Colonial Office, was appointed Secretary to the Commission and discharged his duties admirably. Reaching Cape Town we crossed to Simon's Town, embarked on H.M.S. *Forté*, and after a jumpy and disturbing passage, arrived at Port Louis in Mauritius on 2nd June, which happened to be the day on which, in 1796, the French Commissioners of the Directoire had landed at the same place from the French war vessel, *La Forté*. It was a strange coincidence if not exactly a good omen ;

but the people of Mauritius welcomed us courteously, though without enthusiasm ; withholding their judgment, but fearing recommendations for public economies and increased taxation.

The Governor, Sir Cavendish Boyle, was very kind and made us his guests at Le Réduit, until we obtained comfortable quarters in a country house placed at our disposal by its English owner.

I wondered why the local Press referred usually to the Governor as "Tabac," and concluded that his name "Cavendish" had suggested the sobriquet, but it seemed far-fetched.

Mauritius is a lovely island about the size of the County of Surrey, with a pleasant summer climate on the tableland 1800 feet above the sea. If it were within easy reach, its climate and scenery would make it the playground of Europe. It is peopled by French planters and colonists, and their descendants through 200 years of occupation, and by thousands of immigrants from Southern India—and a few Africans—attracted by the pleasant climate and the wages to be earned in cultivating cane-sugar for their French employers. The Law of the Colony is founded on the Code Napoléon ; the language spoken is French ; and the Press is represented by seven French newspapers and a Sunday paper in French and English. England is known as "le Metropole" and France as "la Mère Patrie." The Government is expected to provide everyone with everything wanted, almost from the cradle to the grave. Not only schools for the children, but trains to carry them to and from the schools. Convenient transport of canes from fields to factories, almost without charge ; for are not the railways and the rolling stock the property of the islanders ? Prisons are such comfortable and pleasant places that they are sought by the indigent ; and though every opportunity for escape is almost thrust upon gangs working upon roads or other jobs, liberty has no attractions for well-housed, well-fed men called upon for no more severe punishment than to tickle the yielding surface of a country road. To hush the voice of cavil from those who cannot be accommodated in the prisons, there is an office or department which provides for the wants of all those who appeal for casual help, and show that they are really in want. No wonder it is only the very rich—or very difficult to satisfy—who ever leave the sunny skies and warm air of Mauritius for the grey days and cold inhospitality of foreign shores.

It was not, therefore, surprising that the Government of Mauritius had got into financial difficulties ; that there were too many civil servants, too large an establishment everywhere ; that the rails of the permanent way were dangerously worn, the locomotives on their last wheels, and the rolling-stock almost falling to bits ; while there were no funds to pay for other urgently needed necessities and improvements. When what is really wanted cannot be done because there is no money to pay for it, this enforced idleness of civil servants is prone to smoke-screen the position by inducing them to write minutes, fill in forms, and seek other quite useless work. That seemed to suggest itself as one of the contributing causes for the financial *malaise*, and was con-

firmed when Mr. Harding and I made a room-to-room examination of practically every Department of the Government service.

The enquiry by the Commission was conducted in public, was carried on from day to day, and lasted several months, during which we managed—with the help of a hired car—to see most of the island, and I can think of no other place where the natural beauties are so striking. There is the shore, almost wholly surrounded by a coral atoll. The sea breaks in waves of foam on the coral reef, and the sheltered waters within shimmer with surprising and fascinating colours—purple and green and saffron,—I have seen nothing like it except at Honolulu. Driving down a country road, the last stretch of which is straight and ends on the shore, you look through a frame of leaves and blossoms to a kaleidoscope of changing colour broken by fountains of white spray. The hills of Mauritius are so many and so strange that, once you are on the tableland, they arrest your attention and give an uncanny feeling of unreality, and rather gruesome foreboding. They are fantastic in shape, jagged and hard in outline, treeless, and stand against the background of sky as something ruthless and forbidding. “Pieter Both”—first climbed by Lord Charles Beresford—is the most curious, rising to a long narrow neck and head, covered by a fantastic hat of rock; but there are many others almost equally strange in form. The general impression conveyed is that one stands in the midst of extinct volcanoes, shattered by some tremendous convulsion of nature which has blown them to pieces and left only the wreck of an explosion so violent that the fragments which remain are almost terrifying; and that partly because what is left suggests that the outburst might be repeated, perhaps to-night or to-morrow. The origin of these contorted, steeply-pointed rocks, rising straight out of a level plain, is said to be just what one would imagine; only that they were at the bottom of the sea when the convulsion shattered the one volcano or the many, and that then they were suddenly, or gradually, forced upwards. There is still an active volcano, 10,000 feet high, on the neighbouring island of Bourbon; and there is a great field of long-cold lava covering a large area of Mauritius.

The other remarkable feature of Mauritius is the fissures, or cañons, sometimes a thousand feet deep, which cut the upland fields of cane, and carry the rivers of the country from their sources to the sea; making their exits through V-shaped clefts on to a narrow stretch of lowland through which they pass to the ocean. These great ravines are particularly striking, because they are invisible until the spectator suddenly finds himself on the very edge of an almost perpendicular bank falling sheer to the edge of a stream, which runs a zig-zag course—over rapids and down waterfalls—till it reaches the belt of comparatively level land near the coast. Mauritius is given up to a single industry, the cultivation of the sugar-cane, the crushing of the ripe canes and the manufacture of sugar in the factories. The French planters know their business; their factories are up to date and the machinery modern. Labour is almost entirely Indian; happy and contented with no

complaints. Local trouble comes from an occasional hurricane doing great damage in the cane fields ; but in 1909 the planters' complaint was the low price of cane-sugar until the years of the Great War, when a planter told me that struggle had brought such prosperity to the island that it had made five millionaires ; possibly he meant millionaires in rupees, for Mauritius currency is in that coin.

It was rather surprising to find that the people of Mauritius had thought one British Governor worthy of such recognition as prompts a statue ; and perhaps more curious that the Governor singled out for this unique honour should have been Sir John Pope-Hennessy.

When our work was done we returned in a Messageries steamer, and as the boat called at Bourbon, and we were never again likely to have an opportunity of seeing that island, we disembarked there, partly climbed and partly were carried up the thirty-five kilometres of the path which took us to Cilaos, at near 5000 feet, and stayed there till we had to walk down again to catch the next steamer for Marseilles. The ascent to Cilaos is tremendously impressive, and I was glad not to have missed it. My colleagues had designs on a much greater enterprise, the ascent of *Piton des Neiges*, 10,000 feet, the highest peak in the island and 5000 feet above Cilaos ; but somehow the intention went into the road which is already so well paved. I think it was rather a gesture to save face that sent us to look at the other side of the mountain, the village where we should have appeared had we scaled the heights of *Piton des Neiges* and then gone down the other and easier side.

Mauritius has a considerable and highly intelligent population, which includes the bearers of many distinguished French names, and it seemed curious that one could not find one bookshop to serve the intellectual interests of such a community. On the other hand, the activities of the island Press filled me with amazement and admiration. The Enquiry on which we were engaged was carried on, day by day, from morning till 4 p.m. or later, in French and English, an interpreter translating into English the testimony of French witnesses, as well as putting into French the many questions which the Members of the Commission addressed to them. And yet, every day by about six o'clock, we received evening papers containing a report of the proceedings of that day almost *in extenso* and, of course, all in French. It was a remarkable performance, carried on for weeks. The Commission had taken from London two highly qualified shorthand reporters, who kept a record of everything said in English, but that, of course, was for our use ; it took our experts many hours of the evening to write out their notes in longhand. We wrote our Report on the voyage home and completed it in London.

A new Governor of Mauritius was appointed, Sir John Challoner, and I believe he was instructed to carry out our recommendations as far as possible, that he did so, and that the people of that enchanting island have benefited thereby.

I have not seen my colleagues since we sent in our Report, but I received a letter of thanks from the Colonial Office, and am the proud

owner of a silver inkstand gifted to me in memory of the Commission. That very pleasant experience always reminds me of an amusing story told me by Sir Edward O'Malley. He was travelling on circuit—if that is the right description—a wide circuit in the Near East, and reached Athens. He wanted luncheon, found a restaurant, went in and sat down to scan the menu which was written in Greek. He could make nothing of the dishes described, but his eye caught the word *Ariston*, and he said to himself: "When in doubt, order *Ariston* and you must get something good." Therefore, with a confident air he ordered *Ariston*. The waiter brought him Irish stew.

On a hot day of blazing sunshine in 1910 I watched, from the windows of Charlie Beresford's house, the funeral procession of King Edward VII—greatly beloved of his people—pass through the Marble Arch on its way to Windsor; and in the afternoon I went by train to attend the service at St. Paul's. Entering the lift at St. Paul's Underground Station, I noticed a group of rather scared people—mostly women in mourning, whose object was evidently the same as mine—huddled together in one corner, while a wild-looking man, with no coat and a bit of string for a necktie, was talking in a loud voice and showed unmistakably that the heat of the day had been too much for him. As the lift moved upwards he shouted: "He was a right good King. We'll never see his like again." Then after a pause, as the lift reached the landing, he continued: "There'll be no more Jews now, no more Jews"; and as the gate opened he staggered out into the sunshine with his message: "No more Jews, now." There and then, this voice crying—not in the wilderness but in the throng of passing crowds—sounded curiously informed, and faintly prophetic.

CHAPTER XXI

BRITISH HOSPITALITY—THE GREAT WAR AND PRESS CENSORSHIP

I PAID MY FIRST VISIT TO LOWTHER IN AUGUST, 1904, AND IT WAS REPEATED year by year till the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, when I joined the Press Bureau, and did not leave London for nearly five years, except once to go to St. Omer and see the front line, and once to attend the funeral of a greatly regretted friend. In a place like Singapore—a great calling station on the main route from Europe to the Farthest East—hospitality is part of the job, and one cannot always choose one's guests. For that reason there are opportunities for "entertaining angels unawares," but the supply is limited, or the "Gorgeous East"—always excepting the island and belles of Bali—has ceased to attract such visitors. My own experience had not prepared me for the overwhelming kindness and hospitality which I met with when I had given up substantial authority, ceased to be an exile, and regained the right to walk where I pleased on the pavements and in

the parks of London. Amongst all the friends to whom I am indebted, it would be hard to find such unvarying kindness and hospitality as that dispensed at Lowther by Lord and Lady Lonsdale. In spite of his endless occupations, Lonsdale could always spare time to attend to the comfort of his guests by rendering services that few would think of. Who else would telephone to three or four people to find out the exact details of the easiest journey by rail from Penrith to some remote station across country? His desire to help and to give pleasure always struck me as without parallel, and peculiar to himself.

It was at Lowther that I met Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, who were kind enough to ask me to be a frequent visitor at Alloa House, where their hospitality was unbounded. By the death of Lady Mar English Society lost one of its greatest ornaments. Amongst the most beautiful women of her time, she was distinguished by great intelligence, kindness and an unforgettable charm, which made her friendship a very highly prized possession. Her thoughtful care of, and sympathy for, her people won from them a regard as sincere as the warm admiration of her friends; she held a place of her own to which no one is likely to succeed.

From Alloa it is an easy drive to one of the most interesting houses in Scotland, Kinross House, and with its unique position—facing Loch Leven with the garden running down to the waters of the lake—it must be counted as one of the loveliest dwellings in the North. Sir Basil and Lady Montgomery made me welcome on many occasions and always it was a delightful experience, whether to shoot, to fish in the loch, or just to play golf on the private course and relax.

One afternoon I met in a London street David Beatty, a friend made during my visit to Wei-Hai-Wei, and we walked into the Bath Club where he read on the tape the news of his promotion to the rank of Captain, and remarked: "That makes me the youngest Post-Captain in the Navy." During their tenancy of Invercauld I paid several most enjoyable visits to the Beattys for stalking, grouse shooting and fishing. It was my first introduction to deer stalking in Scotland, and was so unlike what I expected that I may be excused for relating my experience. I went one afternoon with two ghillies to a small forest-covered hill, at no great distance from the House, and I was given to understand that from there we should have a wide view of an extensive hill-side where deer might be spotted. The ghillies climbed the hill and led me to the other side, where there was an open space in the trees from which it was possible, with glasses, to examine closely a great space of ground. The men sat down, adjusted their spy-glasses and gave the survey their undivided attention. They did not speak to me, but carried on a disjointed conversation with each other. I noticed that they picked up a herd of deer a long way off, at a place where it would have been impossible to approach within a reasonable distance without being seen. So, after about twenty minutes, the trackers got up and walked away on a grass ride which seemed to encircle the hill. I followed, and after going a short

distance the leading stalker stopped, turned into the trees and undergrowth of the down-slope, and then made signs which I understood to mean that he wanted me to join him and not to make a noise. I found him looking down the steep slope to a little glade of grass at the bottom of the hill, and in a hoarse whisper of reproof he said : "Man, can ye no' see him?" To which I replied : "Not as long as you stand in front of me." He moved aside, and I saw a stag standing in the glade. I fired and the beast sprang into the air and fell in a heap. It reminded me of shooting the Malay serau. The ghillie turned to me then and said : "Are ye very pleased?" I did not feel there was cause for any particular enthusiasm, so we made our way down the slope to the kill—a stag with antlers of no importance. A few days later, I rode some distance into a hilly country where I dismounted and went with a venerable stalker, who first relieved me of my rifle, and then told me to follow him as he climbed a hill-side to its flat summit, and there scanned the country-side with his glass. Unlike the other ghillies, this stalker was quite companionable, though he evidently distrusted my ability to do him any credit. After a short absence he returned and whispered that he had spotted a herd ; that he would take me within shot, and he would point out the stag which should be the object of my effort. We walked a short distance, and then crawled on our bellies another short distance till we could look over the edge of the rise. A herd of a dozen deer were feeding about seventy yards away and the stalker, having pointed out a stag in the group, handed my rifle and whispered : "There's the one, an' mind ye het him." I did hit him behind the shoulder, and he disappeared with the rest of the herd. The stag travelled only fifty yards and we found him dead. The stalker said : "Gude shot," and did not hide his surprise, which soon gave place to satisfaction that the game was up after such a small effort, and less than an hour's time. He indicated clearly that the hunt was over ; the stag was put on the pony and I went back to Invercauld, pondering on the difference between my small experience of stalking in the Highlands and carrying a heavy rifle all day through the thorns and thickets of a Malay jungle.

The Beattys and their guests were bidden to a ghillies' dance at Balmoral, where ladies of the Court danced vigorously with the ghillies to the great satisfaction of King Edward and all his guests.

On a summer morning, in the far North of Scotland, it is delicious to be awakened by the strains of bagpipes beneath your windows ; the sound rising and falling as the piper marches to and fro on a path from which spring the walls of a historic castle. Good fortune had made me a guest at Dunrobin, where a large party was helping the Duchess of Sutherland to run an alfresco bazaar for the benefit of some charity. Caithness with its deer forests, grouse moors and rivers teeming with trout and salmon is a sportsman's paradise ; but while Scotland is full of properties with similar attractions, the rare beauty and charm of Dunrobin's châteline gave that famous place a distinction all its own. Further north, in a wilder country, my friends, Mr.

and Mrs. Huth-Jackson, had taken one of Sir A. Sinclair's shootings in a country where I spent some weeks of unalloyed delight. I have never seen elsewhere anything quite like that estate. It is a measureless expanse of moorland, brooks of dark brown water, and small lochs, the last full of trout seldom fished. Except for a few low hills, the country is covered by heather well stocked with grouse. There is not a dwelling—except the shooting lodge—a tree, or even a sheep, to be seen anywhere. The lodge had a sort of spire by which, when any distance afield, one found one's way home. When out of sight of the spire, there was nothing to guide the wanderer. Fritz Jackson had sent a motor car, but all the land was boggy and the car, standing in front of the lodge, began to sink into the ground and was sent away. Instead, a spring cart and a rough pony were found and served to carry us to the distant drives, and especially to the lochs. It was all great fun, and so primitive that I concluded the appearance of the country had not changed since the beginning of the world. The Huth-Jacksons' hospitality introduced the same party to various shoots, but this was the most notable by reason of the good sport and the strange environment.

Hunting one day with the Pytchley, my horse came down at a nasty jump and gave me a toss. When I got up I saw—a hundred yards ahead of me—a rider hooking the reins of my horse with his crop, and running up to thank him, I saw it was Annaly, who took the pack when the Master was away. I was full of apologies and thought it particularly nice of him to pull up and catch a stray horse when hounds were running, but he cut short my thanks to make up lost ground whilst I remounted and tried to do the same. We made friends, and when I had left the East I went to stay at Holdenby and had an indifferent day on a hirelift. Annaly was then the Master of the Pytchley and was kindly insistent on my having a season with that pack while he was Master, but I could not manage it. When we were both living in London I saw him often. Then he was laid up for weeks and when convalescent I was standing one afternoon at Hyde Park Corner and he drove up and getting out of his car asked me to walk across the Park with him. He walked with some difficulty and was glad of an arm to lean on, but otherwise was his usual charming self, and when we reached the Marble Arch got into his car and drove home. Not long afterwards I was shocked to read of his death, which was a great grief to me, for he was of the best, and as a rider to hounds had few equals.

It is only natural that sometimes a house, or a garden, impresses itself on a visitor; and sometimes it is the people who live there, while the house says nothing which can be carried away. To know that King Z slept one night in this bedroom, or that Little Boy Blue was murdered in that unattractive oak closet, neither thrills the stranger nor remains in his memory. It is more difficult to define the attractions of a house than of its mistress—supposing she possesses them. I have always regarded Knole as the most wonderful house I

have ever seen : not because it is said to support a roof measuring five acres ; not because of its many courtyards, its chapel, banqueting hall or picture gallery, nor yet by reason of its site, its garden and immediate surroundings. It is the whole building taken as one stately yet enchanting dwelling, filled with famous pictures, splendid pieces of antique furniture and priceless silver. Successive owners throughout past ages have delighted to adorn their home with rare and lovely things, to guard them as treasures, and once at Knole, to see that they remained. The historic interest of rooms, their decoration and contents, is infinite ; the atmosphere of the house is alive with the past, and to-day is only a fleeting incident which leaves small trace of its passage.

The Sackvilles were most hospitable, and while he was a perfect guide to the wonders of Knole, Lady Sackville devoted herself to arranging delightful week-end parties, where one was sure to meet interesting people : the Foreign Office being usually represented, and Foreign Embassies as well. I met there Von Kuhlmann, of the German Embassy, and his wife on several visits, but whether at Knole or in London, he was always regarded as a clever observer, seeking information to serve ends known only to himself. He professed an interest in Chinese ceramics, and that took me to his house, but from what I saw I doubt whether he was really a collector. I have still a card of good wishes dated 1914, the invention of Lady Sackville. It is in the form of a railway ticket ; on one side C. & N. Y. and under those letters :

Wishing you from January to December,

First Class time of it.

Available for every day in the year.

On the other side are charmingly expressed good wishes, and the hope that the holder may travel safely far beyond the stations named.

Wynyard, with its gardens and woods, is an ideal country residence, with capital shooting ; it stands in the centre of a hunting country where one sees the farmers, on home-bred hunters, thoroughly enjoying themselves and going with determination to keep as near the hounds as their horses will carry them. There is so much water about—in “stells” and brooks—that every follower of hounds manages to get over obstacles which would stop more than half the field riding behind a smart Southern pack, where the sporting instinct is not so strong as it is amongst the miners and farmers in Yorkshire and Durham. To speak of the kindness of friends only makes them uncomfortable ; and in the case of Lord and Lady Londonderry it would always fall short of what I feel, whether I think of them at Wynyard or in Park Lane, where Lady Londonderry held a recognized position as the leader in social questions ; no less than a powerful influence in political circles.

Londonderry told me an amusing story of an incident during his tenure of office as Viceroy in Dublin. A team of 'Varsity cricketers went to Dublin to play a match against Ireland, and Londonderry

gave an evening party at the Castle to entertain the teams after the game. The match proved to be most-exciting, for the visitors were only just ahead with three Irish wickets still to fall when an under-graduate named Cobden was put on to bowl. He took the three wickets and won the game for his side by one run. The excitement which followed can be imagined, and still gripped the members of the rival teams when they met each other and a large number of Dublin notables. Amongst them Londonderry noticed a nice old man, looking rather at a loss for someone to speak to, while near him was Mr. Cobden, hero of the cricket match. Londonderry turned to his ancient guest and said: "Let me introduce to you Mr. Cobden, of the victorious team." The ancient, who had heard nothing about the cricket match and was not interested, caught the name of Cobden, which thrilled him to the bones, and addressing the youth said: "Dear me, how very interesting; are you a relative of the great Mr. Cobden?" To which the cricketer replied: "I am the great Mr. Cobden."

From Wynyard to Windlestone is a short journey. Sir William and Lady Eden made me welcome in their charming house to join a shooting party, or just to wander in the lovely garden and discuss pictures and art and people with my host. Those visits were a great pleasure to me. Eden was an exceptional character, and though other people found him difficult, and his temper—as he said himself—was uncertain, I never found him otherwise than charming. To differ with him was more inspiring than to agree with others less gifted and less original. In the years I knew him his great interest was painting, which he did so well that he could hardly be classed as an amateur. That, the care of his garden and the exchange of ideas in talk, seemed to satisfy his scheme of life; but I often felt that he wished he had something important to do, some office that would have given scope for the exercise of his intellectual gifts. One day we went to the stables, and as we came away he said: "If it was not to take Marjorie"—his daughter—"and give her a lead, I should never get on a horse again." That surprised me, having known him as one of the hardest riders to hounds, mounted well enough to take him across any country.

On Saturday, the first of August, 1914, the Speaker—now Lord Ullswater—and Mrs. Lowther had a week-end party at Campsie Ashe, which included Mr. Bonar Law, his daughter, and a number of others, of whom I was one. As we returned to London on the Monday morning, it was certain that we should be engaged in the war which had already broken out between Austria, Germany and Russia. When, on the 4th, war was declared and I read that F. E. Smith had been appointed Director of the Press Bureau, I offered my services; he accepted, and I joined him at once. The formation of the Bureau was announced in the House of Commons on the 7th of August by Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who said: "We are establishing to-day a Press Bureau and I am very glad to say that the Right Honourable and very learned Member for the Walton Division of Liverpool will preside over it, and from that

Bureau a steady stream of trustworthy information, supplied both by the War Office and the Admiralty, can be given to the Press." The office was started in a miserable dwelling in Charing Cross, so small and inconvenient that in a very short time we moved to what is called the finest civil building in London, the home of the Royal United Service Institution, in the rooms which adjoin the Banqueting Hall of the Palace of Westminster. There the Press Bureau remained and worked, day and night, till the end of the war and on into the year 1919. One of the advantages of the building was that it had two entrances, one in Whitehall and one at the side, and the latter was given for the use of the considerable body of Press reporters, who used a large room on the ground floor. From the institution of Press Censorship and the opening of the Press Bureau Sir George Riddell, as representing Press proprietors, had been a constant visitor, and very shortly after the move across the road he called one evening about midnight to complain that a constable had been stationed at the Whitehall door to prevent its use by Press reporters. F. E. listened, and when Sir George concluded by saying : "You will have to remove the constable and change your orders or you will have trouble," F. E. said : "Look here, George, if a man tried to force his way into your house, would you not throw him out?" And Riddell replied : "If a man tried to force his way into my house wouldn't I throw him out? Of course I should—unless he was a Pressman." He gave some reasons, which did not seem to affect F. E. ; the constable was not removed, and that was the end of the incident. Meanwhile the office was organized with a staff of Naval Censors appointed by the Admiralty, Military Censors—chosen partly by the War Office, but mainly by the Director—Civilian Censors, and a room of Cable Censors. The whole establishment, including clerks, shorthand and type writers, numbered about one hundred persons, and the work continued day and night throughout the war. Sir Edward Cook had joined the staff very early, and he and I were appointed Assistant Directors until F. E. Smith gave up his post in September, and went to France, being succeeded by Sir Stanley Buckmaster, then Solicitor General. In May, 1915, Buckmaster became Lord Chancellor—rather unwillingly—and from that time till 1919 Cook and I were Joint Directors of the Press Bureau and worked in great harmony, for it would have been difficult to find a more capable, tactful and wise colleague, who appealed to the Press as one of themselves. I cannot say that the direction of Press Censorship was a very desirable post, but it was full of interest and the buffets did not really matter.

At the invitation of G.H.Q. I went to St. Omer and saw Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, and many others, and was given the opportunity of going to Ypres and other places at the front, being personally conducted and shepherded by an officer who knew exactly how to avoid the unhealthy spots, though he could not prevent his charge seeing some at least of the effects of enemy shelling. Before I returned, French asked me to go and see him, and he told me that he had read

in the Press that there was trouble over a statement made by the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to the effect that he had it on the best authority that the Commander-in-Chief had said that he had all the ammunition he required, whereas there was a general impression that he was badly in want of shells which he could not get. French said this was due to a very simple misunderstanding which had arisen in this way. He came to London to see Kitchener to talk over a small offensive which he proposed to make, and about other matters. That done he was returning, and Kitchener went to the station to see him off. They walked on the platform, talked again of the coming push, and just as French was getting into the train Kitchener said: "Have you all the shells you want?" and French, thinking he meant all that were needed for the small immediate offensive, said: "Yes." Apparently Kitchener thought he meant enough for all purposes, and so informed the Prime Minister.

Some weeks after my return to London the officer who had piloted me to the front in France called to see me at the Press Bureau, and I asked him if he had had any more shell-dodging recently. He said: "Yes, I was told to take Mr. Dash around; it was a very hot day and the dust on the road was worse than usual. The car I was driving was rather slow and suddenly a man on a motor bike passed us and kept just in front, raising a great cloud of dust which, of course, blew in our faces. Mr. Dash, very annoyed, turned to me and said: "Do you know that man?" and I replied: "Yes, I know him well." Then Mr. Dash: "When next you see him, you can tell him that he threw dust on a Cabinet Minister," and I replied: "It would have no effect, he is the sort of man who would not care if you told him he'd thrown dust on a General!"

The war in the West had long been dragging its agonizing length along, with enormous losses in life and occasional gains of a mile or two in French or Belgian territory, when general dissatisfaction induced Mr. Asquith—then Prime Minister—to meet Sir George Riddell and other representatives of the Press, to hear their complaints and discuss them in the presence of the Home Secretary, Chiefs of the Fighting Services—Lord Kitchener amongst them—a Foreign Office Representative—and the Directors of the Press Bureau. It was a memorable meeting. The Press complained that Naval and Military news which ought to be made public was either withheld or so delayed that it had lost its value by the time it was issued for publication. In the discussion which followed, Lord Kitchener and the other representatives of the Fighting Services promised to do what was possible to mend matters, and Mr. Asquith laid it down that, as it had already been decided that the Press Bureau was the sole authority for the issue of all information from Government Departments to the Press, the Directors must have the final voice in deciding the terms of the communiqués and even—in cases where they had strong reasons for their action—in declining publication. When the Press representatives had left the meeting, the Directors of the Press Bureau made two

requests : one, that they should be kept informed confidentially on all important questions connected with the prosecution of the war, without which knowledge they could not discharge the duties of censorship efficiently ; and secondly, that the Service Departments should send quicker and fuller information to the Press Bureau for issue to the Press. The Prime Minister expressed a pious approval of these requests, and there the matter ended.

Though not mentioned at the meeting just described, there was a cause of delay well known to the Press, to the Directors of the official Bureau, and to Government Departments : that was the desire of Ministers to have the pleasure of announcing to Parliament an Allied success on sea, or land, or in the air. To gratify that desire, and give the required opportunity, meant, of course, a delay of hours—and possibly of days. In spite of what had passed at this meeting, the Press Bureau was left in ignorance of important decisions and arrangements—just as before—and the Service Departments gave no fuller or quicker information than they had supplied hitherto. Whilst it is obvious that the Director of Press Censorship—whether or not he is also responsible for supplying the public with news through the medium of the Press—should be kept informed on all the subjects with which censorship in war-time is likely to be concerned, it seems to me that the Fighting Services have a right and duty to decide against the publication of any information which will benefit the enemy or damage the interests of ourselves or our allies. There is no excuse for delay in issuing information which the proper authorities have decided to make public. It was noticeable that whenever we had cause to complain of admitted mistakes outside the Press Bureau it was impossible to discover the name of the culprit. I can quote a remarkable instance of Whitehall reluctance to pass on to those who ought to know important news which is already known to many, and in a few hours will be public property. Sir John French had been transferred from France to London and placed in command of Home Defence, with an office in the Horse Guards building just opposite the Press Bureau. We heard that the battle of Jutland was proceeding, and the news so far received was not very inspiring. I walked across the road to see French, thinking he might have later and better information in regard to a matter of the first importance. When I told him what we had heard, he could hardly believe my story and became very angry. He said : “Here am I, supposed to be responsible for the defence of the Kingdom, and no one thinks it necessary to tell me that a battle is being fought on the result of which may depend the invasion of the country. When everyone concerned should have been warned and moving hours ago, I only hear this grave news from your casual visit.”

I agreed with French that he had every reason to feel aggrieved ; but that did not explain why he or the Admiralty—only a few yards away—had not arranged with each other as to what should be done under circumstances which might be expected as possible.

Press censorship in war-time is a necessity, but as laid down in 1914 it was voluntary, and is so in the greater war now being fought. That works here because the Press, almost without exception, is patriotic, experienced and wise ; and though Press Censorship interferes with and restricts its usual independence, the men in control are quite ready to listen and accept when good reasons can be given why statements which may help the enemy or may injure our cause should not be made public. Mistakes are sure to be made, both by the Press and by the Censorship, but they are due to hurry, misunderstanding and oversight. The spread of wireless has made Censorship infinitely more difficult, and the transmission of valuable knowledge to the enemy infinitely more easy ; but since the present war began I have read in the Press innumerable statements that give useful information to an enemy, and some that are against the interests of this country.

When I read that the present Ministry of Information employs nearly one thousand people and costs millions a year, I wonder whether so many heads and so much money are really needed to do what is required of them. So far as I recollect, the Official Press Bureau of 1914-1919 cost the country under £40,000 ; there was no change in control—and hardly any in staff—after May, 1915, and that it was fairly effective from the enemy's point of view may be gathered from the following statement by Count Bernsdorff, German Ambassador in Washington, in a copy of a letter addressed to the American Secretary of State and entrusted to Mr. Archibald for safe delivery to the authorities in Berlin. He described the British Press Bureau as "a Press Bureau that in its efficiency and imaginative power has never had its equal in the history of the world."

The attacks on the Press Bureau of 1914-18 were identical with those made on the Ministry of Information in the present war, only they were more violent, more vicious and more indiscriminate. I have three large volumes of Press cuttings from news-sheets of the time to support that statement. The complaints then and now were the same. Whatever the Press Bureau did or neglected to do, it was always wrong. The reasons, then and now, were also the same. Suppression of, or delay in issuing, war news which was doled out to the Press Bureau by the Fighting Services, or the Foreign Office, until that Department abandoned censorship and told the Press to use its own discretion, a position which was resented. I cannot remember that anyone ever gave the Press Bureau the smallest credit for the innumerable war photographs which were issued, but that service was the result of Press Bureau efforts to persuade Naval and Military authorities to allow the pictures to be made by specially competent photographers duly authorized to do the work.

My books of endless criticisms of the Press Bureau contain one article in defence. It refers to Count Bernsdorff's letter already quoted, and adds : "That opinion sounds extravagant, but coming from an enemy in the position of the German Ambassador at Washington should be more convincing to any fair mind than an unreasoning

attack from one whose personal activities have been hampered by the restrictions which the Government of a belligerent has felt it necessary to impose upon neutral correspondents, as well as upon its own Press, for the safety of its people and the success of its arms." My colleague, Sir Edward Cook, wrote an essay on the Press Bureau of 1914-18 which is called "The Press in War Time," but our successors do not seem to have read it.

What has struck me most in reading Press articles on the present War is the great public service which has been rendered by many of the most-read newspapers in criticism of failure and incapacity in administration, and the very valuable suggestions made to improve matters where old ideas of complacency, bad organization, delay, and want of drive, were threatening the country with disaster. Our system invites maddening circumlocution in method, and it is a comfort to think—and to know—that the Press has the power and the will to push laggards; for neither Principalities nor Powers, nor Height, nor Depth, nor any other thing seems able to move some Government Departments out of the ease and dignity into which they fall so naturally in peace-time.

Sir John Lavery and his accomplished wife were friends of mine, and one day in 1919 Lavery told me that a strange man and woman called on him, and the man, after introducing the lady as his wife, said he was a jute merchant in Dundee and they wished to know whether it was the case that Lavery "did portraits." Lavery replied that his visitors had not been misinformed. Whereupon the jute merchant said, "We want a portrait of my wife. How much do you charge?" Lavery, believing from the man's appearance and his speech that he thought Lavery was a photographer, decided to get rid of him, so answered, "£1500 for full length." "All right," said the jute man, "then we'll 'ave two; one with 'er 'at on, and one with it off." "I painted them both," concluded Lavery, "and he paid the price."

Long after that, Lavery held, in Bond Street, a show of his own pictures with a few by Lady Lavery. I went there one afternoon and found Lavery almost alone in the rooms. After looking at the pictures I had a talk with him, and I said: "I noticed a striking picture of a female figure standing on the border of a lake, but she is very shy. She has forgotten her clothes, has turned her back on you, and is gazing into the misty distance of imaginary hills."

Lavery smiled and said, "It is rather amusing about that picture. I painted it years ago. The subject begged me to do it, but only a back view of her figure. Now that years have passed and she looks quite different, she tells her woman friends that the figure is hers, but none of them believe her, and she regrets that she turned her back on opportunity."

In 1925, Mr. Amery, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, recommended me to be King of Arms in the Distinguished Order of



LE RÉDUIT
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MAURITIUS



PIETER BOTH, MAURITIUS

St. Michael and St. George, and His Majesty, King George V, Sovereign of the Order, was pleased to appoint me to an office which I valued very highly and held for thirteen years. I was greatly interested in the Services of the Order, and in the Chapel in St. Paul's, which was practically redecorated and refurnished during the time I held office. With other Officers of the various Orders of Chivalry, I was privileged to take part in the Coronation Ceremonies at Westminster Abbey when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were crowned, and I retired after a memorable Service of the Order, in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was attended by the King and by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. When I resigned I was the only remaining representative of those who held Office when I was appointed to succeed Sir Montagu Ommanney of the Colonial Office, who had been King of Arms from the time when the Chapel was assigned to the use of the Order.

In this connection I recall a unique assembly of Members of the Order when they dined at St. James's Palace, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Cambridge, then Grand Master, who made the only speech. After describing briefly the origin of the Order, the number of Members in each class, and their gradual increase, the Duke concluded by saying that the total number of Members had been raised to 600, and "I hope to God it will stop there."

The number is now over 4000, including Honorary Members appointed during and after the Great War.

CHAPTER XXII

REFLECTIONS

WHEN THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES APPOINTS THE Governor of a Crown Colony, it is unlikely that he does so because the chosen man knows the Colony, its people, or the language generally spoken by the majority of the inhabitants. It is improbable that the man's own characteristics are taken into account, or that he is selected because they are likely to fit him for that particular post. Usually the newly appointed Governor knows nothing about the Colony he is sent to govern, nothing about its needs, and less than nothing about the people over whose destinies he will have a large control for a number of years, which not infrequently extends to seven, though the usual term is supposed to be five.

Not only does this mean that a new Governor with the best intentions takes a long time to learn his business, but if he is not capable, energetic and observant, he may never learn it; and unless he is sympathetic and broadminded he may fail to understand the people with whose affairs he is so intimately concerned. Yet the measures he takes—or omits to take—may have an abiding influence on their fortunes and their happiness. Though it would be unreasonable to

expect that the Governor of a Colony should be able to speak in a language he has had no cause to learn, there is no reason why the other qualifications I have mentioned should not be considered ; and if they were it seems probable that the result would be beneficial to the Colony and to the Empire. When a vacant Governorship has to be filled, there are always a large number of people in the Colony—and in this country—who are deeply concerned, and they wonder what enquiries are made, of whom and by whom, before a man is selected to fill a post with such large authority and subject to so little effective criticism. British possessions, Protectorates, and Mandated Territories, are widespread ; but it would be fairly easy to group them into Governments with some similarity in climate, in peoples, in conditions of life, and in opportunities for development. A successful Administrator in one West Indian Colony would probably succeed in another, and there are conditions in Ceylon, Malaya, Hong Kong, and perhaps in Mauritius, which would make it natural to group those Colonies together so that a Governor of proved capacity might pass from one to another ; other groupings could be easily named.

There is another point seldom discussed, but it is important. When the Secretary for the Colonies appoints a new Governor, it is not, I think, usual to give him any written instructions ; but it is probable that the man so appointed feels that it is his business, and his interest, to act on what he believes to be the wishes of the Colonial Office in any case where there is an obvious difference between those wishes—as he sees them—and the interests of the Colony as known to him, or as expressed by its leading inhabitants. It seems natural that the Governor should try to consult the wishes of his employers in the belief that his own advancement and the recognition of his services depend on his doing so ; but there are occasions—more often than would be thought likely—when there is a strong difference between Downing Street and the people overseas. It is not uncommon that, on at least some of those occasions, the Colonists have the support of the local Civil Service, though it is not publicly expressed for fear of unpleasant consequences.

Now if the Governor feels the Colony is in the right, while he is fairly sure that objection will be resented by his masters, ought he to support the Colony, carry out his instructions—with or without protest—or should he resign for conscience' sake ?

Of course, the simple answer is that each case will be governed by the circumstances, without which it is impossible to come to any reasonable conclusion. But, setting aside the alternative of resignation, which in most cases would not appeal to the man concerned, is it not in the interests of the Empire—and, therefore, of the British Government of the day—that the people in the Colonies should be content, and that they should feel that due consideration is given to their views : especially if those views are supported by the man appointed by the Government to administer their affairs ? If that is sound—as it seems to be—and the Governor is to express his real views

to the Colonial Office, he should be told, on appointment, that his first aim should be to do his best for the Colony and the people whose affairs he is sent to administer, and that, in case of a difference on any Imperial question, it is his business to put the Colony's case quite frankly before the Secretary of State, expressing his personal views with equal frankness. If it were known in the Colonies that such an instruction were the rule it would give confidence and satisfaction to the inhabitants and strengthen their loyalty.

My visit to Mauritius gave me an opportunity of seeing how widely one Colony may differ from another in its methods of administration, when the circumstances of the two are so similar that there is no reason why in one Colony, Government Offices and Departments are worked on practical and modern methods, with constant improvement, while in another they are hopelessly out of date. To cure these anomalies and put Crown Colony administration on a sound footing, I have long advocated the introduction of the French practice of Travelling Inspectors, a few highly qualified and experienced men from the Colonies with the best systems, to travel, in pairs, round all the Crown Colonies—or all those in a group—to inspect all offices and advise the adoption of reforms where such are needed. A very small contribution from all Crown Colonies would pay for this service, and the benefits conferred by the reforms would be far greater than the cost.

A number of Crown Colony Governors are also styled "Commander-in-Chief," but what Military authority or responsibility is conferred on them by that title I have never heard. If the designation means nothing it might be dropped and so save possible trouble, for I remember a difference about the flying of a flag between a "Governor and Commander-in-Chief" and the General in Command of the Colony's garrison. Ages ago matters may have been arranged differently, for in my youth I was called upon to prepare an account of all the Military operations in which the British Possessions in the Straits of Malacca had ever taken part. That resulted in a pamphlet of a good many pages of print which probably found its way into the dustbin of the Whitehall office which had asked for it. As long ago as 1882 I was instructed to make an enquiry which meant weeks in the study of old records and then to write a description of the Origin and Progress of Siamese influence in the Malay Peninsula from 1785 to 1882. That account ran to over one hundred pages of print and no doubt found a suitable grave somewhere; but its perusal might have been useful to those in authority who are unacquainted with Siamese aims and methods for attaining their objects. •

The road to Hell is not paved so widely with our own good intentions as with those our wishful thinking wrongly ascribes to others.

* * * * *

Though we possess, all over the world, a chain of strategic posts of the highest importance not only as coaling, supply and repair

stations, but because their geographical position gives such weight to British authority in the regions they command, either directly as bastions, as bases for naval and military operations, or as commercial centres, what steps do we take to defend them? Our Royal Engineers do not appear to be trained to the construction of really great works of defence against land, sea and air attacks; their military education and activities seem to be directed to the building of barracks and to dealing with the hundred and one small operations incidental to a state of hostilities. If Gibraltar and Malta have, in long years of occupation, been brought up to a fair state of defence, has everything been done to make them as nearly as possible impregnable? After spending £20,000,000 on making Singapore a first-class naval base, we are assured that the island is safe against any attack. To name only a few others, in their way of equal importance, but because of their distance from Britain, apt to be overlooked or neglected, what of Aden, Colombo, Penang, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Bombay and other ports in India? What is there to protect Mauritius? What of Natal? Has Trinidad any reliable means of defence? The British Navy cannot be everywhere in sufficient force to protect Britain's widespread possessions, but if those which are of vital importance had scientifically planned fortifications, adequately gunned, it would not be unreasonable to expect that the local people would supply and train the forces necessary to man the guns and hold the defences. A local air force would of course be very advisable if not indispensable. All this would cost money but, as regards the Straits Colony and the Malay States, places with which I am well acquainted, both have ample funds with which to meet the cost of all that is suggested. Elsewhere it should not be difficult to find the means to secure safety, considering what that is worth, even if it meant economy in other directions. The Straits Colony has for about seventy years paid for its British garrison though Singapore is recognized as an Imperial outpost, and the Malay States are reported to have contributed over £15,000,000 towards the Empire's War efforts.

* * * * *

My brother Alexander went from Clare College, Cambridge, to the Ceylon Civil Service, and after many years there, in Cyprus and in Singapore—where he acted as Governor on the death of Sir Charles Mitchell—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain appointed him Governor of British Guiana, and from there sent him to Jamaica. While in Ceylon he learned to read Dutch in order to study old records of the occupation of the island by Hollanders, and when a difference arose between our Government and the U.S.A. in regard to Venezuela, he happened to be on leave and went to The Hague, where he spent many weeks going through old papers concerning Venezuela.

Sir Richard Webster—afterwards Lord Alverstone, who was then

Attorney-General and represented the British Government during the negotiations—told me that my brother's indefatigable work at The Hague had been of the greatest help to him, and he added : "I don't know what we should have done without the information he collected."

When a severe earthquake wrecked Kingston, Jamaica, in 1907, the American Government, with thoughtful kindness, ordered Admiral Davis to take his flagship to Kingston to render any assistance he could give. Admiral Davis arrived, called at Government House, and found that the Governor had the situation well in hand, and that everything possible was being done to relieve distress. The Admiral returned to his ship, and ordered a party of armed sailors to land and help to keep order. When this was reported to the Governor, he very properly wrote to the Admiral and asked him to withdraw his men. This the Admiral did ; but shortly afterwards he again landed an armed party, and the Governor then wrote him a private and rather bantering letter, asking that they be withdrawn as the Civil authorities had the situation in hand and did not need help. The armed party was withdrawn, but, strangely enough, the Governor's letter found its way into the Kingston Press, and some alarmed citizens took the trouble to communicate the contents of the letter to the British Press and the incident was dealt with severely in a *Times* editorial. Without waiting for any report from the Governor, without knowing that Admiral Davis had landed an armed party a second time, Lord Elgin, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, fell over each other in their anxiety to apologize for the action of the Governor in doing his obvious duty. If it is fair—as it may be—to take exception to the wording of the Governor's second and private letter to Admiral Davis, the provocation cannot be ignored. That Admiral Davis did not feel in any way aggrieved is proved by the following letter which he wrote to the Mayor of Kingston, a letter which was not mentioned in *The Times*, but was printed much later in the *Aberdeen Free Press* with some caustic remarks concerning the very remarkable action of the three British Ministers who were so anxious to condemn a British Governor without knowledge of the facts of the case. Their apologies must have surprised Admiral Davis in view of the last paragraph of his letter to the Mayor of Kingston ; but how they were regarded by my brother, who, after about forty years of exceptional service, was forced to resign, I never heard. The following—which seems to have been first published in England six months after it was written—is from Admiral Davis's letter.

"I beg that you will understand that I am not withdrawing my Squadron from Kingston by reason of any unpleasantness, any misunderstanding or any cause of offence. I came here to render first and immediate aid.

"I could only remain for a few days and within that time I have done all that lay within my power to do and all that the representative of His Majesty's Government has required of me. As a foreign Nava

Officer I am bound to respect the wishes and requirements of the supreme authority of the island. I have left an emergency hospital at Winchester Park, in what I believe to be in good working order, under the supervision of the American Jesuit Fathers. If I were to remain indefinitely there would, I know, be abundance of work for me to do, but under the circumstances, having fulfilled the object of my mission—namely, to render first and immediate aid—my duties oblige me to withdraw. I am particularly anxious to remove the impression that there has been any misunderstanding between myself and the constituted authority of Jamaica.”

* * * * *

As a nation we are singularly wanting in imagination, and consequently we fail to appreciate that valuable quality in those who do possess it. Two notable instances may be quoted in support of that statement. Sir Percy Scott was a Naval Officer with imagination, and he used it to benefit and make more efficient the Service to which he belonged; but other members of that Service only saw in him what they called an “advertiser,” seeking popularity and glory for himself. His inventions were, therefore, belittled, partly because they came from him, and partly because they were innovations. Those who have no imagination themselves dislike it in others, feeling that it is a reflection on their own foresight or capacity when it concerns matters on which they are supposed to be experts.

Though no one seems able to name any individual as the inventor of the Tank—probably because several people were equally concerned in its production—it was a British invention, and the secret was so well kept that when it was first put into action on the Western Front in the Great War, the Germans were taken completely by surprise. But everyone knows that our military authorities, who were entrusted with this powerful engine of attack and surprise, failed to make proper use of it because it was a novelty, and therefore they did not believe in it. It was not their idea; they had no experience of what could be done with it, or of its effect on an enemy; so an immense opportunity was thrown away. The Germans did not fail to see the value of this new engine of war, and twenty-five years later they used it with devastating effect in a new system of mechanized warfare to which we could not reply, because, in 1939, our military experts were still thinking in terms of the War of 1914.

* * * * *

As the result of observation and experience it appears that certain practices—long followed by our people because they appealed to their instincts, or had been adopted without clear thought—should be abandoned in the interests of common sense. For instance, there is “complacency”—a national characteristic—which in war-time is barely distinguished from treason, and in peace is a stupid and irritating mistake which satisfies everyone that his method, his opinion, his view of life—in fact, his everything—is the only right one. Com-

placency pervades all members of the community, hampers business, fogs the outlook, stifles imagination and emasculates healthy criticism by concealing facts when the truth would be damaging to public or private interests.

In the Public Services—and especially in Political Circles—an inexcusable scandal is the hesitation—more often the refusal—to punish gross blundering and the incompetence of individuals. It is common to see failures in one Public Office transferred, or promoted, to a better post in another. That is hardly likely to advance the cause of Democracy; and efficiency can be secured without shooting the inefficient.

When the Government—or a Government Department—has adopted a policy which after fair trial has proved its value, that policy should not be changed at the instance of a newcomer, who may be seeking his own glorification rather than the public interest.

* * * * *

If a man has held high authority for years, and has never failed to render good service, it is unjust and rather silly to suppose that, when he retires, he can no longer be trusted to recognize the difference between work which he can properly undertake and work which he should not touch. That assumption—if it were possible to make it an enforceable rule—would prohibit him from using his brains and experience in positions that will, directly or indirectly, benefit the State, or—by limiting the scope of his activities—induce him to engage in business which he does not understand, and ought not to accept. One may wonder by what authority any Minister—or his Office—claims the right to lay down rules for the guidance of public servants who have retired after an honourable career.

Instead of seeking exercise in a bath-chair, and being wheeled to a Club for such mental food as could be found in a wide selection of newspapers and magazines, I preferred to interest myself in a new British industry, the production of rubber, then in its infancy. Rubber is useful stuff both in peace and war, and in the last forty years British plantations in Malaya alone have raised their annual output from nothing to 540,000 tons. The Rubber Growers' Association of London is the representative authority of the industry, and after many years on the Council of that body, the members thought fit to award me their Gold Medal "for services rendered." Though I had done nothing to deserve this distinction, the presentation gratified me greatly as a testimony that—in however small a way—I had helped to build up an enterprise of national importance.

* * * * *

Living as I have done—from the outbreak of War till the end of April, 1941—in a street and neighbourhood to which German bombers—either by accident or design—gave special attention, I had the opportunity of seeing what damage and misery this fiendish method

of warfare can cause, and the magnificent fortitude with which Londoners bore their trial. I count it a great privilege to have seen such mass-heroism and to know that this splendid exhibition of courage—and often of self-sacrifice—was not confined to London, but was maintained throughout the British Isles. London's endurance was put to a more prolonged test, and for that reason and its size suffered perhaps more than other towns in the destruction of famous buildings, churches, hospitals and places of entertainment, in fact, all those "Military Objects" so eagerly sought and savagely attacked by the rising generation of the nation which poses before the World as the Saviours of Mankind.

It is customary, in certain quarters, to make excuses for what we know of German intentions and German deeds during the last twenty-seven years, and there are still people in this country who plead that the ferocity of hatred shown by Germans on sea, and land, and in the air, is not to be ascribed to the German people, but only to a few misguided men. If that were true, how explain the crowds of tens of thousands of ordinary German citizens cheering Hitler, with full knowledge of his crimes, his ambitions, and his falsehoods? And who are the men who both preach and practise frightfulness? It is not only Goering and Goebbels who for weeks and months tried to make our flesh creep with threats of the appalling horrors they would inflict on us; it is the German Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the German people—from whose ranks those services are drawn—who do their best to enforce the threats of their leaders. It is no new thing that Germans have given themselves up to the worship of Force. They have become intoxicated by the success of their new Mullah, and only his defeat—and their defeat—by a greater Force, can change their aspirations, though not their hearts, nor the colossal arrogance of their men-in-uniform.

* * * *

The Jap, too, who, without warning, has in a single night attacked savagely British and American possessions in the Pacific and done enormous damage, is arrogant like his German prototype. He casts a shorter, darker shadow in the fierce light of his Rising Sun. But he is a dangerous enemy with his formidable Navy, and his men inspired by patriotic fervour to any sacrifice. We are told that the *Repulse* was sunk in a few minutes—under low clouds, specially favourable to surprise and attack from the air—and that the *Prince of Wales* went down in two or three hours after being struck. We have not been told with what object these great ships—vitally important in their then position—left Singapore unaccompanied by air escort. It is reported that they went down very quickly and it seems remarkable that the *Bismarck*—a battleship able to travel at great speed and to give and take hard blows—was able to withstand shells, torpedoes and bombs throughout a prolonged engagement, while two other German battleships, lying immovable in dock, have been the targets of our

incomparable airmen for months, but are still said to be "undergoing repair," and may even go to sea again !

It is fortunate for us that the Naval base at Singapore has been completed—at twice its estimated cost—after the Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had stopped all work on it.

How pathetically stupid we can be ! We say to the other nice people of the world : "Come, let us all disarm, and live at peace with each other" : and to show our sincerity—as well as to have more money for domestic purposes—we put our proposal into practice. But the other nice people seize that opportunity to redouble their preparations for war ! Long ago, someone was supposed to have told the British Electorate that if they would give their votes to members of a certain Political Party, each voter would be rewarded with the gift of "Three acres and a cow." Two expectant owners met to discuss the matter over a pot of ale, and one said : "What's thee goin' to plant on thee's three acres ? I'se goin' to plant taters." The other replied : "I ain't goin' to plant no taters. I'll wait till thee's taters is ready, then I'll take 'em."

In dealing with nations—or individuals—it is a cardinal mistake to judge others by our own wishes and intentions. Their record is a safer guide ; but when the record is unpleasant we shut our eyes to warning signs.

There is a very recent instance of Britain's confiding trust in the good intentions of another nation. Months ago—and almost certainly under the instructions of Japan—the Siamese Government arranged some faked "incidents" on their boundary with French Indo-China. The Japanese appeared promptly on the spot in the character of arbitrators, and once there they made such good use of their arranged opportunity, that the Franco-Siamese differences faded like a dissolving scene, to be replaced by a Japanese demand for very important concessions from Indo-China, including the use of harbours, and the right of Japan to send to the French Colony great quantities of vessels, troops, and war material, and especially to have the use of French airfields within easy reach of Singapore, Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. Once established in those posts of vantage, Japanese threats to British and American interests became loud-voiced and insistent, and Siam—again no doubt under instructions—pretended to take alarm. Britain at once expressed great sympathy, and as the plot thickened, Siam proclaimed her determination—if attacked by Japan—to "resist to the last man." Then the Japanese occupied Siam in great force and without resistance ; a curious sequel, said to have been explained by a Siamese official in the words : "they caught us with our trousers off." Even that jocular admission was false, for the Siamese do not wear trousers. Their national dress is a skirt tucked up between the legs.

The Japanese wanted Siam as a jumping-off ground against the Malay States, Singapore, Penang, and Burma, so this pretty farce was staged with that object ; and our responsible people were fooled

because they ignored the Siamese record, or had not taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with Siamese methods. Had they been forewarned by someone with knowledge, it is probable they would have said : "We know all that, but we judge people as we find them, and the Siamese of to-day are different." Quite so ; but that hardly explains the fact that the Japanese landed first—and without opposition—in the Siamese Province of Sènggôra, that they are now all over Siam, using it as the base for their operations against Malaya and Burma, and they will remain there till they are expelled by forces more powerful than their own.

It is fairly certain that Japanese plans were changed and hastened by the fall of France and the admission of Japanese armed forces to the ports and airfields of French Indo-China. With those new bases—far south of Japan and within easy range of Singapore—and an agreement with Siam, the Japanese War Party would feel that their opportunity had come. Undoubtedly they had spies everywhere to keep them informed of the preparations being made by British and American authorities for the defence of territories likely to be attacked.

The sudden, savage and successful blows against Hong Kong, Malaya, and American possessions in the Pacific are the plainest warning of the Japanese ambitions and intention to subjugate China and secure undisputed control in the Pacific and throughout the Farthest East. The attack was made without the smallest provocation or excuse, and though the entry of Japan into what is now World War will prolong the struggle and increase the misery, it will not change the issue, for the Allies have over 1,100,000,000 people and vast supplies of all kinds to draw upon. It is for them to produce quickly an agreed plan of campaign to cover operations throughout the world, to stick together, and never to waver in effort or in action until final and decisive victory is theirs.

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